MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

DEC.2001
#223
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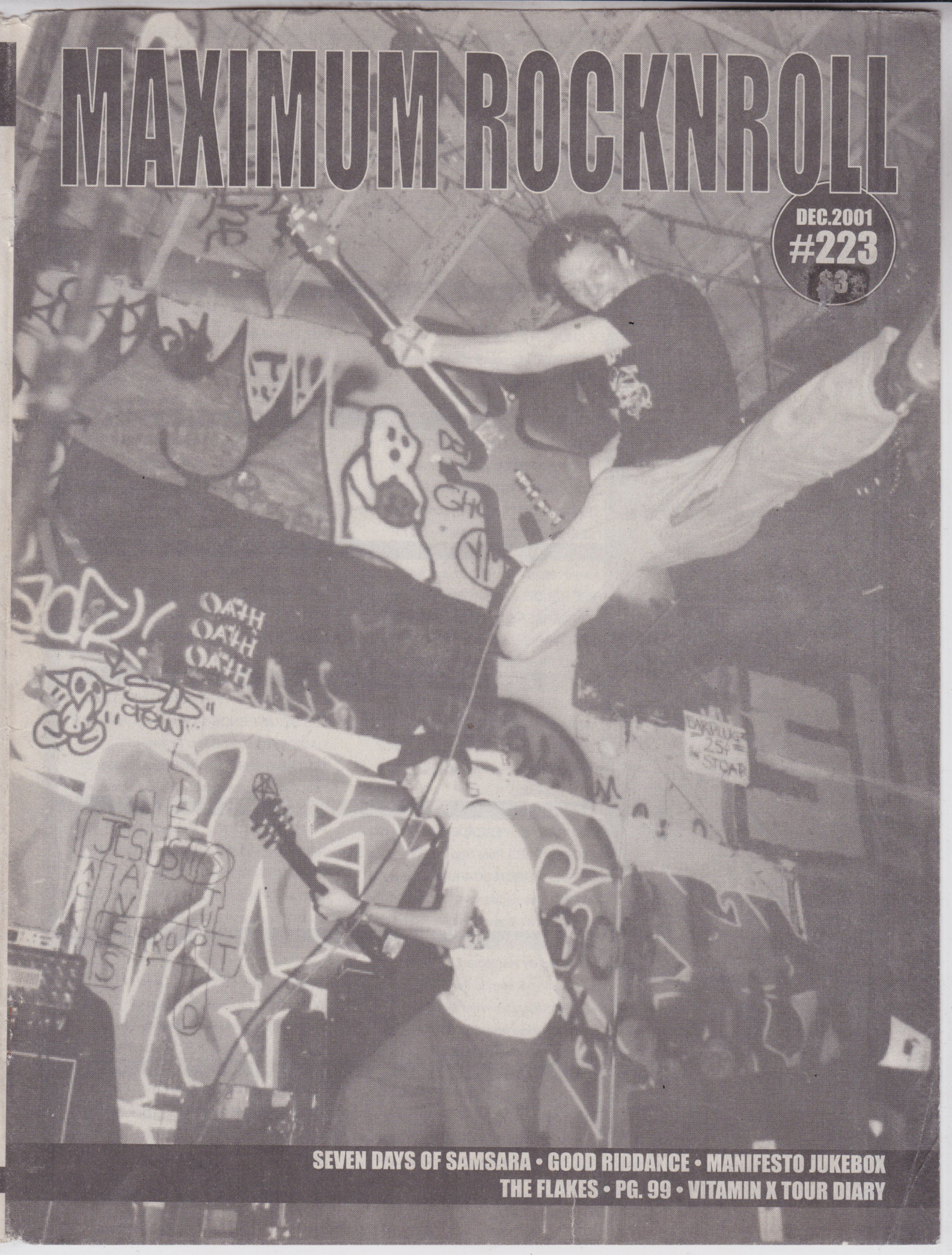

SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA • GOOD RIDDANCE • MANIFESTO JUKEBOX
THE FLAKES • PG. 99 • VITAMIN X TOUR DIARY

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL TOP 10

For what it's worth (not much), here's some of the MRR crew's current Top 10 (or so...) lists of stuff we review.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (postpaid prices)
•US: $3 each. 6 issue sub for $18. If you're in California, send $19.49 (tax).
•Canada: $4 each (air) or $3 (surface). 6 issue sub for $24 (air) or $18 (surface). (US dollars)
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•Everywhere else: $8 each (air) or $5.50 (surface). 6 issue sub for $48 (air) or $33 (surface).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
Back issues #143, 146, 148, 150-153, 155-163, 165-181, 184-222 are as stated above in subscription info. See page after next.

DEADLINES FOR NEXT ISSUE:
Scene Reports: continuously, with photos!
Interviews: continuously, with photos!
Ad Reservations: call to make sure.
Ad Copy In (with payment): by 15th of previous month–NO LATER!!!
Issue out: by 2nd week of following month.

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2 3/8" x 5") $25
1/3 page long: (2 3/8" x 10") $70
1/3 page square: (5" x 4 7/8") $80
1/2 page: (7 1/4" x 5") $125

AD CRITERIA:
We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps or EPs that include major label bands. Send ads properly sized on paper.

CLASSIFIEDS: NEW PRICE! $2 for a maximum of 40 words. No racist, sexist or fascist material. Send typed if possible. Cash only!!! Expect a two month backlog!

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layout by **Mike Thorn**
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SELL MRR AT GIGS: Within the US, we'll sell them to you at $1.50 each ppd, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders. Must order five or more of the same issue.

STORES: If you have problems getting MRR from your distributors, try contacting Mordam Records at tel (916) 641-8900 or fax (916) 641-8889. Also available from: Dutch East, Get Hip, Smash, Subterranean, Last Gasp, See Hear, Cargo, Armadillo, Ubiquity, Choke Inc, Desert Moon, and Marginal.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

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PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
Phone (415) 923-9814
maximumrnr@mindspring.com
(use this mainly for comments & letters. Use phone for ads & other business stuff)

ROB GOONS

LAST CHANCE/FALLAS DEL SISTEMA-split EP	VUUR/SEEIN' RED-split EP
JOHN BROWN'S ARMY/REAGAN SS-split-	BOMBS AWAY-Into Darker Days-12"
EPETA-No Faith-12"	V/A-Tomorrow Will Be Worse-CD
ASSAULT-Martyrdom-EP	KAAOS-Ismit-10"
VIVISICK-Punks Were Made Before-EP	DS-13/LIFES HALT-live

JEFF HEERMANN

SPITS-CD	V/A-No One Left To Blame-LP
LE SHOK-LA to NY 6"	DMZ-Live at the Rat-LP
SMOGTOWN-Domesticviolenceland-LP	TV KILLERS-Slosh You Up-EP
PIRANHAS-Isolation-EP	LES SEXAREENOS-14 Frenzied Shakers-LP
STARVATIONS-Chruch of the Double Cross-EP	SELL OUTS-Songs for a Knife Fight-10"

DONNA POOLE

JERRY SPIDER GANG-Dope Takin'-LP	CHAOS LR-You Might Already Be-EP
TINA & THE TOTAL BABES-She's So Tuff-LP	TV KILLERS-Splosh You Up-EP
BACKSTABBERS-To Eleven-LP	DIALTONES-Playing the Best on the Radio-EP
NEWTOWN ANIMALS-Is Your Radio Active-LP	SONS OF CYRUS-The Warriors-EP
FLESHIES/VICTIMS FAMILY-split EP	TIGHT BROS FROM WAY BACK WHEN-live

CAROLYN KEDDY

JUMPIN BEANS/SOMEBODY & SOMETHINGS-45	PIRHANAS-Isolation-EP
RIFF RANDELLS-How 'Bout Romance?-EP	MISTREATERS-Personal Space Invader-EP
TEARJERKERS-Bad Mood Rising-LP	MICKY & THE SALTY SEA DOGS-Fresh-EP
PUT-DOWNS-Dead to the World-LP	DAN MELCHOIR'S BROKE REVUE-LP
TV KILLERS-Slosh You Up-LP/DMZ-Live-LP	EASY ACTION-LP/THE HELPER-film

DULCINEA LOUDMOUTH

TEARJERKERS-Bad Mood Rising-LP	LE SHOK-LA to NY 6"/PUT-DOWNS-Dead-LP
TINA & THE TOTAL BABES-She's So Tuff-LP	LES SEXAREENOS-14 Frenzied Shakers-LP
DAN MELCHOIR'S BROKE REVUE-LP	RADIO BIRDMAN-Radio Activity-LP
TV KILLERS-Slosh You Up-LP	MISTREATERS-Personal Space Invader-EP
DMZ-Live at the Rat-LP	DEL GATORS-Mudpit/Louisiana Hannah 45

RAY LUJAN

SATURDAY SUPERCADE-Everyone-CD	FAST CARS-Coming...Ready of Not-LP
EXCESSORIES-Pure Pop for Punk People-LP	RIFF RANDELLS-How 'Bout Romance-EP
CUTS-LP/HARUM SCARUM-Suppose-LP	DICTATORS-DFFD-CD
PATTERN-Immediately-12"/BONES-10"	DIRT BIKE ANNIE/KUNG FU MONKEYS-2xEP
SMOGTOWN-Domesticviolenceland-LP	GAMITS-Small Price-CD/BIGWIG-Invitation-CD

TIMOJHEN MARK

V/A-Killed By Hardcore II-LP	V/A-Tomorrow Will Be Worse-CD
SPAZM 151-Sworn to Fun-EP	BOMBS AWAY-Into Darker Days-12"
NECROS-Conquest For Death-LP	BORN DEAD ICONS-Salvation-LP
GLOOM-Noise Attack-LP/ETA-12"	RADIO BIRDMAN-Radio Activity-LP
MUNICIPAL WASTE-Ammunition-LP	JOHN BROWN'S ARMY/REAGAN SS-split-EP

ALLAN MCNAUGHTON

BORN DEAD ICONS-LP/INTELLIGENCE-EP	V/A-No One Left To Blame-LP
V/A-Roxy London Jan-Apr '77-LP	ETA-No Faith-12"PG. 99-Document #8-10"
JOHN BROWN'S ARMY/REAGAN SS-split EP	HARUM SCARUM-LP/J CHURCH-EP
SEEIN' RED/VUUR-split EP/RUST-EP	V/A-Killed By Hardcore II-LP
LIFE SET STRUGGLE-We're Fucked-EP	CHAOS LR-EP/KOBAYASHI-EP

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

TOP 10

Please send us records (2 copies of vinyl, if possible–one for MRR and one for reviewer), or CD-only release. See records section for where to send tapes.

ARWEN CURRY

KOBAYASHI-Polizei-EP/PG. 99-10"
RUINATION-Dead Horse-EP
ETA-No Faith-12"/HARUM SCARUM-LP
VIVISICK-EP/PIEDMONT CHARISMA-EP
LAST CHANCE/FALLAS DEL SISTEMA-split EP
PROFITS-Dying For Dollars-EP
CHAOS LR-You Might Already Be-EP
TINA & THE TOTAL BABES-She's So Tuff-LP
BORN DEAD ICONS-Salvation-LP
SPAZM 151-Sworn to Fun-EP

BRUCE ROEHRS

SMOGTOWN-Domesticviolenceland-LP
HAMMERLOCK/DEAD KINGS-split 10"
JOHN BROWN'S ARMY/REAGAN SS-split-EP
ETA-No Faith-12"/ASSAULT-Martyrdom-EP
SPAZM 151-Sworn to Fun-EP/KOHU 63-CD
DARKBUSTER/TOMMY & TERRORS-CD
RUNNIN' RIOT-CD/VIVISICK-EP
STYRIAN BOOTBOYS-CD/KAAOS-10"
CUFFS-Cut Throat-EP/SNIPERS-EP
V/A-No One Left To Blame-LP

TOM HOPKINS

RUST-EP/BOMBS AWAY-Distorted Thrash-LP
VIVISICK-EP/HARUM SCARUM-LP
LE SHOK-6"/RIFF RANDELLS-EP
KAAOS-10"/BLACK STAR BRIGADE-EP
PIRANHAS-EP/PATTERN-LP/SNIPERS-EP
SELL OUTS-10"/CUTS-LP
HERO DISHONEST-LP/DS 13-live at Gilman
BORN DEAD ICONS-LP/ETA-LP
V/A-Killed By Hardcore II-LP
TINA & THE TOTAL BABES-She's So Tuff-LP

MIKE THORN

JOHN BROWN'S ARMY/REAGAN SS-split-EP
VIVISICK-EP/HARUM SCARUM-LP/KAAOS-10"
LAST CHANCE/FALLAS DEL SISTEMA-split EP
BORN DEAD ICONS-LP/ETA-12"/ASSAULT-EP
KOHU 63-CD/DS-13/TRAGEDY/RFYFL-live
BOMBS AWAY-12"/GLOOM-LP/PROFITS-EP
KOBAYASHI-EP/SNIPERS-EP/RUINATION-EP
VUUR/SEEIN' RED-split EP/SPAZM 151-EP
SPAZM 151/REACT-split LP
V/A-Lippajärui Kokoelma-EP

MAX WARD

ASSAULT-Martyrdom-EP
GLOOM-Noise Attack-LP
MUNICIPAL WASTE-Ammunition-EP
LIFE SET STRUGGLE-We're Fucked-EP
VIVISICK-Punks Were Made Before-EP
LAST CHANCE/FALLAS DEL SISTEMA-split EP
BOMBS AWAY-Into Darker Days-12"
HOPE/CUNT'N'BANANAZ-split EP
THEY LIVE/NO TIME LEFT-live
IRON LUNG-live/KAAOS-Ismit-10"

RYAN WELLS

INTELLIGENCE-Girlfriends & Boyfriends-EP
V/A-No One Left To Blame-LP
MICKY & THE SALTY SEA DOGS-Fresh-EP
PIRANHAS-Isolation-EP
NERVES-25th Anniversary-10"
LE SHOK-LA to NY-6"
TEARJERKERS-Bad Mood Rising-LP
TV KILLERS-Slosh You Up-EP
JUMPIN BEANS/SOMEBODY & SOMETHINGS-45
TINA & THE TOTAL BABES-She's So Tuff-LP

KENNY KAOS/REMA YOUNG

DONTCARES/EXXON VALDEZ-split EP
TV KILLERS-Slosh You Up-EP
TEARJERKERS-Bad Mood Rising-LP
GODDAMN GENTLEMEN-Sexcalibur-CD
LES SEXAREENOS-14 Frenzied Shakers-LP
RADIO BIRDMAN-Radio Activity-LP
V/A-920 Blues—Wisconisin Rocknroll-LP
JERKY TURKEY/STEVE MCQUEENS-split EP
DIALTONES-Playing the Beat on the Radio-EP
PATTERN-Immediately-12"/PUT-ONS-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Disorderly Conduct #4
Freak Tension #5
Jinx #3
El Libertario #21
Mishap #12
No Kind of Superstar #2
Razorcake #4
Soap & Spikes #8
Weiner Society #2
Whizzbanger Guide to Zine Distributors #5

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#143/Apr '95. Vindictives, Stinkerbell, Jesus Christ Superfly, New Day, Registrators, Youth Brigade, Pit.

#146/July '95. Riverdales, Head, Bristles, Aut Aut, Schleprock, Spanakorzo, McRackins, YAPO, 10-96, Empress Of Fur, Underhand, Nailed Down.

#148/Sept '95. Soda Jerks, Toe Rag, Thorazine, Scared Straight, Wizo, Opposition Party, Moody Jackson, Adversives, Opcion Crucial, Rebel Rebel, Teen Idols, Walking Ruins.

#150/Nov '95. NY Loose, Snap-Her, Sick Boys, Splatterheads, Pipe, Pregnant Man, Final Conflict, Rawness, Stink, Goblins, Smellie Fingers.

#151/Dec '95. Lowdowns, My White Bread Mom, Queen B's, Electric Frankenstein, Turtlehead, Serpico, Trick Babys, In/Humanity, Stains, Varukers, Pist, Terrible Virtue.

#152/Jan '96. Delilah Jacks, Battalion of Saints, Bottom Feeders, Turbonegro, Murder Junkies, Junior, Assfort, Retch Records, Com-Fract, Dead End Kids.

#153/Feb '96. Snort, Hatchetface, Little Ugly Girls, ADZ, Oxymoron, NOTA, Stun Guns, Surfin' Turnips, Gutfiddle, Karen Monster, Dimestore Haloes.

#155/Apr '96. Hockey Teeth, Turnips, Pussy Crush, Cro-Mags, High Plains Drifters, Slight Slappers, Third Degree, Anti-Flag.

#156 pt 1/May '96. Public Toys, Crunch, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Nails Of Hawaiian, Splash 4, Yawp!, Lifetime, Sickoids.

#156 pt 2/May '96. Australian Special: Beanflipper, Melancholy, Blitz Babiez, Crank, SubRosa, Mindsnare, TMT, H-Block, B-Sides, Fallout, Frenzal Rhomb, Lawnsmell, One Inch Punch, Chickenshit, No Deal.

#157/June '96. Against All Authority, The Criminals, Wardance, Heroines, Brain Brats, Rudiments, Chinese Millionaires, Sons Of Hercules, Your Mother, Yellow Scab.

#158/July '96. Workin' Stiffs, The Gain, Ashley Von Hurter, Haters, The Process, Brother Inferior, Judge Nothing, Break-ups, Not For Rent.

#159/Aug '96. Smugglers, Brand New Unit, Tone Deaf Pig-Dogs, Round Ear Spocks, David Hayes/Very Small Recs, Man Afraid, Blind Side, Vox Populi, Death Wish Kids, Fun People, Fat Drunk & Stupid.

#160/Sept '96. Automatics, Boycot, Toast, Morning Shakes, Mormons, John Q Public, Sex Offenders, Ballgagger, Business, Apocalypse Babys, Good Riddance.

#161/Oct '96. Jet Bumpers, Steel Miners, Divisia, Lopo Drido, Red #9, Nothing Cool, Sink, Sires, Newtown Grunts.

#162/Nov '96. Phantom Surfers, Candy Snatchers, The Stain, National Guard, Torches To Rome, Restos Fosiles, Two Bo's Maniacs, Snuka, Redemption 87, Torture Kitty.

#163/Dec '96. Last Sons of Krypton, Prostitutes, Wig Hat, Boys, Let It Rock, Enemy Soil, Vulcaneers, Half Empty, Zeros, Deadcats, Teen Idles.

#165/Feb '96. Blanks '77, Emily's Sassy Lime, Real Mckenzies, Millionaires, Dropkick Murphys, Other People's Music, No-Talents, Hives, Sea Monster, He's Dead Jim, Defiance, Bou Sou Nezumi, Freeze.

#166/Mar '97. Walking Abortions, Hickey, '77 Spreads, Sanity Assassins, Cards In Spokes, Joey Tampon & The Toxic Shocks, Adjective Noun, Suicide King, Lenguas Armadas, Trauma, De Crew.

#167/Apr '97. Grand Theft Audio, No Fraud, Gauze, Nobodys, Sloppy Seconds, Danko Jones, Viceroys, Forgotten.

#168/May '97. Cretin 66, Fishsticks, UK Subs, Distemper, Enewetak, Fields Of Shit.

#169/June '97. Hand Skin, Cluster Bomb Unit, Jihad, Purgen, Speed Queens, Remission, Halflings, The Old Man, Deface.

#170/July '97. Bristle, Mine, Tedio Boys, The 4 Cockroaches, Absconded, Meanwhile, Broken, (Young) Pioneers, Hoodrat.

#171/Aug '97. Strychnine, Idiots, Pelado Recs, Misanthropists, Racetraitor, Violent Society, Knuckleheads.

#172/Sept '97. Withdrawals, Judgement, No Motiv, Oppressed Logic, Truents, Left For Dead, Yellowskin, Weird Lovemakers, Smash Your Face, Flatus, Straight Faced, Klaxon, X-It.

#173/Oct '97. Hot Water Music, Fat Day, Los Tigres Guapos, Les Partisans, Bristols, My 3 Scum, Space Shits, Pessimiser Recs, Reclusives, Nick Qwik.

#174/Nov '97. Stratford Mercenaries, Lickity Split, Bladder, Piss Shivers, Barnhills, In/Humanity, Education theme issue.

#175/Dec '97. One Man Army, Those Unknown, Boiling Man, Piao Chong, Exploding Crustaceans, Last Year's Youth, Heartdrops, Dirty Burds, Dimestore Haloes.

#176/Jan '97. Scared of Chaka, Voorhees, Stalingrad, Upstairs People, Squid Boy, Izgoy, Beltones, Sky Grain, 1,4,5s, Ducky Boys, JCCCamp.

#177/Feb '98. Superfly TNTs, Submachine, Dropout, Society Gone Madd, Pinhead Circus, Ann Beretta, Blackbird, Naive, Useless ID, Quarantine.

#178/Mar '98. Economics issue. Forgotten Rebels, Dirtys, Josh Collins, American Steel, Letterbombs, Gyogun Rend's, Go-Devils, Room 41, Tone Deaf Pig Dogs, Garage Rats

#179/April '98. Boy Sets Fire, Tres Kids, Idyls, Spat & The Guttersnipes, The Posers, Explosive Kate, Douche Flag.

#180/May '98. Reinforce, Discontent, TV Killers, Slack Action, Eyeliners, Mademoiselle, MK Ultraviolence, Haulin' Ass, 97a, Infiltrators, Jack Saints, Stray Bullets.

#181/June '98. Grapefruit, Druggies, Stiletto Boys, All Bets Off, Bonecrusher, Summerjack, Cell Blck 5, DDI, Normals, Pirate Radio issue.

#184/Sept '98. Absentees, Devoid of Faith, UXA, Umlaut, Four Letter Word, Streetwalkin' Cheetahs, Ricanstruction, Libertine, Indecision, Snarkout Boys.

#185/Oct '98. Traitors, Wimpy Dicks, Armed & Hammered, Dylan McKays, NME, Tezacrifco, Worm, Roswells, Raxola, Beatnik Termites.

#186/Nov '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#187/Dec '98. Real Kids, Sawn Off, Cretins, Spider Cunts, Heroines, Third Party, No Class, Skabs.

#188/Jan '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/Feb '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/Mar '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#192/May '99. Los Crudos, Burning Kitchen, Henry Fiat's Open Sore, Polythene, Kangaroo Recs.

#193/June '99. Munster Recs, DS-13, Safety Pins, Pussycats, Piolines, False Alarm, Darlington, Bad Stain, Bodies, Houseboy, Mullets.

#194/July '99. Deathreat, Last Match, God Hates Computers, Fokkewolf, Flesh Eating Creeps, Aside, Hoppin' Mad, Kid Dynamite, Thee Outcasts.

#195/Aug '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres..

#196/Sept '99. Hopscotch, Catharsis, Orchid, The Pricks, Grissle, Product X, Reaching Forward, Emerge, Third Degree, "Epicenter Zone '90-'99".

#197/Oct '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#198/Nov '99. Hail Mary, Pressure Point, Bump 'N Uglies, The Victims, A//Political, Outlast

#199/Dec '99. Locust, Ratos de Porao, USV, Razlog Za, G-3, Swarm, WHN?, Mt. St. Helens, Black Cat Music, Enemy Soil.

#200/Jan '00. American Steel, Curse, Gee Vaucher, Hers Never Existed, Cometbus, Active distro, Toxic Narcotic, MRR #100-200.

#201/Feb '00. Beerzone, Towards An End, Daybreak, "Best Punk Singles of the '90s," the WTO riots in Seattle.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#203/April '00. Spazz, Slang, *Slug & Lettuce* zine, *Suburban Voice* zine, As We Once Were, Red Angel Dragnet, Four Letter Words, Slampt Records, the Wednesdays, the Fuses.

#204/May '00. Cocksparrer, Talk Is Poison, Red Scare, Put Downs, Out Cold, Geraldine, Michael Knight, CBGaV, Pillage People.

#205/June '00. Punks With Kids special. Skudz, 50 Million, Legion, Wilbur Cobb, Coalition.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#207/Aug '00. Harum Scarum, Raw Power, Unseen, Pekinska Patka, Hudson Falcons, Dementia 13, Confine, Allergic to Whores.

#208/Sept '00. Le Shok, the Commies, the Chemo Kids, Day of Mourning, Affront, Diaspora, Whippersnapper, Hopeless/Sub City , Prank, Countdown to Oblivion

#209/Oct '00. Loose Lips, Godstomper, Peace of Mind, FYP, I Farm, Annalise, Cattle Decapitation, Riot/Clone.

#210/Nov '00. J Church, Profane Existence, Pezz, Pre-Teens, Templars, This Machine Kills, Subtonix, OB.

#211/Dec '00. Fly & Seth Tobocman, Anti/Dogmatikss, Hissyfits, Aus Rotten, Media Blitz, Rocks, Hospital Food, Falsies, White Stripes, 9 Shocks Terror, Tijuana Bibles.

#212/Jan '00. Avail, Born Dead Icons, From Ashes Rise, the Voids, the Guilty Pleasures, xLimpwristx, Chachi on Acid.

#213/Feb '01. Fun People, Onward to Mayhem, Ugly Pop, Midnight Evils, Atrocious Madness, Bread & Water, Josh Peach, Zodiac Killers.

#214/Mar '01. Crispus Attucks, Fetish, Lifes Halt, Mr. Roboto, Dream Dates, Satan McNugget, Havoc, Briefs.

#215/April '01. No Means No, Vitamin X, Injections, Y, Dils, Last In Line, Don Austin, Deranged Records

#216/May '01. Propagandhi, Angelic Upstarts, Discordance Axis, Ruination, Photographer: Chris Boarts, Strap-Ons, Lynnards Innards

#217/June '01. Joey Ramone R.I.P., Tear It Up, Skitsystem, The Pattern, CrimethInc., Esperanza, The Chicago Blackout, Photographer: Ace

#218/July '01. Guyana Punchline, Les Sexareenos, The Devil Is Electric, Red Monkey, White Collar Crime, Forca Macabra, The Ataris, Suicide, The Mob

#219/Aug '01. "Fix It!" cycling article, Crucial Unit, Lost Sounds, Lombardies, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 1, Casualties, Resinators, *P.U.N.K.*, Slaughter & the Dogs, Anti-Flag, Dontcares, S'Bitch.

#220/Sep '01. Latin American Issue. Aubuso Sonoro, Anti-Todo, Fuerza X, Apatia No, Manganzoids, Demencia, Sick Terror, Tocatta y Bulla, NTN, Argies, Reconcile, Anti-Korpus, Ruido De Odio, Los Pepiniyos, Rebelion Disidente, Brazil Scum , Kim Bae Photo Essay.

#221/Oct '01. Tales from the G8 Summit, Reflections, Soophie Nun Squad, Totalitär, True North, Wontons, Sin Dios, Bottles & Skulls, Scarred For Life, Flowers in the Dustbin pt. 2, Remains of the Day, Ritchie Whites, B'67.

#222/Nov '01. Dios Hastio, Tragedy, Four Letter Word, *Salad Days* author Charles Romalotti, Very Metal, Maurice's Little Bastards, the Rotters, MDC Brazilian tour diary, the Cravats, JR Ewing, Dutch scene report, extended news section, "Globalization Rhetoric & Reality,"

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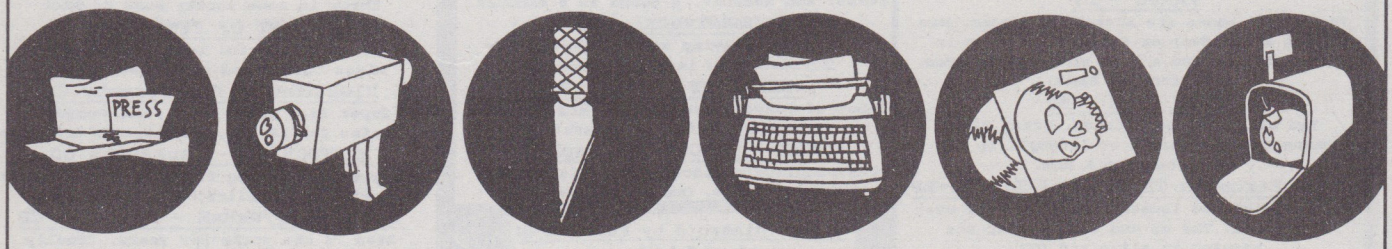

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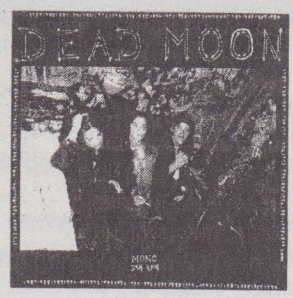

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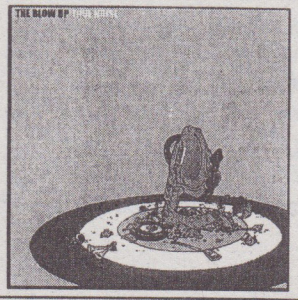

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924 GILMAN

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dec 1 sat Yaphet Kotto, Creation is Crucifixion, uuM (cattle decapitation's noise project), Kalibas A Death Between Seasons (ny), Low-Fi Neissens (a Japanese noise act)

dec 2 sun-- bEASTfest--5pm showtime....bands tba (2nd Annual music festival showcasing East Bay bands)

dec 8 sat Scurvy Dogs, Nigel Peppercock, S.T.F.U., Offring To The Sun (Reno), Voetsek, ($3 Pyrate Discount Nite/Pyatepunx)

dec 9 sun 5pm. Poison the Well (FL), Unearth, Sworn Enemy, Spark Lights the Friction

dec 14 fri Hot Water Music (FL), American Steel, F Minus

dec 15 sat Strung Out, The Creeps other bands tba

dec 16 sun 5pm Good Riddance, and other bands tba

dec 21 fri Solstice unplugged: Bonfire Madigan, spoken word, & more acts tba

dec 22 sat bands tba

dec 23 sun 5pm matinee Over My Dead Body, Panic (MA), Breaker Breaker, Some Still Believe.

dec 28 fri Lie (Japan), Rambo (PA) other bands tba

Jan 4th fri, Carry On (LA), Champion (Wa), Stay Gold (WA), The First Step (NC), The Damage Done.

xxxx

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to maximumrnr@mindspring.com. No response guaranteed.

MRR,

My name is Zack Nelson and I play guitar in the band In Control. This is in response to the letter written by several of the kids from the "Mason House" up in Plattsburg, NY. I will say this up front: I am not racist, sexist, or homophobic. I have never sexually assaulted anyone in my life.

The letter said that after the show, the kids of the house and the band Countdown to Putsch wanted to have a meeting to discuss whether or not Fields of Fire and In Control would get paid. I don't think a real discussion would start off with the words "We're not going to pay you because..." followed by statements that I must be racist, sexist, and homophobic because I was wearing a One Life Crew shirt. I'm not going to defend OLC's politics because I barely agree with any of them, but to judge me by a shirt is ridiculous. Yes, I got pretty angry. How would you react if you had six or so kids explaining to you why you're a racist, even though you know that in your heart you're not? I was fucking pissed off! Can you blame me?

The kids make the whole situation out like it wasn't that big of a deal that they didn't pay us since we were on tour and were just on the way to another show—but I encourage you to look at a map. We were coming from Wilkes-Barre, PA and going to Long Island... take a look how far out of the way Plattsburg is. If they weren't going to pay us, they could have told us before we played, or at least told us what the meeting was going to be about instead of having us wait around until after midnight. I'm sure these kids would have been the first to complain if a band had contracts or something for shows, but what can you do to protect yourself from something like this happening?

If I really was a Nazi, like they said, what would be the point of me playing in In Control (where I write 90% of the music and lyrics?). It's not like we're cashing in while trying to keep under wraps that we are Nazis. We lost over a grand on that tour, and I don't give a fuck. We met plenty of amazing kids that made the whole thing worthwhile and this was the only problem that we ran into. It's a shame because these kids never took the time to get to know us, judged us by how I look and what I was wearing, and it kept getting worse...

When we got to Long Island, we found out they had called the promoter trying to get our show canceled. Luckily, since this tour was done on such a small scale, most of the people doing shows for us already knew what we were about. Then we found out that the Plattsburg kids were sending emails to everyone who was putting on a show for us. It's not fucking easy being on the road, especially when it's two smaller bands like In Control and Fields of Fire, and the fact that these kids can jump to conclusions, then start an email campaign against us and get press in MRR saying these things really bothers me.

I think MRR assumes some responsibility too when someone writes a letter about something as serious as accusing someone of sexual assault. It happened to me and it can happen to anyone I guess. If someone was sexually assaulted that night, I think that should be way more important than me saying "fuck you" to someone or calling someone a bitch. Throwing around the term sexual assault is some serious shit, and if someone was sexually assaulted then I'd encourage you to press charges because people like that need to be in prison.

I'd like to know who is accusing me of this! The other thing that bothers me about their letter is that they constantly refer to me and Graham as the same person. We are two different people and should be referred to as that. The whole letter is "Zack and Graham did this, then Zack and Graham did that, etc..." We said and did different things, believe it or not.

I didn't know or care if anyone at the show was homosexual, nor did I make any voices to demean homosexuals. I mocked what one of the kids was saying to me, sure, because it was fucking ridiculous that we were having a 20 minute discussion on why I'm a Nazi! I'm sorry, but no matter how smart you are, you can't convince me of something that is simply not true. The funny thing is that it was a bunch of white kids from upstate NY calling me racist when two of the only "minorities" at the show were our bass player, who is Mexican, and our roadie, who is Jewish.

If you have any questions or want to contact me, feel free to email me, or if you want to check out our lyrics and see what our band is really about, they're posted on our webpage.

Thanks for reading,

Zack Nelson/In Control

CamelClutchRecs@aol.com www.geocities.com/inxcontrol

Dear MRR,

I just wanted to say that I found your response in the letter's section in the September issue of MRR to a writer who wrote a letter in very rude and condescending. You used his love of the many earlier bands that were essentially the roots of punk rock (like The Ramones, Stooges and MC5) as a tool to zap him later in your response. I found that to be pretty unfair of you, considering there's no way you can base a solid opinion of anyone on what are essentially just two short paragraphs of information. I appreciate the DIY ethic as much as the next person and am glad it is out there, because during the bad times it helps the rest of the world stay sane through the Britney Spears, N'Sync, Staind, Korn and Limp Bizkit, but to try to deny that the world and essentially many independent labels are also all about money is laughable to me. Just like after the Nirvana explosion, or even the punk explosion in the 70s when the majors were signing every punk band on the planet, the same thing goes on when it comes to many independent labels as well. To think that because a band is on an independent label it is holy and there aren't tons of indies out there looking to sign "the next big thing" to get the good old "buy out clauses" for themselves, is just as naive as thinking that Atlantic signed Bad Religion for their "artistic statement."

When you tell him to "get in touch with the last few years" you don't seem to be aware of them yourself. It is obvious that zines like *Maximumrocknroll* will always

have their set audiences (which is great and always means when things get stale, something fresh will be on its way again real soon), but without bands like Nirvana, Bad Religion, Quicksand, or even the Offspring bringing alternative culture to a larger audience, it would be a lot more difficult for people like *Maximumrocknroll* to grandstand like you do.

Even the Vandals benefited from No Doubt doing a cover of their song "Oi To The World." Should the Vandals have gone the more punk route and shunned Nitro Records because Dexter Holland is "a sellout?" As much as songs like "Pretty Fly (For A White Guy)" seem like a sure money bet as a guaranteed cash cow or something, I really think that the answer still is no.

Major labels do suck, but can be used like the Black Panthers used shoe factories and other capitalist institutions to help support their revolution. The same can be done by bands on major labels if they stay aware.

As long as you play it right, like "the great rock n roll swindle" in the first place, the last laugh really can be on them! So why not have it as much as you can and for as you long can? Now is that really so bad in the grand scheme of things?
Charlie

MRR,

With as many letters and columns flying around about that trash, "mall punk," Epitaph, and Fat Wreck, I would like to say that they are of enormous importance—in rural shitty Ohio, there is no way to suddenly be exposed to punk rock. No one has a brother that's into it. I don't walk into my cousin's house and find back issues of MRR on the floor next to a Capitalist Casualties LP. No one is punk.

Thanks to a chance of liking Green Day and Blink, I picked up a Fat Wreck sampler not knowing what to expect. In my school, simply by owning a Fat Sampler I was "punk." These "mall punk" CDs are as close as me and my friends got for a while to punk nirvana. We eventually stumbled onto the Descendents, Minor Threat, and the Vandals.

One day while in the only underground record store within two hours of my house, I saw something called *Maximumrocknroll* on a rack. Simply because I had NOFX's I Heard they Suck Live, and heard the lyric, "He should have been on the cover of *Maximumrocknroll*," I picked up the MRR December 2000 issue.

Since then I have been exposed to new and existing bands—DS-13, Aus Rotten, and Fuck on the Beach now sit in a milk crate in my room, with Ruination and Nine Shocks on the way. We throw shows now with bands from Toledo, OH, and any band touring through that needs a place. The rural kids aren't punk; they don't even care, but they have fun.

While we still listen to Anti-Flag, Propagandhi, and Snuff, we scour MRR for new bands to mail order from. Without mall punk I wouldn't read about the Genova protests, or give a fuck about sanctions on Iraq. While mall punk does bring about some real posers, the majority of us stay true. Thanks for the opportunity to speak my mind. Any bands coming near Toledo, OH or Ft. Wayne, IN, give me a shout.
—Sean Jones
PS. Hope to send a NW Ohio scene report soon—be ready to feel some rural aggression.

MRR,

It was great to read stories of two of my favorite bands, the Angelic Upstarts and the Mob, in your magazine, something that I rarely see, or maybe I haven't seen the right fanzines. After my punk years, I don't remember seeing the Upstarts—who have always been my number one band—interviewed. Also, the Sin Dios interview was printed just at the right time, 'cause this great Spanish band played recently in Finland, probably the first Spanish punk band here, to my knowledge anyway. Next week it's gonna be Tragedy who seem to be big news in MRR circles. I'm out of touch with His Hero is Gone, but hoping for the best.

Last time writing I didn't even mention Genova and Göteborg, which maddened me a lot. Fuck! To anybody in the punk world, it shouldn't be a surprise that cops are the enemy here to protect the ruling classes interests. But it's still disgusting to witness how in a liberal Scandinavian country, Sweden, there is now at least 30-40 activists being sent to prison in a very short time, including at least one of the three people who were shot by police. Unlike America, before this it has not been the right of police to shoot people and get away free. (At least publicly.) Thanks to the media, it's also widely known that most—if not all—of the violence was created as usual, by police—some in disguise creating chaos and some in riot cop masks throwing objects at people, like I saw on TV. What's most sickening, I guess, is that nobody pretends to claim that the police were trying to do their job—calm the situation down, not vice versa. Instead, Swedish and Finnish Prime Ministers (who are both so-called Socialists), called activists "terrorists." And even though there have never been any violent riots in Finland in my lifetime, (except Black and Green Days number one, thanks once again boys in blue]) the Finnish riot cop leader had the nerve to demand more resources in case of a similar situation.

Now I don't know how much worse we are gonna get. I don't know if it's very wise to admit to American people, but the mass media is explaining how the whole world is shocked by the terrorist attack on the World Trade Center. My opinion is more like, "for once America is getting what it ordered." I'm sorry if some good people died in the attack, but I have absolutely no pity for WTC yuppies or Pentagon war heroes. I mean, most of the countries in the world, Finland included, have enjoyed great suffering from the wars they were involved in—due to their own fault or not—except America, who has had the right to terrorize any country to this day, like bombing Iraq weekly for whatever reason (it isn't even news nowadays) but never having to pay for it. The media tell me that thousands of innocent people died at the WTC and the Pentagon. Innocent? Millions of people in the world have died in senseless wars, but now we finally find a place where it's criminal to attack because it's full of innocent people; Pentagon and the World Trade Center. I was also laughing like hell when George Bush Dumber Jr. announced that this was an act of faceless cowards before hiding in a bomb shelter. Sure...sure...if you risk your own life to destroy the enemy you are a coward, if you only kill women and children, you are a war hero. Now I get it! OK, now I have to admit like so many other people before, that I don't endorse Osama bin Laden's terrorist acts. But, still I have to wonder, when Bush announces "you're either with us or against us," is he going to condemn his own father's CIA fellows and the Saudia Arabian government for arming this Osama-fellow?

Now, since I'm in a writing mood, I could also tell you that Oheisvasara played their last gig about three weeks ago. Also the band No Shame, who MRR reviewed many issues ago, is not from South America, but from the local town of Salo (which is also, by the way, the town where cell phones, Finland's' leading

industry, are made. If those nasty rumors that cell phones lead to brain cancer turn out to be true, Finns are the first to go. Everybody owns cells phones. It's not uncommon to hang around with friends where everyone's talking on a phone. This fact didn't matter in Göteborg, though, where some people were judged to be riot leaders because they were talking on a phone. Cop's logic).

No Shame got so pissed off about being called rock stars that they are selling their CD for 20 Finnish marks (about three American dollars). They tour regularly, which is quite a miracle because this is a small country—no big audiences for small bands. Anyway, I don't know why MRR's reviewer didn't get on their web page. I don't own a computer, but found their page easily at www.ifeelnoshameatall.com. Of course, I don't surf on a net regularly so I don't know if it's still there.

Many of you people are into collecting old punk stuff; so I could recommend you bootleg CDs called Nobody Wants Us—volumes of early Finnish 7"s. Unlike most other collections, these include all the tracks, not just one song. It's not really new, so you might already be familiar with it—or find the original ones in MRR library. If I dare to say my own opinion, this early punk scene was more important to Finland than the music a little later. Before "punk," all music was just stupid love songs and playing older versions of whatever was popular at the time. '70s punk showed Finnish kids, for the first time, that it was possible to show your opinions and frustrations with music and actually release your own records and fanzines. I could even claim that somewhere in '79, all young kids with a brain were calling themselves punks and there were no villages small enough not to have somebody trying to create their own versions of punk. Of course, most of them disappeared back into the normal world quickly. What I was trying to say, I guess was that for me, '82 Finnish was not an improvement to earlier stages of punk. If you have no idea what I'm talking about, (which is no surprise, it happens all the time), I'm somehow trying to refer to that excellent "History of Finland" story in your fanzine, which I mostly agreed with, except there was no mention of Nukketeatteri's 7", the best Finnish record of '82 (now also on CD-R) or the Unicef 7". I'd just like to add that in my memory those early '80s gigs were a bunch of kids who were too young to participate in early punk (like me, just learning these new sounds), wrecking the gig place, vomiting everywhere, bands and audiences just as drunk. What bothers me is that those bands were still screaming angry war songs without a sense of humor, despite Finnish punk reality. I'm not losing any sleep because of this, I'm just happy that today's hardcore bands are somehow behind the political ideas they are singing about.

George Bush has gone and started bombing Afghanistan. Most of the governments are behind him. So are Finnish politicians. Somehow I get the impression that most of the people don't agree...or maybe I hang around the wrong kind of people. One thing ought to be said before I go. After long arguing, Finland now joins the rest of the Scandinavian countries and accepts gay marriages.

Okay, my address is Aslak Nordgren, Lammonperante 34, 31400 Somero, Finland. OK, peace to the world!
—Aslak.

MRR,

The recent bombings will cause a resurgence in interest in crust. Now it matters that Aus Rotten has a new(ish) LP, now it is less relevant that you stabbed me in the back and the scene sucks. Now Doom lyrics are current, and all the shit about feelings is whiny. Good. I like Doom.
masterofallweapons@hushmail.com

Hey all,

These words are thrown together and probably could use some editing, but I just have got to get this out. I'm writing out of disgust, out of frustration, and out of fear for our future. It's a week into the US/British bombing of Afghanistan. Some civilian casualties have been confirmed, mass casualties hinted but "unconfirmed." Fundamentalists are rising up from Indonesia to Pakistan to Palestine to Nigeria, destabilizing already tottering secular despots, who may be perfect examples of the "lesser of two evils" concept.

We're sending ground troops into physically and culturally hostile terrain, a quagmire in which the British and the Russians have lost thousands of men in over the past dozen decades. There is no exit strategy, no clear objective, no overall purpose: are we after Osama bin Laden? Are we after the Taliban for sheltering him (and if so, who's going to replace them?) Are we after any of the members of any of the fundamentalist Muslim paramilitaries world-wide? Who and where are our "enemy"? Do they live next door, do they live in an Afghani cave, do they live in Hamburg? They are anonymous by definition and by practice. And how does this nameless, faceless enemy strike back at the most expensive, most technologically advanced military in the world? Through everyday, non-military equipment like passenger jets we see overhead every day. Or with anonymous yet ultra-deadly germ warfare, sent via envelopes like the ones in my desk.

All indications seem to point to an impending Orwellian state of constant war in our country. The recently restored "Anti-Terrorist" act is the leading indicator of our government's ultimate domestic direction. After a solid, principled fight to protect our rights from both the right and the left, fear won. Unfortunately, there aren't enough people in power who have the cajones to protect the spirit as well as the letter of the US Constitution. Are there really no votes in protecting civil liberties instead of pandering to the New York Post and the almighty opinion polls?

So my main question is: Are we as a "country" really willing to let the murderous scumbags who destroyed thousands of lives September 11 win? It seems that we are, judging by the mounting civilian casualties [9/11 5000+ civilians in the US, 10/7—today 5-300+ civilians in Afghanistan], the increasing destabilization of various nations worldwide, the increasing pressure by newly angered mobs around the world on their respective governments to act (including our own), the suppression of dissent by those respective governments (including our own), and the dismantling of the US framework of basic human rights.

Why are our leaders bumbling along, acting as if September 11 happened in a vacuum and as if the current bombing of Afghanistan is happening in a vacuum? Why not drop food and medicine for real and isolate the creeps who are sheltering bin Laden by bringing him to justice instead of trying to bomb him into oblivion? It worked with the Lockerbie bombing and Libya—those killers were handed over to an international court for trial. Are our leaders afraid bin Laden will discuss who supported him against the USSR in the 1980s? Are our leaders afraid that their proof of bin Laden's complicity will not stand the scrutiny of an open courtroom (if so, then why are we bombing?) Or are our leaders really so obtuse that they cannot see that they are fanning flames that will only ignite more fundamentalist fanatics who hate the power our govern-

ment wields worldwide? I honestly love my country, although, more than ever, I fear my government. I do not want anyone else to die of anthrax or hijacked airplanes or any of the hundreds of ways these creeps could strike next. I do not want my government, acting in my name, to kill other innocent civilians halfway around the world. I also do not want to give up any of the fundamental rights that I, as a human being, have, as written in our Declaration of Independence, our Constitution, and in thousands of legal cases since the 1700s. At this point in human history, our overall legal framework is among the most advanced and humanistic ever, and any loss to our freedoms as citizens is also a loss for human political development. I am frustrated and disappointed. What was a drawing together of us as people, mourning the horrific loss of life on September 11, has reverted to business as usual: cruise missile diplomacy 1990s style. This is not a resolution, merely a prolonging of the battle.
Thanks for wading through these pretty jumbled thoughts,
Jesse Luscious

Hey—
Gen here of Ruido writing to pay mass acknowledgement and gratitude to all the people that gave us a hand with our recent US tour. The booking, hospitality and new friendships have been very overwhelming. we can't thank you all enough for the memories.
much love and respect,
—Gen Ruido 11040 Cantlay St. #1 / Sun Valley, CA 91352-5068 USA. Podruido@Hotmail.Com
PS. If anyone can donate any live audio or video and photos of us, it would be much appreciated. paz y unidad.

Hey All—
I haven't seen the newest issue but my friends told me there's a letter written by me. Problem is, I never wrote the letter.
While any God-fearing American would kill for a New York Times Obituary heading that read "Greg Gartland, Punk Rock Op-Ed Writer," my own ethical values (ask Tom Hopkins about professional responsibility class) preclude me from taking credit for that which I did not do. Also, Chris Boarts is someone who I've admired for her life-long contributions to punk rock, and a personal friend of many of my friends. I would not write such a letter to MRR, ever.

I'm obviously troubled that this could happen in general. Would it pain you to employ some degree of journalistic integrity and actually follow up with purported authors before you publish? I don't think so [save the occasional random Taiwanese or Mongolian hardcore kid, but I'll let you slide on that one], that step would go a long way toward eliminating this sort of problem.
Oh, and any help you might give me in figuring out who did this would be appreciated. Oi To the World
—Greg Gartland alktraz@aol.com 271 S. 15th St. # 1706 / Philadelphia, PA 19102

MRR,
Discharge was right: "war is bad." Sometimes a selfish and pragmatic part of me just wishes the USA would bomb the hell out of the Middle East and get it over with, if it takes thousands of millions of lives to bring peace once and for all, then I sometimes think that maybe it's the way out. But then I'm reminded that it's not only in the Middle East that people are looking for ways to boycott or attack the USA and it's policies in one way or another, if it's not the Middle East, it'll be some nation in the Caribbean, or here down South, or from Africa, or Southeast Asia, etc..
Maybe all this would end if for once, the USA decided to leave the rest of the world alone, and take care of its own, take care of the poverty and social unrest taking place in its own territory, take care of the injustices going on in its own boundaries. The USA needs inner healing before it can have the moral stature to intervene with a third world nation, once again. What makes my stomach turn and allows frustration to take over is the fact that the people who have suffered and are suffering are the lower-middle class postal workers, firemen, secretaries, janitors, etc... they are the ones being infected by anthrax spores, they are the ones who died at the World Trade Center. They don't hate the Palestinians or the Muslim fundamentalists, they're not pro-Israel, Jesus, they probably don't even know where to find Afghanistan on a map.
I never thought that at age 23 I'd feel so old and tired of it all. Since my birth (1978) I've witnessed (by media of course) or at least known of, more wars than any other generation ever has. And I fear that that small fact has made us all into pessimistic, unimpressionable and cynical boys and girls. If I dig down deep into my honest self, I realize that I don't really care anymore, that I don't believe in anything anymore, that I am not afraid to die because life itself doesn't have much to offer anyway. Life's constant beatdowns are sculpting me into a solid and lifeless rock. All the small and meaningless things I once considered beautiful or of value are constantly being overshadowed by the ugly things that I have tried to ignore. But you can't turn away from violence, from hate, from death, it all gets to you at some point. So there's no reason to cry, or weep or be frustrated; hell, we're all going down anyway, at one time or another, let's get over it. Sometimes the world isn't worth it. Peace.
JD ~Silva (Redencion 9.11) Chile joao@idealpolitik.org

MRR:
I was appalled to read about Bush's Faustian deal with the Taliban in MRR News #222. I went online looking for an electronic copy of the transcript (a lazy way to distribute copies to people), and found it on Robert Scheer's web site:
http://www.robertscheer.com/1_natcolumn/01_columns/052201.htm
However, I also found an interesting and very rational deconstruction of Robert Scheer's columns, including that one, that was recently published at Spinsanity.com, "The Lies and Jargon of Robert Scheer":
http://www.spinsanity.com/columns/20011008.html
It appears that Scheer used a lot of misinformation in that column; I would recommend checking it out. (Incidentally, I am not trying to encourage or imply any poltical endorsement, spin, or motive on this issue; I mean, I voted for Nader last November.)
I would also like to thank MRR for including Lane Van Ham's deconstruction of globalization rhetoric. If an electronic copy (pdf?) of it is available, please send me information on reprints (cost/availability/etc.). My dad had asked me why they were protesting in Quebec, but my answer then wasn't near as good or detailed as that article. I could easily photocopy the article, I guess, but the small type size would discourage my dad from actually reading it.
Thanks,
Marcel Roy

For information on reprints, formats, and citations, please contact me at lanev@u.arizona.edu Thanks.
—Lane Van Ham

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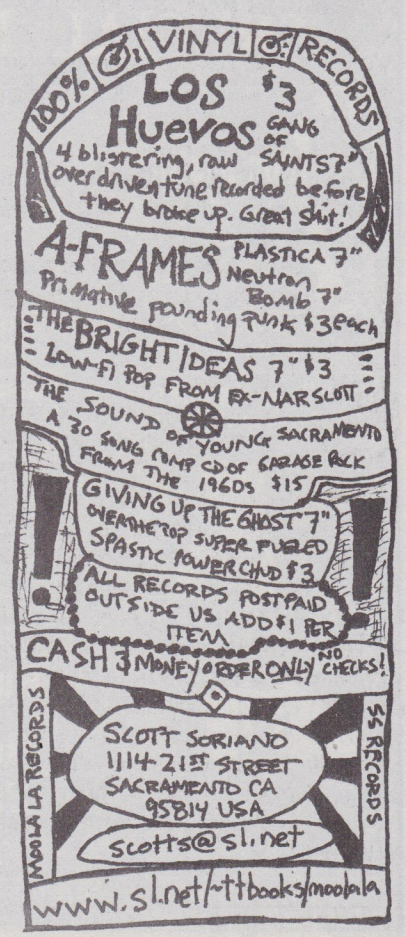

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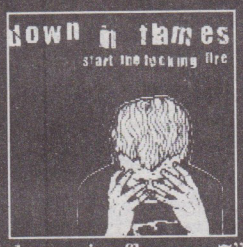

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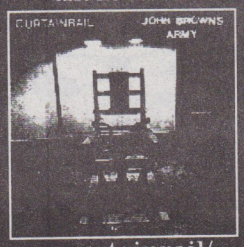

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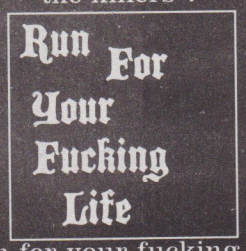

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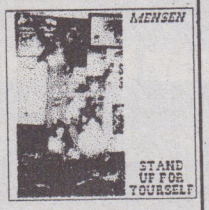

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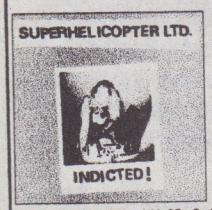

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As some of you may already know, I'm in the process of collecting interviews and information for a series of articles and subsequent book focused on the so-called anarcho punk scene of the late '70s and early '80s.
Were you there?
Were you in one of the bands?
Any help and/or information would be greatly appreciated. Here are a few of the bands I'm still trying to track down: Six Minute War / The Fallout, D&V, Null & Void (Andy Stratton), The Apostles (Andy Martin), Polemic Attack, The Sears, The Naked, Part 1, Assassins Of Hope, No Defences, Tears Of Destruction, Dominant Patri, Earth's Epitaph, A Touch Of Hysteria, Apf Brigade, Anarka And Poppy, Kultur Kampf, Look Mummy Clowns, Hagar The Womb/We Are Going To Eat You, Liberty, Exit Stance, The Waste, Fiend, Hysteria Ward, The Review...

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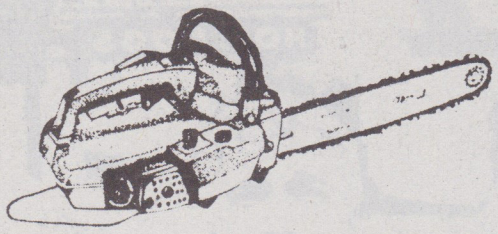

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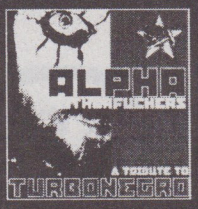

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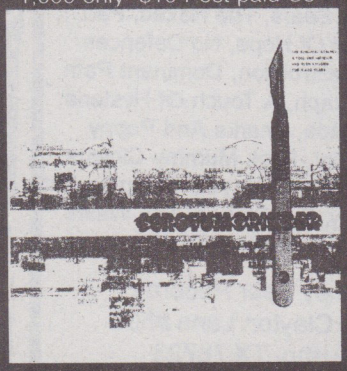

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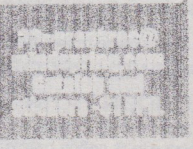


COLUMNS

I was all set to celebrate my 30th birthday, when it seemed that the world was going to end. OK, maybe that is fatalistic melodrama, but for a few days it kinda felt like that might be the case. The events of 9-11 really hit me hard. I don't know what relevance my thoughts will have by the time that this is read. And I'm not really sure that I have anything to say that hasn't been said already by countless others. My thoughts are already floating back to the past month and it will be another month until this goes to press. I sometimes think that someone else has a better ability to write on a particular subject, or to sum up the state of current politics, or whatever it is at the time that I don't feel well suited to comment on or sum up in the best way. But I have found that everything is relevant. I have read accounts of the 9-11 events from good writers that were right in line with my own thoughts, and I have expected some forums to have a big impact where there was little to feel. Too often I/we/you think you have to look to others to express things better—when our own experiences are what we feel and know best. So whatever relevance it will have in coming months—this is what is in my head now.

It had to be pointed out to me that being from NYC (or at least having spent a good many years there)—might make what happened in NYC affect me more than someone else. I think that we all have a certain amount of numbness to tragedy until it affects us personally. There is so much horror in the world on a daily basis—on the streets in front of us every day, and on the news all the time... we do become numb to it to a degree. If an equivalent disaster happened in a place that I had never been or couldn't fully picture—in all honestly, I would feel differently. But for me, this did hit close to home. Both in terms of physical distance and my familiarity with the places. I walked those streets daily. I know what it is supposed to look like and I can't even comprehend or imagine it now. Even Erik was asking me how the skyline was so different, wanting to see a before and after picture to get perspective. As news filtered through to me—about a location, or the hysteria, the numbness, the desperate search for loved ones, the hospitals, all of it—I could picture every piece of it. I have talked only to a few people there—and what they have told me about the state of the city was inconceivable. The complete and total shut down of the city that never sleeps is truly something that none of us ever-ever imagined, and even now still can not process or comprehend.

I was not caught up in the politics of it; or the potential economic implications; nor the fact that our eye-for-an-eye-nation would want to get revenge—though I was aware of all of this to come. I was just stuck on the fact that this horrible thing had happened—and hit very close to home—and affected *a lot* of people. As a friend said, anyone who knows anyone in NYC is going to know someone who was affected. And I know a lot of people in NYC. After a day or two of constant news monitoring—I sank into a deep depression. I really didn't see the point to anything. I didn't see the point in getting up and trying to go about my day. I didn't understand how so many people could. I had to realize that there were really a lot of people who probably were relatively unfazed. Those first few days before the newsstands reflected what had happened, were eerie. It's not too often that you wait before a (print) media onslaught. It was the sort of thing that really made you realize that yes, things had changed. And what mattered yesterday might not matter today. And it's amazing how a short time later—we're already sick of it. The media coverage is biased. We're tired of hearing about unprecedented situations or about the "new war" the "attacks" or whatever other commercialized names are given out. Initially you can't help but follow the news. Then you stop because it gets to be to emotionally draining. Then you cease to care. That is really scary though.

It's right about the time that people cease to be right up on top of what is happening that the covert operations will start. When the shit gets weird. I think it's really important to stay on top of world events—and get world perspectives. Not just the biased networks. There's a variety of independent news sources that offer a range of perspectives. And any news coverage from overseas will always shed new light.

I think that tragedies and catastrophes are an instigator for really reevaluating our priorities. I am a sucker for the apocalyptic visions. In fact, I think one of the reasons why the WTC going down freaked me out so much is that when I still lived there I had my own sort of prophecy that when society was finally going to eat itself and collapse—when the apocalypse was coming—the twin towers would crumble. Of course, I always kinda envisioned them falling over onto NJ. But even when you get all sci-fi in your visions—you don't really think these things are going to happen. It makes me question whether or not the entertainment industry actually has some hand in knowing what those "in control" think will happen.

I mean, so much of the population is caught up in big budget entertainment and movies—isn't it a perfect way to introduce an idea to the public? Things in a movie that seem so outlandish get taken into our subconscious, processed, and then a few years later when it becomes reality—it's not nearly so shocking. Look at how many movies in the past years showed NYC blowing up, or major landmarks being destroyed and all the scares of asteroids hitting earth. I'm convinced that there are people in on this sort of thing. I'm also a sucker for conspiracy theories. I think that the X-Files smoking man and his crew really do exist. And I've been pretty stuck on the idea that perhaps G.W.B. had something to do with this whole crisis—I mean it sure does serve his interests and make his administration look good now. Something which I in no way understand because I think he looks, and sounds like, a fool.

Think about it, though—who stands to gain from this potential war? It's important to think about that in all situations of media coverage—whose interests are served by the reporting, who stands to win or lose based on telling the truth or a fabricated version of it. And it's important to look at and understand how the US has been involved in world affairs and what effects those actions have had. There are now plenty of perspectives available and I encourage everyone to continue to look through the surface of the media. Look for new angles and always question who is spinning the forecasts that you hear. Look into our recent past history and try to understand how we got to where we are now.

The thing that is pissing me off the most right now is all the talk about *consumerism*. Every day I hear some snippet—saying how we can individually fight terrorism by being good consumers. How we can fight terrorism by flying, by going to popular vacation spots, and by shopping. Telling us that we can help the victims of the attacks by shopping and consuming; by spending more money, is the biggest load of shit I have ever heard. Does anyone actually believe in this crap? More than likely the readers of this publication will not—but it's scary how much the status quo—the mainstream of the population eats this shit up that is spoonfed to them in the interests of corporate profits. It sounds like a punk rock nightmare to me. I mean, we've been attacking consumerism for years and now it's getting shoved down our throats in an unimaginable way.

Amidst all this, I didn't much feel like celebrating my birthday. I was sad for all the people who lost their lives. I was sad

for all the people who lost their homes. I was sad for all the people whose lives will truly never be the same. I'm sad because I don't think that enough people realize that there are a lot of people across the world who hate Americans—and I'm sad because they also don't understand why. It's sad that for so long so many of us here in the States barely even listen or understand what is happening across the world. We constantly hear about atrocities beyond imagine, about war and famine, disease and poverty. But it's over there somewhere—so it doesn't matter. If it doesn't affect us—so what, right?

No, not right. Look at the past year alone and how often we have heard reports from the Middle East of bombings and death and we barely even pay any attention. It comes home and now the Whole World must bow down. It is kind of ironic. It is sad that it takes this to make anyone realize that shit is fucked up out there. What is really sad is that I would think that having a real tragedy hit home—feeling the fear and threats and violent danger and destruction that so much of the world feels on a daily basis—would make us aware of what it is like to have rampant death and destruction at our doorstep. I would think that it would make us realize that this is what it has felt like for thousands of people in the middle of war zones and all those who happen to live in the path of a battle zone.... It is sad that there is not much empathy/sympathy for people. I'm not happy that we were having our groundwork shook up a bit—but it does register that suddenly we're getting a taste of it and that in should make us relate all the more to how people across the world have felt. As I started hearing the response of ìwe will hunt them down, we will get even, get revenge, fight back and winî my blood ran cold. I didn't hear compassion—I only heard the cry for revenge. Something that I really didn't, and I still don't understand. Then hearing the paranoia of the general populous about an entire race of people again ran my blood cold. When I started hearing the retaliation—the "let's bomb them" attitude that was so misguided and unfounded, not even knowing who or where the target would be, again I couldn't help but think— how can anyone think that blind destruction is a solution or answer? How does randomly striking out and causing more innocent death and destruction make "us" feel better. The American eye-for-an-eye mentality just doesn't make any sense. I really and truly do not understand it. And when people start thinking and wanting to take action on Arab Americans—again I thought of history—of the Japanese American camps in World War II and how these innocent people were punished and tortured due to where they were from and the color of their skin. I simply flat out do not understand it. And I do not in any way see it as solving anything or why it should make anyone feel better.

I find it fascinating the way in which popular media coverage handled the events of 9-11 by pulling movie trailers which depict the WTC buildings and pulling movies that deal with subvert plots. We have to really think about how this is going to trickle down. As a good friend said to me, deviance is not going to be tolerated. The freedom and civil rights which have always been a part of our life here in America will very likely be threatened. While right now no one probably questions some of the intense security measures being taken—how will we feel down the road when it doesn't change? So many implications, such a vast range of horrible possibilities. We can't know what will happen.

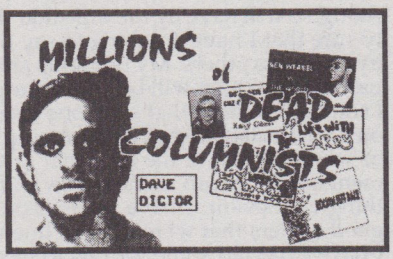
Time has passed and for the most part, most of us are back to our normal routines. But a part of me really can't shake it. I'm still stuck on the fact that these buildings are gone. That a huge chunk of Manhattan is unstable. That so many buildings surrounding the WTC are damaged and falling. I can't help but be all too well aware of the fact this is huge. Our history changes. Our landmarks change. I can't shake that this is the beginning—perhaps for more massive changes to come that we can not foresee now ('cause that is how it goes.) I've run into a few people who share the fatalistic apocalyptic feeling but with a sense of hopelessness—a "we're all going to die anyway so what does it matter" attitude. Again I don't understand it. I mean, if our time is limited—and ultimately it is—then all the more reason to make our time now count. I don't really think we're on our death bed. But the reality is we never know. It doesn't take some massive world insanity to face our mortality. The recent events are a slap in the face to wake up—to be aware—to be educated about issues so that we can understand more of the whys of things—and ultimately to remind us that we should be doing what makes us happy... that the future is totally unpredictable—so we might as well make the most of today. I expect tomorrow to come... I think we all do. And it really did scare me that in the midst of the insanity, I feared the weakness of my own breakdown. Sometimes we have to just recognize when we are being over come with emotion. I told several people that everything they were feeling was valid.

No excuses needed to be made for any feelings. And the resilience of some people, the strength to go on despite adversity, is amazing.

It's a good time reevaluate and re-prioritize and realize how quickly things can change. What we obsess over today just might not matter come tomorrow. But in the mean time we can put our time toward that which we believe in. We can try to be prepared for whatever life throws our way. Survival skills and preparedness are important but also varied and diverse. Reaching out to your friends and family and speaking your mind, sharing your feelings, remembering how to communicate—and having fun—that is a good place to start.

To write to me directly—c/o Slug & Lettuce, PO Box 26632, Richmond, VA 23261-6632

Wanted Dead Or Alive



Yes, we all remember George Bush saying that line. Invoking a poster he was familiar with seeing in the Old West. (whose Old West?)... Well what can we say, but here we go? What a future. Germ warfare, suitcase nuclear weapons, and yes, another war to win. On whom and where? Are we really going to war with first the Taliban in Afghanistan, and then maybe with Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Lybia, Algeria, Sudan, Iran, and if the fundamentalists take over the regime in Pakistan that overthrew the democratically elected government there just a short time ago, do we go to war with Pakistan, who possess nuclear weapons? We are stuck with this terrible situation. There is no doubt that bin Laden and his ilk are a crazy bunch of rude motherfuckers. They have recently used their artillery to destroy the Buddha statues at Bamiyan, have expressed the view that the Pyramids and the Sphinx should be turned into shards for appearing profanely non-Islamic in character, have thrown acid into the faces of unveiled women in Kabul and Karachi, have maimed and eviscerated two of the translators of *The Satanic Verses,* and have machine-gunned architectural tourists at Luxor in Egypt. They are fucked up and have been for years. Yet unmentioned in recent days is how just months ago, the Bush Administration handed the Taliban a subsidy of $43 million in abject gratitude for the assistance of fundamentalism in the "war on drugs."

A lot is going unmentioned these days, as right wing pundits declare war on anyone who disagrees as unpatriotic and worse as traitors. We are allowed to see Dan Rather cry on the *Letterman Show* and thousands of hours of the same footage shown over and over again. But forgotten unmentioned is that the CIA trained and financed many of the terrorists we are now having to face (the mujahedeen received more than three billion dollars) and then after the Soviets left Afghanistan, we allowed vying warlords to turn on each other. Rape and pillage, murder and destruction became the staple of life in Afghanistan, and as we are smugly reminded by "43," the US's policy is not that of "nation building." Also it is conveniently forgotten that in the 1970s our government curbed (tied the hands of) many of the practices of the CIA for committing assassinations and overthrowing democratically elected governments in Chile, Guatemala, the Dominican Republic, the Congo, and on and on. And how about those 500,000 children who have died in Iraq in that unsuccessful campaign of sanctions against that country? Where is the film footage of that? And how come fundamentalist Jews from the US are allowed to emigrate to the Middle East and throw Palestinians out of their home on the West Bank?

So how will the press cover this war? By releases fed by the military. The same military that believes the press lost the war

for the US in Vietnam by its having too much access to the truth. And what about the public so anxious to trade off our Constitutional rights and Bill of Rights for more safety? It's one or the other, right? What is being said right now is that federal prosecutors are being given the right to proceed in secrecy against anyone implicated in the September 11th attacks. What does "implicated" mean? Reasonable suspicion? Probable cause? How will we know whether due process has been afforded when all warrant and records are sealed? Law enforcement does not have to announce arrests or when material witnesses are taken into custody. Isn't it great that plans to create a national ID card that will track all our movements of what we do and where we go? As our great MRR columnist George Tabb would write, take my life, please. CD will be touring the west coast November 29th and 30th in LA and December 1st somewhere in the east bay and on Dec 2nd at the Pound in SF. You can contact me at Dave at mdcops@hotmail.com.

SCREAMS FROM THE GUTTER

Rob Coons

Damn, the days never seem to slow down. I swear the old saying is true, that the older you get the faster time goes by. Sorry I didn't get a column in last month, but I was on vacation and I am getting ready to take another one in a couple of days. I bust my ass at work and feel like some travel time is long overdue.

As always I have been hit with an endless barrage of killer bands coming through town. Some of the bands that really stood out over the last two months were ISIS (heavy as fuck), MICHAEL GIRA (former Swans frontman fucked shit up with a set of raw and bitter acoustic music—that guy exudes more hair-raising charisma than you can imagine), NEUROSIS (devastating as always. It was so loud my earplugs did no good as I winced in pain), FANTOMAS (fucked up mind twisting music, with Dave Lombardo showing that there is life beyond SLAYER—what an amazing drummer), MOTÖRHEAD (do you need to ask why?), DS-13 (they thrashed their hearts out and I was happy to see more people turn out to support them this time around) and last but not least, LIFES HALT (I have seen them multiple times now and each time they defy logic and play even better than the last time. How do they do it?) Fuck, there is nothing like the energy of a good band live. So lets rock on, shall we?

V/A - "The Seed Of The Next Season" CD - Damn, this is one sick compilation! Check out this line-up: JANE, CHISPA, SYSTRAL, Y, ACHEBORN, HEAVEN SHALL BURN, LINSAY, TUMULT, MAN VS. HUMANITY, ENFOLD, NYARI, GOMORRHA, DEAMON'S JADED PASSION, MORSER, INANE, METALFIST, CALIBAN, and ACLYS. Let's not kid ourselves here—this is a straight-up feast of German metalcore. (I am pretty sure all the bands are from Germany, though some of their addresses are not listed). You'll find fast and slow tempos, plus a variety of metal and grind styles here. And it is all brutally punishing. One of my favorite bands on here was INANE. I had never heard of them before, but they wrecked havoc on my speakers with a thundering mess of raging metal. The controlled chaos of their music sort of reminded me of MORSER. And the band name of the month has to be METALFIST. I think MANOWAR should have a song called "Metalfist." This is a good sampling of what the German hardcore scene has to offer these days. Check it out! (Alveran, PO Box 10 01 52 44701 Bochum, GERMANY, alveran-records.com)

URBAN GUERRILLA ZINE COMPILATION #1 - Zine & CD - Right on! I don't think you can really go wrong with this combination. First of all you get a solid compilation. This compilation centers on some kick ass punk from the likes of SMD, MELEE, ASTRID OTO, URKO, SOCIAL INFESTATION, HEAD HITS CONCRETE, EXIT WOUND, CRUDE, DISCORDIA and many, many more. One thing I really enjoyed was the fact that there were so many local bands on here. Maybe it is a territorial thing, but I am always happy to hear some of our better bands together like this. There is a booklet that accompanies the CD with band information and lyrics. Plus you get issue #10 of *Urban Guerrilla Zine*. In this issue they have the token reviews and columns, but the thing I really enjoyed was the interview with Dave Chavez who was in bands like SICK PLEASURE and VERBAL ABUSE. I think the absolute coolest thing about this whole package is that it is so damn inexpensive. So don't be a cheap-ass, and go get yourself a copy. ($4 ppd. PMB 419, 1442A Walnut St., Berkeley, CA 94709, disintegration@wethepunx.com)

KALMEX AND THE RIFF MERCHANTS - "It Goes To Eleven" CD - Damn, when your band personnel is born and bred out of the scene which brought us such killer bands as PLUTOCRACY and NO LESS, then it generally makes the review a breeze. These West Bay guys twist things up with an all-instrumental barrage of mass riffage, hence the band name RIFF MERCHANTS. They run the gamut of styles here. From SABBATH style grooves to thrashing blast beats they rock it hard. And a lot of the heavy-duty pumping rhythms really reminded me of ROLLINS BAND, sans the vocals. You know, I have never been a huge fan of instrumentals, but this definitely has some merit and is worth a listen. ($10 ppd. Family of Resistance Records, www.antigravitybeats.com)

BURMESE - "Monkeys Tear Man To Shreds" CD - I have been hearing about this Bay Area band for some time now, and I always seem to miss their live show (which is supposed to be amazing). So after much anticipation I finally got my hands on a copy of this release. Well shit, where do I begin? Musically this band squeezes in somewhere between MAN IS THE BASTARD and GODHEADSILO. Two bass players and a drummer create a cacophony of noise that relies on thick and meaty bass lines, feedback to the third degree and some guy trying to blow his vocal chords out of his throat. The throbbing tempo alternates between fast and slow, going from crushing slams of noise to outbursts of speed and ugliness. It is very scattered and messy, with most of the songs clocking in around a minute; the last song is a 20-minute skull splitter of droning distortion. Wicked! (Tumult, PO Box 642371, San Francisco, CA 94164-2371)

SELF DEFENSE - "Killed By Jeff Volume 1" CD-R - SELF DEFENSE, from Connecticut, sent me a CD-R of a couple of songs that will be on some upcoming compilations. Even though there were only five songs, it was pretty easy to figure out that these guys are ready to tear shit up. With Gloom, Six Weeks, and 625 (plus many others) putting out these types of killer full -tilt hardcore bands as fast as they can, it baffles me how more and more just keep popping up. You know, fast-as-hell old school style hardcore that blows by in the blink of an eye. Did I say old school? Fuck it; look for these guys to be dominating the circle pits in your town, soon! They get major bonus points for mailing it to me inside a cut up JUDGE album cover! (Chris P. 3 Webster Place, Newtown, CT 06470, HYPERLINK mailto:activevows@hotmail.com activevows@hotmail.com)

BRUCE BANNER - "Fucked Up" CD-R - I have been keeping my eye and ear on this Swedish band since their first 7" came out not to long ago. I just got a CD-R of some of their material including their half of the split with SAYYADINA who are from Sweden as well. That split was recently reviewed in MRR, but is worth a second mention here. With that said let me point out that BRUCE BANNER is ex-PROTES BENGT (think recent 625 release) and ex-FILTHY CHRISTIANS. They knock their songs out at a savage pace. Fast thrashy tunes with two people pitching in with some shrill and abrasive vocals. They keep things fast, simple and as the insert to the split 7" says it is "Nordic Thrash Power." Be on the lookout for more stuff from them coming out soon. (www.listen.to/brucebanner)

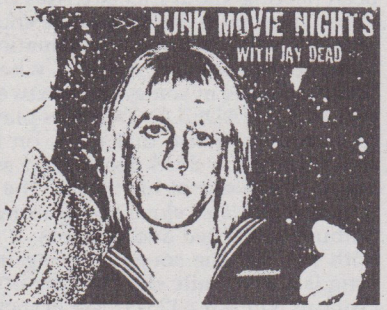
HIRAX - "Blasted In Bangkok" 10"/ PHANTASM - "Wreckage" LP - Here you go, a reissue of the Blasted In Bangkok demo/EP for all you metal warriors. This is great speedmetal thrash/crossover that originally came out back in 1987. Katon's amazing vocals take charge over the blazing riffs. This is really fucking good and makes me glad I got to experience the recent "Thrash Of The Titans" here in San Francisco. Getting to see bands like VIO-LENCE, LEGACY, DEATH ANGEL, and many, many others was quite a treat. In all honesty, back in the '80s I was way more into punk than metal so I missed a lot of these great releases and bands. So now, I am reliving whatever and whenever I can. The second release men-

tioned here is an amazing thrash metal release in its own right. Once again this has Katon from HIRAX on vocals, the original bass player from METALLICA, and a couple of other amazing musicians. This release contains PHANTASM'S 6-song demo from 1987 and a live set from 1987 as well. The live set was recorded when they were on tour with NUCLEAR ASSAULT. This is obviously in the same vein as HIRAX's shredding tunes and just to show their punk roots they do an awesome cover of "Glue" be SSD. Yes, *that* SSD! Hearing Katon singing "Gotta stick together..." with his wailing vocals brought a smile to my face. So dust off the sleeveless EXODUS shirt and the Flying V guitar and get ready to thrash out. These records are essential to any metal collection. (Deep Six, PO Box 6911, Burbank, CA 91510, deepsixrecords.com)

"Your numbers up, you have to go. The system says, "I told you so!" Stocked in a plane like a truckload of cattle. Sent off to slaughter in a useless battle. Thousands of us sent off to die. Never really knowing why. Fuck the system they can't have me. I don't need society."
DRI - "I Don't Need Society."

You know the drill. I can be reached at PO Box 13085, Berkeley, CA 94712 or HYPERLINK mailto:xgoatcorex@hotmail.com, xgoatcorex@hotmail.com.

ELF PANTIES - THE MOVIE, THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA, and 1 OF K9 • Nick Zedd



Nick Zedd is a punk, a lifer, an artist, and an outcast who has continued to write and make films in the face of economic challenges, the changing New York punk and art landscapes, and the advent of digital video — which has diluted the quality of the underground film scene in a similar way that CDs have had their affect on the underground music scene. Nick Zedd's newest creations are now available on this compilation tape, which — like all of his films — is available through his New York based Penetration Films. Filled with sexual innuendo, dark humor, and philosophical perspectives on living in modern cities, Nick Zedd's latest works take chances that major studio filmmakers wouldn't dream of, and then there is the inevitable shock value that Nick Zedd mastered in the 1980s, when he was part of the punk scene and a film movement that also involved filmmakers and artists such as Richard Kern, Lydia Lunch, Lung Leg, Tommy Turner, and Kembra Pfhaler, known as the Cinema Of Transgression (1985-1990).

ELF PANTIES is a humor filled short about an elf woman (Saint Rev. Jen) who naively acts out in ways that are both sexual and messy, resulting in her having to repeatedly replace her old panties with a new cleaner pair. How do we know that she is an elf? Well, as she plainly states, her ears are pointed. At the point where our elf is becoming aroused by reading *The Lord Of The Rings*, we begin to wonder where Nick Zedd is taking us, if anywhere, with this film. It turns out that our innocent looking elf sells her panties and her "elf juice" to admirers through the mail. Ah, we should have known that it wasn't just an excuse for the filmmaker to shoot close ups of elf crotch, but let's end all assumptions here before we, well, you know.

1 OF K9 is a very short film involving the beginnings of a group sex session involving three actors (Two men and one woman), including Nick Zedd, and a Doberman Pincher. It's all done in a tongue and cheek style that never lets the viewer believe for a moment that this film is anything more than an attempt at shock value for the straight laced and easily offended. I found myself laughing and nodding with approval, but before there is time for any bad Freudian analysis or animal rights debates, it's finished.

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA is a Nick Zedd masterpiece. It is the film that more than hints at the quality of films Nick Zedd is capable of making with or without a big studio budget. The black and white cinematography is beautiful, and it is equally reminiscent of German expressionist filmmaking, as it is Zedd's own best work. The writing is influenced by the philosophy of Nietzsche as filtered through New York's street life, where Zedd looks very at home aesthetically, but who's character in the film is frightened and disgusted by who and what inhabits the back alleys and sidewalks of the city that never sleeps. Nick Zedd made his reputation with films that had no budget, but he often remained in the shadow of other filmmakers that put out inferior films with slightly bigger budgets. *THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA* obliterates all of those other films and leaves Zedd standing alone at the top of the squat, or so to speak. This film deals with a character that is disconnected, and who's ideas and beliefs are not shared, understood, or even heard by the world that exists outside of his apartment. The same could be said of Zedd and his films, which is a sad commentary on punk, art, and the world as a whole. (Penetration Films, PO BOX 1589, N.Y.C., 10009)

A BIG ASS LUST FOR SPEED • Bob Moricz

Bob Moricz has been a good friend of this column, and as much as I'd like to say nothing but kind words about all of his films, the truth is that I have some words of advice for Bob. *Bob, you don't move from Redwood City to the hills of Oakland, and then to Sacramento if you want to have any chance of making good (to great) stripped down, cutting edge, honest underground films.* Bob Moricz has so much talent that it's a shame that he didn't relocate to an abandoned victorian or warehouse in West Oakland a long time ago, becoming a part of the local art and punk scene, along with the crackheads, speed addicts, smack, traffic, packs of wild dogs, and that rancid smell of pollution that rises off of the Emeryville portion of the San Francisco Bay. *A BIG ASS LUST FOR SPEED* is, like most of Bob's work, very suburban in it's feel which is a legitimate reality and lifestyle that one could argue deserves a voice just as the inner city deserves a voice. But I would argue that the voice expressed in most films who's filmmakers have been for the most part informed by a suburban experience tend to, perhaps subconsciously, reinforce the status quo, and cannot help but make mainstream choices, no matter how much the script is laced with contrary motivations and subversive types of subject matter and overall objective. Although it's obvious to anyone who has been following Bob's work that he is technically becoming more and more proficient at his craft, his writing and actors fail to compliment the camera angles, editing, film techniques, and original music that can almost convince you on it's own that what you are watching is somehow better than the sum of it's parts.

A BIG ASS LUST FOR SPEED follows one man down the road of failure brought on by addiction and paranoia. The main character is from a fairly normal, suburban neighborhood, where everything is so normal that it takes very little speed before the reality of even his family's home is enough to make him snap and ultimately drive him crazy. It's not clear whether our main character was already doing speed before he loses his job, and before he realizes that his wife is having an affair. But it's soon apparent that he has very little sex drive, and that his paranoid delusions are threatening to land him in a mental hospital, or maybe worse. I had trouble with some of the characterizations of women, which may seem hypocritical from someone who is an admirer of Nick Zedd. The lead actor in *A BIG ASS LUST FOR SPEED* has an effeminate quality that makes it almost humorous when he utters lines like (paraphrasing), "So I can slip the old lady the bologna," because you aren't quite sure if he is making fun of the way some men talk as opposed to just reading from the script. The problem I have with lines like those, and with the film as a whole, is that there isn't a consistent tone or vision that emerges so we can take the next step of looking a little closer, and approaching it's ideas and characters from different angles and perspectives. That is when those humorous observations within the script and film would redeem themselves with a patient, and thoughtful enough audience. Bob Moricz made his best film a couple of years ago entitled *KASH HOUSE MEAT CLEAVAGE*, and if you really wanted to watch a film that showcased Bob's potential as a filmmaker the most, then that would be the one to watch. (www.epiphanysink.com or epiphanysink@hotmail.com)

BLANK GENERATION • Ivan Kral and Amos Poe

This is not the *BLANK GENERATION* that starred Richard Hell, but rather a series of silent Super 8 mm films shot in New York during the early days of punk. There is a soundtrack that

is comprised of live tracks that were taken from cassette tapes, and then badly edited into the footage to appear as if the film and soundtrack are somehow out of sync. It's referred to on the video's box as something akin to classic punk filmmaking, and from the standpoint that it was shot on almost no budget by punk filmmakers who just wanted to do it themselves, it is very punk. It is classic as well when you consider all of the bands featured on *BLANK GENERATION*, such as: THE NEW YORK DOLLS, BLONDIE, RAMONES, HEARTBREAKERS, WAYNE COUNTY, and many more. Those two qualities rarely work together often enough to make this film much more than something that could be spliced into other, better developed documentaries, or projected onto a wall at some trendy, poser punk bar or eighties dance club. As harsh as that may have come off to many readers, that is the economic reality of why this video is now available on video and DVD. Active punks should skip this one for an actual punk show, band practice, zine making, or even a real documentary that has a voice and something to offer us in terms of making a connection between the past and present, or providing inspiration at the least. (Music Video Distribution, PO BOX 280, Oaks, PA 19456 or www.musicvideodistributors.com)

DANCING BAREFOOT • PATTI SMITH GROUP

This is a very Interesting documentary about Ivan Kral, who played guitar in the PATTI SMITH GROUP, and later for Iggy Pop. It is not in any way an entirely objective piece of filmaking, which is mostly due to the fact that it was made by Czech Television, and well, let's just say that Ivan Kral is a native of Prague and is almost always allowed the last word in any discussion. That minor complaint aside, *DANCING BAREFOOT* provides an interesting look at Kral's life as a stateless dissident in the seventies, and it also gives the viewer a glimpse into how serious rocknroll took itself back when punk first arrived, especially so in the case of the early CBGB's scene. Ivan Kral began his relationship with the early New York City punk scene by working with Debbie Harry and Chris Stein of BLONDIE, but soon hooked up with the band that he would become most known for working with, THE PATTI SMITH GROUP. Patti Smith was confident and shameless in a way that has become standard amongst most mainstream pop and rock acts today, but she based it all in talent and a crazed sense of integrity that has been missing from mainstream anything for the last couple of decades, at least. Ivan Kral bowed at the alter of Patti Smith, and he is pretty up front about the fact that he truly believed the group would basically be rich and famous, before Patti ended the band at the height of it's popularity. (This film was shot in 1994, before the PATTI SMITH GROUP reformed and started to tour once again.) He also states that he thought playing with Debbie Harry was a good idea initially because he believed her face alone would sell records. This may affect how you view Kral, but if you are Bono from U2 it probably makes no difference to you what Kral's objectives were as long as he made good music, and Bono can be heard several times on this film sounding as if he is eulogizing Kral. After playing with the PATTI SMITH GROUP, Kral joined up with Iggy Pop, who was according to his own recollections, pretty out of control at the time. He is also quoted as saying that he thought Kral wasn't happy playing with his group because Kral wanted to be more successful. Kral counters by claiming the same about Iggy Pop, and it's left up to you to make up your own mind about what's what. The interview segments with Iggy Pop are great, and so are the various segments with BLONDIE, and even John Cale. Like I stated previously, this is an interesting documentary, and the momentum from the first half of Kral's musical life is enough to carry you through the less historically relevant second and third chapters of the Ivan Kral biography. *On a final note, I'm so tired of these old punkers talking about the early days when everyone was idealistic, and no one cared about record contracts and being famous. Inferring that it's somehow different today. Hey, we have all that today. Let's not forget who were the first ones to sign to those major labels* (Music Video Distribution, PO BOX 280, Oaks, PA 19456 or www.musicvideodistributors.com)

Before we end this month's Punk Movie Night, I just wanted to report on the Punk Movie Night that we recently held at Gilman on September 15th. Without getting too detailed about all of the highs and lows of what was a very dramatic and insane evening, let me just say that in spite of the VCR breaking (We found a replacement, although we had to cut some films out of our program), and in spite of vans breaking down in other states, HARUM SCARUM canceling, the Crimson Baboon accidentally setting himself on fire, and several fights (All of which were handled quickly and efficiently by Gilman security), the night was very successful and extremely well attended. Thanks to Jake from *P.U.N.K.* zine and Mike Thorn for helping out in the planning stages, Todd and TRAGEDY for not turning back in Eugene, and to the filmmakers that came through: Nick Zedd, Bob Moricz, Eban and Jules from KWIK WAY, and Martin Sorrondeguy. To read past Punk Movie Nights columns, check out my web site at: www.wethepunx.com.

Send any underground films or videos to: Jay, PMB 149, 1442A Walnut Street, Berkeley, CA 94709.

Zegota Tour Diary: July to November 2000

CrimethInc.
Workers' Collective
Bullet-in

A scholar once noted that by the end of the 19th century, all territory on our planet, every last rock protruding above sea level, had been parceled out, discovered, mapped, and claimed. There was no "frontier" left, nowhere left "to go." Yet, despite what the great maps and atlases and States claim (that all is known, all visible, all owned), there remains space and time unseen, hidden: terra incognita. I believe it is largely within these spaces that we have the most room to "move," to exist. These "hidden" areas are vital to our survival as a radical community, a community of difference. We all have noticed the encroaching virus of sameness ("mcdisneyfication," "cultural imperialism," "late capitalism," etc.) in our towns and daily lives, in our languages, gestures, and cultures (and hardcore/punk has by no means escaped this virus and often perpetuates it). Thus, our "difference," our subversion (insofar that it exist) is key in opposing a world that would have us all employed in mundane white-collar jobs, eating Big Macs, speaking business English, and vacationing "online" ("Go anywhere without leaving the comfort of your office cubicle!")

We spend a lot of time moving through our world along sidewalks, highways, in airplanes— so much of it predetermined by someone else. But nonetheless, now and again, we find ourselves "moving off the map." It was this sort of hidden movement that attracted me most to punk rock. Bands are constantly going on tour with nary a seven inch to their name (well at least here in the US! Zegota did their first East Coast tour with only a demo tape). All across the US, there are people opening up their houses, their living rooms and basements, often going out of there way to accommodate four mediocre bands they've never even heard. Thousands of second hand barely functioning vans are tinkered upon by amateur mechanics so as to putter six people over hundreds of miles to play for 20 people in a basement, only to sleep on a floor get paid 40 dollars and wake up the next morning and do it again. Of course in Europe it's somewhat different: you tend to get fed, and things are better organized, like there are beds to sleep on. But the same federalism exists, the same communalism and camaraderie. At the sacred heart of punk rock is a developing "nation" (in the Native American sense of the word) of nomads, a moving culture of guests, hosts, parasites, and wanderers. This nomadism is largely in a primitive state, not nearly as advanced as say the North African Bedouin nomads. But importantly: it exists.

Out wandering the long forgotten stretches of highways in forgotten plains, motoring through rainy hills, wandering down city streets, the world is discovered anew on tour. Every moment seems infused with importance: hunger, exhilaration, exhaustion, sleep, feasting, and on. And all the while I was continuously reminded that there are hundreds of other punk bands out in the world wandering these same pathways, searching for something far removed music industry's lust for pure profit. It's as if a whole secret cartographers' society was on the move mapping and un-mapping and remapping whole worlds of terrain marked by floors slept on, strangers porches, shared

meals, loud vans, fights, solutions, decibels of music, dancing, crying, singing, preaching, gestures of strangers, laughter, literature tables, tales exchanged, darkened rooms, and a aching search for something indefinable.

And so Zegota moved from sea to sea and over sea from July to November. Four long months, time reworked into an ancient sense of things, where minutes could last hours, seconds lifetimes, days moments. We drifted in all directions at once. And though we are long gone, yet we linger in those places that we called "home" at every pause on our journey. I am sure if the discerning eye were to cast its glance to a certain squat in Wroclaw, you would still find us chatting quietly around an old oak table late in the night or to a moonlit lake in the Midwest, you might glimpse our iridescent forms swimming and splashing. For we still drift across those deserts every night, rattling and we watch the sun set slowly on the Pacific and our forms still find sleep as we breathe each others' air on a thousand floors.

Until now in our community mostly bands have been fortunate enough to travel in this manner. But slowly we are making space to make this possible for everyone not just "artists." Puppeteers, freight-hoppers, jugglers, traveling kids are turning up at doorsteps, where before only musicians were welcome. A conscious welcoming of this rebirth of travel (which is, of course, in contrast to tourism) is essential to our health and preservation of our wild(er)ness. I can only encourage you to take the road, and explore the webs of punk-houses, friendships, politics, conflict, excitement, danger and adventure that await you. You can't hoard hospitality it can be only given as a gift. May strange and wonderful gifts then be returned unto you. Reclaim the streets! And your home you will find stretching out before you leading this way and that way. —Bruce

Postscript: None of our travels would have been possible without this web of kind people and good luck. Thank you to everyone who helped out on the Zegota Tour 2000, both in the USA and Europe, your generosity will not be forgotten. And special thanks to Will, Moe, Jon, and Ard for inviting me and sharing their adventures so lovingly, to Zoli, Suzanne and Johan and Reflections for love and pommes frites and, of course, making Europe possible, Amanda, Ed Zeplin, Dörte, Scott, Greg, Bernd, Mathieu, Aga, Volvo, Cathode, Lack, Cable Car Theory, Breed/Extinction, Stef, Laura, The CrimethInc. Sxymposium of New Music, the Hietland Dairy Farm and to Balázs for his great patience and steady hand at the wheel.

This the Third part in a series of travel articles.

(Get in touch: CrimethInc. Tours, 2695 Rangewood Dr., Atlanta, GA, 30345 USA)

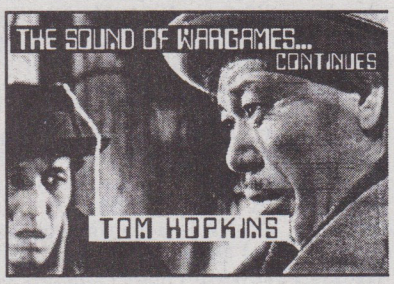
I couldn't be more sick of seeing fucking American flags. What the hell is having a flag hanging off your car supposed to do? YEAH! THAT'LL SCARE OFF ANY WOULD-BE TERRORISTS! I'll go out and buy a little lapel ribbon to show HEY THE COLORS DON'T RUN ON THIS FRUITY LAPEL RIBBON MR. OSAMA BIN LADEN! FAAART! Did you read *The Onion* article where the lady didn't know what else to do, so she bakes a cake shaped like an American flag? That could not have been more perfect. God bless *The Onion* for being able to take a subject like that and make fun of it just enough not to cross the line but to satisfy everyone who's wanted to make dumb jokes about it but couldn't because everyone would get mad at them.

I went to Vegas this weekend with my band. We're called Master Control. So I go to New York, New York casino and I sat and played video poker for two hours straight and only got *one free drink*! No fucking wonder New York got attacked! The Taliban must have stayed at that casino and couldn't get a drink all weekend either! I swear waitresses have *no respect* for nickel poker players.

OK, so let me tell you about my roommate John Becker. He always smells his hands. I mean all the time. He'll smell them then look at you with his nose all scrunched up and a fucked up look of disgust on his face then blurt out what they smell like. "Cheetos!" "Lobsters!" "Markers." I just leaned over and yelled what did his hands smell like today? He very seriously sniffed them for about 30 seconds then said, "It's like a mild cheese." He is a drum & bass DJ by the way. His DJ name is DJ Sweatpants. He's getting a license plate frame that says "Happiness is wearing sweatpants." John Becker fucking rulz.

By the time this is published the TV show *Love Cruise* will be over. Man what a great show! I can't believe the girls voted Adrian off the boat but kept those two sweaty guidos onboard. Man I fucking wish I could be on this show. I fucking wish. OK, if you're not familiar with the show, they take an even number of men and women (All of them horrific. Seriously. Aside from the black girl I wouldn't even fuck those girls with Tom Hopkins' dick) and then they put them on a boat and they vote each other off. It's kind of like that one TV survival show...what was that called? Oh yeah, *Mama's Family*. All of the guys try to be either sensitive and sweet or big loud greasy jackasses. All of the girls have fake orange tans and blonde hair. The first thing they did was pair them off into couples then make them go into their cabins and *see what happens then*! Well nothing happens. They have horrible conversations about nothing and oh god they're all so gross looking. I can't get over how unattractive they all are. Why would someone pick them to be on a TV show? There's this one girl Toni who is a complete monster. She's this orange frat girl on steroids who is a fucking drama queen and spent the whole time either screaming and scaring me or crying about how much she loves everyone she's been on the boat with who she's known for five fucking days. Well if I was on the show and was paired off with the girl first thing I would do when the cabin door closes is clap my hands together and say, "All right! Let's FUCK!" with a happy look on my face. Then I'll spend the rest of the time on the boat hitting on all the guys. Once they vote me off the boat and send me to Loser Island, I'll go on a drinking binge and fuck some of those goats. By the way Loser Island on the show is Aruba. Yup, the island that was mentioned in the Beach Boys song "Kokomo." Isn't that sad? The only thing I know about Aruba is that they have goats there and it's an island. I love the *Cocktail* soundtrack. In fact *Cocktail* is one of the greatest movies ever made.

Fucking Emmys were canceled. I was getting really excited to write my review of the glamorous Emmys show this month. Well I guess you'll just have to wait *one more month* for that! I've actually gotten emails from people lately who read my column. Write to me more! ringhoff@gurlmail.com



The bombs began falling this morning. I'm still looking for the right way to respond. I don't think my visit to the anti-war rally a week prior provided me with much direction. I spent several hours having flyers and newspapers thrust at me addressing every lefty cause except the bombs that fell this morning. Halfway through the rally, there was a march. A march that went in a circle. What a fabulous metaphor. I don't expect a perfect response or an instant solution to the bombs that fell this morning. But I am looking for resources to use when confronted by co-workers, friends, and families when letting them know my opposition to the bombs that fell this morning. I don't want to walk in any more circles or be a demographic for every opportunist on the left. Any suggestions?

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The mix up of RITES OF SPRING with the panic Southerners have mastered (remember Florida? remember the Carolinas?) provides THE FEEDBACK STORY's EP (PO Box 12773, Gainesville, FL 32604) with intimate familiarity. 6 songs of semi-breathless vocals, high toned guitar, and lyrics to get a little lost in. Oh yeah, big words like "attrition" and "betrothed." This band features members of other bands and all members spent several months inside of their mom. True story.

Folks, I don't know what the hell is shimmy shaking on the CHROMATICS EP. Programmed bass drum thump, far away

vocals, and art-school guitars. The quirk is hard at work giving this post punk a tremendous kraut-rock sensibility. This is the mood music for putting suicide back in SUICIDE. Further investigation requires $4 to Hand Held Heart.

Ok, this record really doesn't fit in here but its got the "flip it over" appeal of the DROPKICK MURPHYS EP on TKO a few years back. Oh, sorry, the record is the GENERATORS "Dead at 16" EP on TKO. Southern Californian punk rock by guys who probably hate the beach. And twerps like me!

Here's the similarity between NEW BRUTALISM and SHELLAC: a rich and punishing bass style and pure craftsmanship of timing. See, NEW BRUTALISM doesn't bore with timing perfection but opens up in the looser and rougher style of old friends on SST. Added to that is a bit of the BEEFEATER/RAIN LIKE THE SOUND OF TRAINS funk and CIRCUS LUPUS steadfast and succinctness. Two choices for you (vote twice!): *Structural Gymnastics* 12" ($8: Sound on Sound, PO Box 687, Berkeley, CA 94704) and *A Diagram Without Scale Or Dimension* LP (ABC Group, No Address).

Fun record alert! The BOOMFANCY EP ($3, Harlan, 7205 Geronimo, North Little Rock, AR 72116) has seven rattling janglers in the mid-south style. Several singers going at it, all a bit off time-wise adding to BOOMFANCY's house show style. What a mix of early 7 SECONDS chorus sincerity and the polit-pop of Plan-It-X bands.

There's a large bandwagon driving by of people who loathe BLACK DICE. I'm not planning on jumping aboard in this review of the *Cold Hands* 12" (Catsup Plate, Cooper Station, PO Box 1277, New York, NY 10276). The feedback, five thumbed clatter and crash still sounds great (when they decide to let that through the nonsense) and the shows I've been to were dangerous and fun. Unfortunately, I am going to think about BLACK DICE much differently from now on after reading an interview where they seriously put their music and performance forward as "art." Sweet Jesus, I'd hope there wasn't any room left in the inn for more earnest north-easterners carrying a carpet bag of bullshit around the world with an "art" sticker affixed. That said, I'll listen to the records at home. Maybe Jeff Bale will lend me his beret!

"Do people listen to the HIDDEN CHORD?" Tom asked himself, with a slight realization of how clearly out of touch he is. Not leaving the house is the main obstacle to knowing if others have enjoyed the several EPs preceding the *Abigail Vongetti* LP (Level Plane. PO Box 280, New York, NY 10276) with similar honky two-stepping. Tom decided to practice his possible reentry to social life and told the mirror, "This LP has a tricky VELVET UNDERGROUND groove, PIXIES jive, and TRUSTY tunefulness." Of course, it's nearly time for bed anyway. Maybe next weekend.

The SYNTAX TRANSFER THEORY LP (Strictly Amateur Films) is very limited and, amazingly, has a smellier recording than the ANASAZI full length. So, you're not missing anything. I shouldn't be too smarty-pants since this was recorded back in 1997, when boom boxes were the only way to record music. What can be heard could be approximately compared to the neurotic hustle and bong hit space outs of VOLUME ELEVEN, whose new record is a better way to spend the $8 you should be spending on a phone call home to mom.

Oh, here's the VOLUME ELEVEN review. The *Kotadelic Cytex* LP (Hand Held Heart, 24445 Lisa Kelton Place, Newhall, CA 91321) is packaged in safety orange, a color I'm sure we all remember was all over the runways and fashion magazines a mere year and a half ago. The LP begins with, and frequently revisits, electro knob twists and radio waves that frazzle nerves, setting the mood for the chicken squawk vocals to peck away at any remaining calmness and composure. Fuzzed out guitar, a sliding bass, and drums that fill every available vacancy. Covering "Nervous Breakdown" would be too obvious. Their PINK FLOYD choice captures the mayhem.

Pull out some of your VSS EPs and make note of the curt delivery of the word play. With the addition of some reverb-itude and AT THE DRIVE IN croons the vocals of the RED LIGHT STING *Rub Em Down/Out* 12" (White Underpants, PO Box 55783, Valencia, CA 91385) begins its reduction to ink on newsprint. Electronic squeaks/squawks/pulses and piano keys aren't slapped on but play their part in the vapory interludes framing the female vocals and the radar blips of guitar action. A fluid, but peculiar hybrid of AT THE DRIVE IN and the FAINT. For folks partial to tunes, the twists and turns but not the herks and jerks of the post-punk revival.

Ok, I heard plenty about YAPHET KOTTO's *Syncopated Synthetic Laments for Love* (Ebullition, PO Box 680, Goleta, CA 93116) before getting around to listening to it. Not much of what I was told holds up: Mag's sing song vocals aren't too up front or overpowering, Casey's growl is still there, and this LP builds right on top of the previous LP's foundation. One guitar sweeps, the other clangs, the vocals combat and retreat, while the bass and drums rumble and tumble beneath. Can you imagine late 80's Annapolis and mid 90's California as Siamese twins with a set of balls they needed a wheelbarrow to push around?

To those who book YAPHET KOTTO, tell them they only have 30 minutes to play before the cops shut the show down. I bet it it would be a top ten live performance for all involved.

No surprise that Per Koro (Postfach 102514, 28025 Bremen, GERMANY) would be responsible for delighting me, once again, with the destructive anthems of German emo-hardcore. Also helping out with the fun is Ape Must Not Kill Ape (PO Box 608, Goleta, CA 93116). Here's a good time to mention the band that raises seven epic barn burners on their *Moment* LP: TIDAL. Lengthy angsty funeral dirges reminiscent of early STILL LIFE/SINKER precision waltzing to panicked crunch, then a collapse to Kansas City melody. I am 100% into their use of organ-styled keyboards rather than the now generic two fisted electro-synth sound.

Part of my tax rebate check went to the purchase of TWELVE HOUR TURN's *Break Bend Spill* 10" (No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604). Most of it was spent on my mom's Xmas present (I always shop early). I didn't take the advice of so many others and donate it to charity. So, I'm a selfish prick who is really enjoying the layers of sound that TWELVE HOUR TURN carefully constructs without sounding like a bunch of pony-tailed studio musicians. The grand shuffle of sound has such an easy Southern grace to it. Vocals and guitar clamor that are pissed *and* forgiving. A moody, gloomy, blue sound that sometimes follows a dancing bass to a hopeful point. Four songs at 45 rpm, thanks so much.

UNDER A DYING SUN has crammed an impressive heap of posters, lyric sheets, and stickers into the silk screened cover of their *When Walls Are Built* EP (City Boot, 575 O'Farrell Street #604, SF, CA 94102).The two songs suggest a similarly impressive heap of hours practicing and recording. The jangly guitars carefully navigate through rich bass tone and crisp drumming until they've found the perfect clearing for back to the audience blast offs. Male WAXWING vocals are buttressed at their peak by slightly muted female singing. This is the record I would make my friends listen to when they came over to visit, if I ever invited my friends over to visit.

More from the Ape Must not Kill Ape label. a split with LAST FORTY SECONDS and SUNDOWNER. The Swiss cheeses in SUNDOWNER mid tempo their way through two songs that have a MEREL urgency pushing down their guitar walls. A nice bit of MOSS ICON vocal contemplativeness walks through. LAST FORTY SECONDS have a tin-sounding, untuned edginess that rushes a bit too quickly to interludes which burst wide open. Their LP is significantly more dynamic.

I'd like to mention the PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES 12" (Teeth Herpes, PO Box 55783, Valencia, CA 91385) briefly. 1) It is bipolar beautiful and 2) people need to stop comparing every female singer to Kathleen Hanna, just like she really didn't need to be compared to Poly-Styrene.

Two major label LPs that I've enjoyed lately: GRATEFUL DEAD's *American Beauty* and CURTIS MAYFIELD's *Roots*. Don't tell the bosses.

Yes, the FOUR HUNDRED YEARS *New Imperialism* CD (Lovitt, PO Box 248, Arlington, VA 22210) has been out forever. So, pull out your copy and see if I know what I'm talking about. My bet is that I don't. When I first heard the LP prior to this, *Transmit Failure*, its screams and guitar filled every corner of the waterlogged records store.'I don't think this is nearly as loud or unsettled. The lyrics have such clear, straight-forward political messages, the music seems to have been built around the words to allow for precise delivery. There are still tense and jagged guitars with rhythms seeping through, while words are angrily

spoken until screaming takes over, and the rhythms suddenly rise over everything else. And begins again.

City Boot (they put out the UNDER A DYING DUN EP) is the Repercussion Records of our new century, putting out the heirs to the INDIAN SUMMER/EMBASSY/CHRISTOPHER ROBIN sounds. City Boot #1 is the STAIRCASE EP. Packaged in a manner reminiscent of the first UOA EP, guitar crunch and treble and a nearly sludgy bass follow behind plaintive vocals. Side two winds with this approach, a song that rises and crashes in dynamic waves. Side two is loose, flat, and forgettable.

BRIGHT CALM BLUE are from Nebraska but are in on the German and Canadian secret that allows huge distorted guitars to go off without sounding metal. The vocals border on screamo but take a hint from the strings and keep some direction. Variations of this boring and useless description can be found on the *It's So Cliche To Believe* EP (Independence Day, PO Box 82192, Tampa, FL 33682) and a split with TO DREAM OF AUTUMN (Magic Bullet, PO Box 6337, Woodbridge, VA 22195). TO DREAM OF AUTUMN are all things screamo with a knack for guitar riffs that sound like a skipping record.

The vocals of the GODDAMN DELUGE EP ($3, Hotsauce, PO Box 13161, Gainesville, FL 32604) sneer right from the start. Spat from between the teeth, totally pissed and dissatisfied. The music rolls behind with steady, but not monotonous, repetition. The melody rumbles steadily through as well. Some emo strut and crash with a bit of string plucking finesse.

Mentioning RITES OF SPRING twice in one column doesn't bother me at all. The comparison this time is to the vocals on the SHIVERING's side of their split with FUNERAL DINER ($8, Into The Hurricane, PO Box 1011, Burlingame, CA 94011). While the vocals have the raspy and almost nasal tone of RITES OF SPRING, the high toned bass, weaved in guitar chatter and drum fills aren't 100% as obviously DC inspired. Maybe 2-3% is influenced by the pop sensibilities of CORAL or SUPERCHUNK. FUNERAL DINER needs to be ticketed for their use of samples. A nearly flawless side of emo tunes is mucked up by two songs with sound bites from who knows what. These guys have satin smooth bass lines, guitars full of melodic tension, and hoarse yammerings that just barely bubble over. All this at a pretty quick paced tempo.

FUNERAL DINER knocks out several more melodic versions of PORTRAITS OF PAST and ONE EYED GOD PROPHECY on a split with STAIRCASE (Ape Must Not Kill Ape). Oh yeah, and more bullshit samples. Comparing them to PORTRAITS OF PAST is cheating since they cover a P.O.P. song. STAIRCASE leave their above reviewed EP in the dirt. Still a rise and fall of guitar, but more tuneful. The bass is tighter and quicker, while the drums snap tight throughout. Just enough rumble under the treble to fill out the sound while the vocals year for any number of lost things.

Enough. I'm nearly caught up from my hiatus. I'll get to that small handful of recordings and more in the next installment. Send stuff for review to: PO Box 11661, Berkeley, CA 94712. And folks, TOTAL SHUTDOWN's music is a cold turd.

The column section this month will no doubt be filled with opinions of the attacks of Sept 11th and their ramifications on our society, and mine will be no different. However, given the nature of this column's subject, I'd like to focus a bit more on the events that began 6 days later, Sept 17th.

When the planes rammed into the WTC and Pentagon buildings, something unique in American history happened—the New York Stock Exchange, only a few blocks from ground zero, stopped exchanging. The exchange stayed closed for the remainder of the week, the longest it had been shutdown in some 68 years. Speculation began immediately as to how the market would react when it would end up opening its doors again the following Monday and, from the capitalist perspective, things were looking grim.

As predicted, stocks took a dive across the board, the hardest hit (no pun intended) being the airline industry. While some had expected another Black Monday that would send the nation into an instant depression, it fared slightly better than that, ranking 14th on the list of biggest one-day drops. Nearly every company listed on the NYSE took a plunge, most of the biggest companies taking huge hits. However, amongst all of the minus signs, there were a few very significant pluses.

Lockheed Martin, the government's largest supplier of military equipment, found itself swimming in cash when it's stock rose 15% that day. (On a side note, Lockheed Martin took a stab at running Texas' welfare program when GW was in charge down there—akin to having Microsoft run our judiciary system.) Raytheon, also one of the top 'defense' contractors, saw it's stock rise 27%. And so it continued, stocks for all of the biggest military suppliers sky-rocketed (again, intentionless pun), the only exceptions being #2 Boeing and #8 General Electric. Boeing, who makes a significant amount of its money selling planes to the U.S. military (er, excuse me, defense), had it's stock plummet because of the instant drop in airline usage. However, as I write this, it's stock is almost back to pre-9-11 levels and, with an unprecedented bailout of airline companies in the works, they will no doubt be pulling a hefty profit by the time you read this. This leaves us with General Electric.

GE ranks right up there with the largest companies on the face of this planet. Because of their size, they delve into nearly every industry one could imagine. They make appliances, industrial products and systems, power systems (nuclear and other), and aircraft engines, all of which make them a huge military supplier. Interestingly enough, GE also owns NBC, which runs 220 stations across the country and has joint stakes in MSNBC and CNBC. (And as a testament to their size, consider this: NBC is one of the top four major television networks, yet they comprise only 5% of GE's total business.) On Sept. 17th, GE's stock dropped much less than most other companies and is already back to the price it was at before the attacks. Again, as we move into a wartime economy (and as President Bushwack and Congress are gearing up to bailout businesses with $75 billion [!!!!!!!] worth of tax breaks and relief packages), I can almost guarantee that they will be raking in the cash by the time this hits the press. When a defense contractor owns one the most prominent media outlets in the nation, there is cause for grave concern. (CBS was, up until a few years ago, owned by Westinghouse, another massive military powerhouse—many shareholders have massive stakes in both companies now). Exactly how wide will the spectrum of viewpoints regarding use of force be when the very medium's parent company makes gazillions from sales to the military? How loud will the message for peace be?

In other news, mass media (the only media there is percentage-wise) did not fare well in the aftermath of the attacks. While there was probably a massive upsurge in television viewers and newspaper sales, that's not how the media cats make their dough. They make it from advertising dollars, of which there wasn't much to go around in the wake of the attacks. However, this leveled off very quickly and we've already had to endure nearly three weeks of the most despicable ads I've ever seen ("God Bless America—from your friends at Subway", etc.). To be sure, the networks and newspapers have had to spend some money that they weren't anticipating spending, but that just means they'll be all prepped up for when the bombs start falling and advertisers will be lined up around the block to get a piece of it.

Retailers may have been among the worst hit following the attacks. Wal-Mart, who tracks the sales of customers more rigorously than the CIA tracks terrorists, stated that they had an initial period of what they call "pantry-loading," people stocking up on canned goods, gas tanks, and shovels, but then their sales went dull. Fortunately, they more than made up for it with sales of flags, which were up 2,000% from the same day a year ago. In the long run, expect retailers (especially the biggies like Wal-Mart & K-Mart) to have a hey-day in the aftermath of the attacks.

I think it will be especially important to pay attention to who it is that profits from the attacks of Sept. 11th and our subsequent cowboy-led retaliation. War, in case you didn't know,

means the death of plenty o' human beings, mostly innocents. We should be sure to watch those that rake money in from the death and destruction that comes with war, and remind society that they have blood on their hands. I'll try to give some small updates in my future columns, but time is of the essence with things like this, so it wouldn't hurt for you to pick up the Wall St. Journal every now and then and find out who it is that's profiteering for yourself.

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If you want to contact me, either write to Rainbow Bookstore Co-op, c/o Nathan Berg, 426 W. Gilman St., Madison, WI 53703 or e-mail me: naytron@hotmail.com

Motherfucker. Here it is. My name is Wells. I am 25 years old. I live in my sister's old bedroom at my fucking parents' house. I'm a punk rocker. I put out and trade records on my label, Traffic Violation Records. I suffer from and do battle with debilitating anxiety, depression, and agoraphobia.

I guess there's more to me than that stuff, but those are the biggies; the defining shit.

So what I want to do with this column is really two-fold. First, I want to just fucking celebrate, talk about, and provide a forum for the international DIY record trading community. For as long as I have been involved in this shit, I've been totally fucking amazed by it. I mean, just the idea of having our network of promotion, distribution, touring, and the buying and selling of *our* records existing totally outside the mainstream music industry. Even if the message were to be totally uninspired (which it fucking isn't!), you'd have to admit the medium alone is a pretty fucking exciting prospect.

So, I plan to go into the nuts and bolts of doing a DIY label, trading records, and everything that goes along with it. Also, from month to month, I'm going to be listing labels from around the world who are down with trading and featuring some of the shit they have available. Up with the international DIY conspiracy! Down with the punk big business bullshit.

The second thing I'd like to accomplish with this column has to do with how our punk community deals with the idea of mental illness. While I know for a fact that there are tons of us punk rockers suffering through this shit, I also know that there's really not a lot of dialog going on about it.

I'd like to use this space every month to relay some of my experiences (as well as those of other people) take on some of the political issues that come up around mental illness, and list helpful resources people with mental illness can seek out. The goal here is to help us as a community to deal with mental illness while providing those of us who suffer with mental illness some support.

Before I get in to any of this crap, I'd really like to hear back from some people. What do you guys think about mental illness? What do you think about the use of medication to treat mental illness? Is a lot of mental illness just a construct of our culture? What are your experiences with psychologists and psychiatrists? Are there any bands and zines out there tackling this shit? I know of some, but I'd like to hear back from others! Send me some fucking mail!

I'm really hoping to hear from a wide variety of people with varying viewpoints and experiences. I tried posing similar questions in MRR back in 1998 or so. In a 1/3 of a page advertisement I plainly stated the mental illnesses that I suffer from and asked if there was anybody out there who dealt with similar shit. (I think I advertised an I FARM / OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN split 7" at the bottom too.) I really didn't know anyone who was going through this shit back then, and I just wanted to make a connection with someone. I got two or three responses. It just never seemed right. I figured there had to be more people out there. It turns out I was right. Since then I've met more and more people in our punk community, both here on Long Island and other places, that are coming out with the fact that they suffer from mental illness. I can think of four or five people in our local scene around here alone. So, I'm giving it another shot. Let's fucking talk about this! Send whatever you'd like to the contact information below.

All right, enough with this shit. It's bad enough I have to live it, but I have to blab about it all day too?! On with the hardcore / punk rock DIY assault.

Fucking trading records. To me, that is really at the core of what is DIY punk! Just the economic mechanics of it all are so subversive and rebellious. I mean, punk itself gives us a means to express ourselves. But, this network of DIY labels, distros and zines, totally expands on that. It gives not only the means to express ourselves, but to fucking hear back about it. It gives us the ability to actually communicate in more than one direction. And the truly amazing thing about it is that it exists in large part outside of the mainstream music economy. So, not only are we in fucking charge of *what* we are saying, but the method in which it gets around ~~is~~ fucking *ours* too!

It blows my mind that me and my knucklehead friends can press up 1000 7"es with songs we fucking made up. You know, songs about how we feel, what we think, where we live, or just whatever. Then we can send out ten each of those 7"es to 100 towns across the globe. You're sending your ideas into 100 different punk scenes; 100 different communities. In return for that fucking privilege, all you have to do is return the favor. When you go to shows you lug around distro boxes, full of ideas from the 100's of towns that your 7"es wound up in. And as a result of it, you're really doing your local punk community a favor as well. You're providing the punkers in your town direct access to music, ideas, and culture from all over the fucking planet!

It's such a beautiful and symbiotic relationship. All these fucking ideas are crisscrossing the globe in tattered reused cardboard boxes, with half-falling off glued stamps. something totally and truly fucking rebellious starts to take shape from that; a real community. A fucking tapestry of ideas, all bound together by this network. What the fuck, dude? It's so fucking awesome that it almost makes me cry sometimes. No shit.

So yeah, obviously I'm pretty pumped up on DIY, record trading, and everything that goes along with it. I'm equally as fucking miserable about the fucking attacks of panic that prevent me from living my life the way that I'd like to, and the hammering fucking depression that shows up as a result. That shit's way harder to talk about, though. But next month, that's exactly what I'm going to do. But, with the rest of my space this month, I'm going to list some information about a fucking amazing South American DIY label called Läjä Records.

I first got in touch with Mozine from Läjä a few years back when a package from Brazil showed up in my post office box. Underneath the bubble-wrap and foreign paper was a copy of the second MUKEKA DI RATO CD along with a handwritten letter. The MUKEKA DI RATO CD went on to be one of my favorite records of the past five or six years and Mozine went on to be one of my favorite penpals. Fuck yeah!

So, Mozine had picked up the CONTRA/SPLURGE split CD on Traffic Violation through a trade he did with Jeff from Six Weeks here in the States. He liked it and wanted to set up some trades. Fucking awesome! So that's how I fell in with this guy… here's how you're going to get to know him.

The Läjä Headquarters address is: Läjä Records, Caixa Postal 25519, Vila Velha/ES, CEP 29102-973 Brazil. You can email Mozine at laja@altavista.net.

Aside from the MUKEKA DI RATO stuff, Mozine has other stuff by TPM, OS PEDREROS, and his new band, MERDE. Most recently Mozine put out the OS ESTUDANTES/EVIL IDOLS split CD. While this has yet to show up on Long Island, word is that OS ESTUDANTES has an early '80s California punk sound like THE GERMS or CIRCLE JERKS. EVIL IDOLS do more of a garage rock and roll thing comparable to AC/DC or TEENGENERATE. Mozine and Läjä Records were also responsible for the recent South American pressings of the FYP *Dance my Dunce* CD and the HELLNATION *Fucked Up Mess* CD.

In the next few months Läjä Records will be releasing the new MUKEA DI RATO stuff, a discography from São Paulo, Brazil's DISCARGA as a split release with 625 Records, and the *Drunk Fools Versus True Till Death* compilation.

All the shit on Läjä Records is pretty fucking awesome. It's

mostly in Brazil's native tongue, Portuguese, and reflects a combination of politics, sarcasm, humor, and fucking fast hardcore. My advice is to get in touch with Mozine and see what you can do about getting some of his shit into distro boxes in your town.

All right, I think I'm done.

Tune in next month for my spilled guts about panic attacks and agoraphobia, my sticky fingers gluing stamps, and another featured DIY label that is just so much cooler than your lame ass. Fuck you.

You can send your complaints to me at: Wells Tipley, PO Box 772, East Setauket, NY, 11733 USA. Or e-mail me at wells@trafficviolation.com.

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END NOTES:

1. Down with the two-column format! Let's bring back the cartoon headers at the top of the page and three columns in the column section!
2. What up, bro? Seriously, it's Jay Lubrano. Jase.
3. I'm looking to swap stuff for MANOWAR tapes. I'm missing a few of the early full lengths and would really like to hear some bootleg live stuff. Get in touch.
4. If you do a label that's out there trading, let me know. I have a bunch of stuff on my label to trade for, or I can at least help you out by listing your address in this column. Thanks!!!

I suppose everybody is going to be writing about the same thing. Even Bill is writing a serious column, and how could he not? Everyone is focused on the Bernard Hopkins, Felix Trinidad fight. What a beautiful exhibition by Hopkins. My biggest regret is that I didn't bet on Hopkins, and I probably would've if I knew he was a 3.5 to 1 underdog. I figured the fight was a coin toss.

But I suppose that enough people will talk about the big fight, so I have some thoughts about the terrorist attacks.

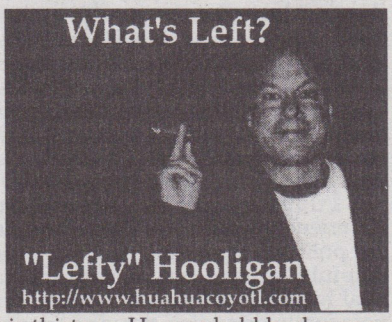
1. Of course, the media coverage of the events has been disgraceful in every respect: slews of rumors reported as fact; attempts at deception, like the constant rebroadcasting and reediting footage of the same forty or so Palestinian celebrants to give the impression of larger celebrations (and the exclusion of larger vigils of sympathy in Palestine); and, of course, the usual inane, one dimensional analysis from "experts" like Jeff Greenfield. Even my conservative friends and acquaintances are interested in exploring how US foreign policy may have created an environment likely to cultivate something like this. The media would occasionally offer very cursory discussions of such matters, for example pointing out that many Arabs resent the essentially US-imposed economic sanctions against Iraq. Of course from that, one might infer that the Iraqis are upset because they can't get new razors, or that they're stuck with RC instead of Coke or Pepsi. The actual toll of those sanctions—as many as a million lives lost—go unmentioned.
2. On the other hand, many lefty types seem eager to blame the whole ordeal on the cruelty of US foreign policy. That's wrong too. Religious fanaticism plays a role as well as bigotry—and I'm talking about the terrorists here. These guys are like a Middle Eastern hybrid of Ronald Reagan and Pat Robertson. They want their warped agenda (demonstrated by the Taliban's rule) to prevail, no matter what the cost to other people.

What makes these guys especially dangerous is that they are backed into a corner. They know that without radical action they'll loose. The culture of freer societies will seep in and, gradually, people will demand some semblance of democracy, freedom, and decent consumer goods. The Taliban and its backers, just like the Christian Coalition, are hopelessly retrograde and cannot hope to prevail in the long run for the simple reason that people like freedom, or at least more freedom than they can have in a theocracy. Did our government help to foster this movement? Yes, largely by looking the other way as Saudi Arabia worked to spread religious fanaticism throughout the region. Did the cruelty of our foreign policy establish an environment in which many Arabs would be less than sympathetic with the US and perhaps less than vigilant about terrorism than they otherwise would be? Probably. But while we nurtured pernicious elements and ways of thinking, we didn't pull them out of thin air.

4. Along these lines, a conservative friend and I agreed that it has not necessarily been in the interest of US decision makers to work for real peace in the Middle East. So long as things are chaotic, there is always an excuse to stick our nose in. Now, however, the terrorist threat, particularly one aimed directly at those very decision makers, provides an incentive to work for real peace—for important improvements like the establishment of a Palestinian state.
5. One thing that we can be proud of is the fact that Arab and Muslim Americans haven't been treated all that badly after the terrorism. Part of this is probably due to your favorite president and mine, who rather than taking the usual route and paying lip service to tolerance while counting on support from bigots, really went out of his way to send a message against intolerance. Yes, there are a lot of assholes out there, but it seems as thought the backlash has been about as minor as we could have hoped for.
6. I could live the rest of my life and several reincarnations without ever again hearing the phrase "on the ground" and be perfectly happy.
7. Another buzzphrase these days is "massive intelligence failure." Can't these fucks at least say, "major intelligence failure" or "failure of intelligence" and at least pretend to be thinking instead of regurgitating?

Anyway, I'm not sure the failure was that massive. In any case, the current false dichotomy is that we must either give more money to the CIA and allow them to revert to their old tricks (if they ever left them),or tolerate lapses in intelligence gathering. But there is a third option. The CIA is not strictly an intelligence agency, but a special operations agency,first formed during WWII. Why not create a new agency dedicated strictly to the gathering of information—no assassinations, election rigging, and so forth?

8. The funniest thing I've seen during all of this is a marquee reading "God Bless America; 99 cent Whopper."



"When faced with two choices, choose the third."

—Yiddish proverb

"Come here you fucking squirt." Brad grabs my shoulder, drags me behind the school building and slams me up against the wall.

It's 1962. It's the playground at Barton Elementary in San Bernardino, California. I'm ten years old, and Brad is thirteen. He was held back a year because, in addition to being the school bully, he's as dumb as the brick wall he's got me pinned against. Brad's a head and shoulders taller than me. Right now his right fist is clenched and he's standing, legs apart and slightly bent, as if he's going to punch me. His left hand is hidden behind his back.

"I'm gonna give you a choice, shit head." Brad says and dramatically reveals what he has in his left hand. It's a live beetle pinned between thumb and forefinger, desperately squirming to get free. "Either you eat this bug, or I punch you in the face."

I glance from Brad's large bony fist to the black beetle's flailing legs, and then to Brad's evil grin and tormenting stare.

"So, what's it gonna be?" he asks, his voice thick with menace.

I dive through Brad's spread legs and I'm running across the playground before he has a chance to turn around.

"Come back here, you little fucker!" Brad yells after me, but I'm gone.

I'm a firm believer that, whenever the world hands you just two choices, find or create a third. I grew up during the Cold War, and faced with the choice between a "free world" that was-

n't free and a "Communist bloc" that wasn't communist, I became an anarchist. I grew older, read more Marx and faced with the twin Marxist orthodoxies of social democracy and Leninism, I became a council communist. Faced with the humpty-dumpty of America's Democratic and Republican parties, I've always voted for independent third parties. That is, when I voted at all. Now we're being presented with a particularly brutal choice; the United States über alles through military might, or the murderous terrorism of the likes of Osama bin Laden. The loss of life on September 11 was tragic, but imperial America's continued militaristic response is horrific. My third choice in these times is something advocated by Rosa Luxemburg and V.I. Lenin at the start of the first World War. Turn a capitalist war into social revolution.

Social revolution?!? What the fuck have I been smoking, you ask. America today, with red-white-and-blue everywhere and constant calls for national unity, is about as far away from a social revolution as you can get.

There's currently a country-wide patriotic upsurge, true enough. But just as true is that, the more old-style American body bags Junior Bush's new-style war against international terrorism sends home, the greater the political dissent and social unrest in this country, and hence the greater the potential for a social revolution. Russia in 1917 and Germany in 1918 demonstrated this. So did the growing uprising against the Vietnam war during the 1960's and '70's, not only in America's streets but in the US military. It was called "turning the guns around" or "bringing the war home" during the Vietnam era. Virtually every government official now saber rattling on the corporate media for the first world war of the 21st century is bending over backwards to remind us that this is going to be a long, protracted conflict with plenty of American casualties.

To this classic setup for protest on the home front, add the fact that progressive activism in this country has been on the upswing lately, what with almost two solid years of Seattle-style street demonstrations to its credit. This wide ranging protest movement was opposed to the rather nebulous threat posed by capitalist globalization, so think what could happen, now that there's a real live war to focus the opposition, build an anti-war movement and create the potential for insurrection. There's bound to be a quick shakedown in the anti-globalization movement around support or opposition to America's new world war, leaving the anti-war response initially much smaller than the opposition to capitalist globalization. The mass demonstrations in San Francisco, Washington DC and other US cities on September 29 confirmed this. Perhaps 20,000 showed in DC, with half that turning out for the Dolores Park, San Francisco rally I attended. If the war itself is long and bloody enough though, the '60's are going to look like a pink tea party.

So what? So what if an anti-war movement is resurrected by such circumstances, and so what if the subsequent social protest brings the US closer to social revolution? Or as a recent correspondent wrote who put "workers of the (third) world" in his email subject line: "I live in Brazil, and I can assure you these anti-globalization protests are seen here as 'spoiled kids' complaints. I mean, its easy to complain about globalization sitting in a café in Oakland or Seattle. But in fact, you do not really know the problems people face in the third world. [...] Revolution cannot be made without the people, and the people are not in Seattle or Gothenburg. They are in Sao Paulo, Mexico City, Bangkok..." No doubt by this writer's assessment, an anti-war movement in this country is completely worthless because we're not Third World people subject to the atrocities meted out by American imperialism, nor are we Third World guerrillas fighting that imperialism.

This tired vanguardism has its roots in Marx's notion that a sector of the working class—the industrial proletariat—was the vanguard of the class struggle; destined to become society's vast majority by virtue of capitalist development and thus capable of carrying out social revolution, beginning in the industrial west. That Marx considered this descriptive more than prescriptive is evident from his interest in the impact of the growing number of "white collar" workers and the possibilities for socialism in rural Russia toward the end of his life. It was Lenin who took up the idea of a working class vanguard with a vengeance, sanctified the leadership of a miniscule industrial proletariat in the midst of an overwhelmingly peasant revolution in Russia through his theory of imperialism, then insisted that the vanguard needed a vanguard, and made the industrial proletariat subject to his revolutionary vanguard party. Mao uprooted being proletarian by turning it into a form of consciousness to be achieved by a revolutionary peasantry, then turned Leninist imperialism on its head by insisting that Third World national liberation struggles were the vanguard for international socialist revolution, with the analogy of revolutionary peasants seizing the countryside (the Third World) so as to isolate, choke off and overrun the cities (the first world).

These broad twists and turns in the concept of vanguardism are underscored by the contortions its advocates have gone through in this country since the 1960's. Students for a Democratic Society splintered, in part, over whether the Black Panther Party was the vanguard of what we liked to call The Movement. Then there was the debate initiated by the League of Revolutionary Black Workers as to whether hyper-exploited black workers were the vanguard of the American working class. To this day ludicrously sectarian groups like the Maoist International Movement (MIM) contend not only that the American white working class is completely unrevolutionary, but that vanguardist revolutionaries "down with the people" should reduce their own living standard to that of your average Third World peasant. The Leninist equation that society's most oppressed groups automatically constitute the vanguard of any social movement produced the standard Movement joke that the headline speaking position at any political rally had to be reserved for a black, Third World, working class, disabled lesbian mother.

Clearly, an avant garde or leading edge comes to the fore in any social struggle, leading by virtue of its radical example. This is a far cry from a formulaic vanguard whose leadership is based on ideological mumbo jumbo, and enforced by the manipulation and brutality of a Leninist party. In turn, authentic social struggles have emerged in both the developed first world and the undeveloped Third World, as have instances of genuine social revolution. First and Third World struggles inspired and played off each other during the 1960's for instance, culminating in a momentous year of world-wide social upheaval in 1968. In describing the present capitalist transition from imperialism to empire in the introduction to their ponderous, soporific tome *Empire*, Hardt and Negri contend that "the spatial divisions of the three Worlds (First, Second, and Third) have been scrambled so that we continually find the First World in the Third, the Third in the First, and the Second almost nowhere at all."

When asked why he resided in New York City, John Lennon replied he wanted to live in the center of the empire. At five to six percent of the world's population, the US consumes twenty-five percent of the world's resources annually and owns fifty-nine percent of the world's wealth. Without a doubt, we're talking about empire here. Is there any doubt that a genuinely revolutionary working class movement, let alone a social revolution in the US would go a great distance toward lifting the American jackboot off the neck of the rest of the world? To quote Che Guevara, who in 1964 said: "I envy you. You North Americans are very lucky. You are fighting the most important fight of all—you live in the heart of the beast. If I had my wish, I would go back to North America to fight there."

Personally, I'm interested to see how the broader anti-globalization and narrower anti-war movements relate, though I'm leery of saying we currently have an embarrassment of good causes. It's almost axiomatic to argue that what the Left in this country needs to succeed is a good depression or a bad war. I would dispute those who claim we now have both however by pointing out that part of the justification for this world war has always been that it will stimulate an economy that was tanking into a recession prior to September 11. Conservative Republicans and liberal Democrats alike have become pump priming, born again Keynesians, what with this country on a war footing. Left and right-wing Keynesians both praise the virtues of big government, and the whole Democratic/Republican spectrum is going through a major political reorientation as every effort is made to resuscitate the national economy and wage world war. I'm not sure how much longer a bad economy will be an issue, what with the government attempting to buy the consumer's confidence to boost public morale for the war effort.

Which leaves us with the question of the Left.

I didn't make it to Washington DC for the canceled anti-IMF/World Bank demonstrations, or to New York for my vacation because of mass murder on September 11. New York wouldn't have been much of a vacation, and my girlfriend wasn't into flying across the country. That's how I wound up attending the SF demo. Initiated by the International Action Center, a front for the neo-Stalinoid Workers World Party as well as the organization behind the International Answer coalition, the September 29 rally was endorsed by the usual suspects, among them liberal-left "fair trade" advocates like Global Exchange. Workers World scumfucks like Gloria La Riva justify the Soviet invasions of Hungary in 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1968 and Afghanistan in 1980; support the Chinese government's 1989 suppression of the Tiananmen Square protests and the 1991 coup against Gorbachev; and laud North Korea as a workers' paradise. Global Exchange asswipes like Medea Benjamin, who's also a major player in the California Green Party, believe capitalism can be reformed and somehow made fair, insist workers only desire to be better paid wage slaves, and want the cops to go after fellow protesters who don't adhere to their sanctimonious nonviolence. These two are polar opposites on the Left's political continuum, yet they speak volumes about those vying for leadership of the embryonic anti-war movement. And it doesn't bode well for that movement.

Then there's how the September 29 demo was organized.

National call, list of four demands, convenient front coalition founded with the event. Endorsing organizations mechanically turning out their memberships for a formulaic leftist rally with thoughtless, boring speakers and a complete wank of a march. A six block stroll about the Mission that was little more than slogan shouting, sign waving masturbation. I left the demo at that point, disgusted with these orchestrated "protest politics as usual," devoid of any of the creative spontaneity of Seattle-style anti-globalization protests, let alone the aggressive street radicalism of the Bay Area's response to the Gulf War. All the worst aspects of the '60's, I kept thinking to myself. Demos like the one on September 29 often make me fantasize about what would have happened had the '60's Left (the "New Left," remember?) been purged in the usual way by capital and the state, instead of becoming the ugly background noise for protests in subsequent decades.

Labor and social radicalism gained strength through the turn of the century and the first World War, chiefly around the IWW labor union and the Socialist Party, to be cut down by the Palmer Red Scare of 1919-20. Working class culture and agitation gained ground through the Great Depression and the second World War, centered around the CIO labor union and the Communist Party, to be decimated by the Red Scare that started in 1947 and culminated in McCarthyism. The New Left was new precisely because the old Left had been ravaged by this last Red Scare. This didn't prevent the New Left from collapsing into third party social democracy and new Leninoid movements however. A little known fact about the 1960's-70's was that labor strife also dramatically increased, primarily outside the limits of legal unionism in wildcat actions and ad hoc organization, exemplified by the Detroit Revolutionary Union Movement. If there had been a major purge of the Left following the Vietnam War, would we now be looking at a new New Left? Would this have allowed for something really original to emerge? Or would this born again New Left simply have recapitulated Leninist and social democratic mistakes in a more up-to-date form?

Fantasy aside, the current American anti-war protests are saddled with the dubious legacy of the '60's Left. The anti-globalization movement has managed to escape the Left's heavy hand by being much too diverse and diffuse. Hence also the proliferation of extremely creative and aggressive forms of civil disobedience and direct action. From the Black Bloc to the White Overalls, the rise of radical nonviolent and revolutionary anti-capitalist currents from Seattle, 1999 through Genoa, 2001 has defied any attempt by more mainstream organizations and movements to control them. But remember my axiom; this country's Left needs a good depression or a bad war for success. The Left claims opposition to war as its private property and is doing its best to curb any renegade protest. It'll be interesting to see how much of the fresh spirit of Seattle can be infused into the already stale anti-war movement, once America's first world war of the 21st century gets bloody enough and lasts long enough to expand the movement's participation and scope.

I'm tempted to give the anti-war movement the same advice regarding its burdensome leadership as the US State Department is giving the people of Afghanistan with respect to the fanatic Taliban. Overthrow the fuckers! Seriously though, my solution to opening up the anti-war movement is remarkably similar to the one I proposed to revive the labor movement last column. Propagate small groups of friends to organize for protection and action in demonstrations, and encourage these affinity groups to take action outside of demonstrations. Okay, so I'm "Lefty" Hooligan one note on this strategy, but again, I've run out of space to properly explicate it. So next column, for certain, I'll give a full rundown of this small group strategy with regard to revitalizing the labor movement and liberating the anti-war movement.

Honest.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... You can find the "lost" Hooligan column at the new, improved http://www.huahuacoyotl.com. To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligan3@mindspring.com.

Ron is the most important person in my life. We have been together for over fourteen years. All of our friends like to hear Ron tell stories of all the rock groups he's seen, and he's seen quite a few. He's the only guy I know who saw The Stooges! He has a special place in a lot of our hearts. The band The Sea Monkeys even wrote a song about him called "Ron's Got A New Do." I love him more than anything or anyone else in the world. On Sept. 11th 2001, I could have lost him forever. He was at the World Trade Center at the time of the attack.

We were at the home of our friends Anne and Betty, of the zine *Aunt FrAnne*, when Ron told us about it. Here is a transcript of that conversation.

Ron: I wanted to ask you guys if you remembered...I'm almost sure, I'm almost positive that Anne was there at the time. The last time that we were here do you remember at all? I really want to know the date, if we could find that somehow, when we were here to see Donnie (Switchblade of The Rumbers and Sonic Iguana studios) when we slept over. Do you remember when I woke up I told you I had a nightmare. Remember?

Anne: Yeah.

Ron: Do you remember what I told you about it?

Anne: Yeah. But right now I forget...but when you remind me I'll remember.

Ron: Because I almost never have a nightmare.

Anne: Yeah.

Ron: But I had it while I was here, and it was that I lived in a real high rise building, and there was a fire, and that we all went down the stairs, and it took forever to get down the stairs. When we got to the lobby area...and I don't remember who "we" was, by the way, It wasn't anyone here but I was *with* somebody... and when we got to the lobby area... it had taken us a lot longer to get down the stairs because there was a lot of construction work going on and scaffolding in the lobby of the building. This was in my dream.

Then we got outside and we went across the street somewhere to another building to watch our building burn. I saw two guys...like, on a windowsill or on a ledge... and all of a sudden they jumped and I could hear their bodies flying past me as I was watching, and they went "Wssshhhh." That's when I woke up. That was my nightmare and I had it while I was here. I had no idea at that time that it was some sort of convoluted premonition but

there were several elements that are in it. Since I had that dream I'd thought of it so many times and never put anything together.

Me: You thought of that dream so many times?

Ron: That dream. And I never understood why I would dream that. I'd had that nightmare and woke up. From the second I woke up I was up for good, whereas my normal sleep pattern is that I wake up, go back to sleep, wake up, go back to sleep. It might be one minute that I'm back asleep for that third or fourth time, but I just do it. I do that at home with the radio. Hit the "snooze" thing and go back to sleep, but when we were here and I had that nightmare, I woke up and was up for good for that day.

I remember telling you, I'm not sure if it was both of you, but I remember Anne was there.

Anne: I remember.

Betty: I don't remember it.

Ron: Anne went, "Oh!" and she patted me and everything like that. So on Tuesday, September 11th, I got up like normal, and I was dreading going to work which is the common way I feel these days. I particularly wanted to be there on time, which is by 8:30am, because I had a lot of work to do and I had even written notes out and laid them right out on my desk. They were notes of things I'd *better* get done right away. My boss was going to be there and because of a lot of current agitation I was expecting there to be a real problem. She said she was going to have a meeting with each of us individually at least somewhere along Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday, because she was going to come for three whole days. I wanted to make sure that I was there and she wouldn't see me come in late or anything like that, so I was ready. I'd taken my shower and gotten dressed and even wore what I thought was one of my nicer shirts. I don't know *why*.

I guess I wanted to look good too. I was ready. I said goodbye and went out the door. It was just a normal day. When I got outside I noticed that it was just a little bit cool but really nice. It had poured rain so much the night before. I thought, "Oh wow, it's such a beautiful day." I went down the stairs and even though I was dreading going to work I was happy because I was on-time. Even, *ahead* of schedule. Then I got down in the subway and didn't even have to wait to get in, which I sometimes have to do especially on a school day because thousands of kids pour out to go to the schools that are right around our block. I put my metrocard through and it didn't work. I said, "Oh no, I ran out." This was the day that it was supposed to run out and I'd forgotten. I went to the machine to get a new one and the machine was broken. It was out of order. And so I had to find another machine which took me a little bit of time but I found it. There was a big line, and I waited in the line and when it was my turn, my credit card wasn't working right at first. The machine was pausing and pausing and waiting whereas everyone else had just breezed right through. *Of course* it's *me* that's holding things up and now there's a big line behind me, because everybody else couldn't use the other machine. Finally it accepted it, and I got my receipt and I went zip-zip-zip- right through the turnstile, down the stairs just in time to watch the E train leave.

Now I'm starting to be five minutes later than I thought I'd be. Then an A train came. I said to myself "I'm not going to take the A train, I'm gonna take the E train and get where I want to go all the way inside the World Trade Center." The A train stop is three or four blocks before, and you end up walking all that way, mostly underground. I just said to myself "No. I'm going to go all the way in and just take my chances that another E train will come along in the next couple of minutes. It didn't. It was quite a long time and so I said to myself "You know what? Now I'm going to be late." So I looked for a phone to call my co-worker Pet, in case my boss got there and asked, "Oh, where's Ron?" I'd be already covered. Well guess what? No phones. There were only the spaces where phones used to be. I guess they're planning to put new ones in. So there's no place to call. I was still waiting and waiting on that platform saying to myself, "I should have gotten on that A train, I at least would have been down in that area by now." And I'm waiting and waiting and then I said out loud "Boy, *this* is a day I'm always going to remember." Some people who were also waiting heard me and laughed. I was frustrated because when you actually make an effort to really get there on time all these things get thrown at you. Finally the E train came, crammed, jam-packed with people. I had to get on anyway, and it made it's way super-slowly downtown, as it tends to do when it's really jammed. That's because people keep holding the doors and they can't decide if they are going to get in or go out. The conductor kept making the announcement, "Please stop holding the doors, there's a train right behind this one." Which a lot of people say is the old lie. Not the old line, but the old lie, because often there is *not* a train right behind. They just want you to get outa there.

Finally we get to the World Trade Center. The last stop, or the first stop depending on how you look at the E train. That's' where it ends and begins. As we were moving down the platform it took way longer than usual. I was even doing my "in-and-out criss-crossing" through the crowd. It's a game that I play where I count how many people I pass on the way. Even that was a little harder than usual because there was just so many more people getting off the train. It really took *so much longer* to move down the platform, go through the turnstile and get through the doors that lead into the lower concourse of the World Trade Center. I decided not to buy my usual newspaper because it would delay me even more.

I decided to go through the doors right into the lower concourse, which I walk through every single day no matter what the weather when I'm on my way *to* work. I wouldn't walk that way on my way *back* from work unless it was raining really hard or something. I just always did that. You always run into masses of people coming and going from all directions through all the different walkways and everything. I only got a little way in, I mean only a few feet, and I saw police. I heard people yelling. I saw there was something going on and there was confusion and whatever, so I just turned around.

When I turned around I looked at all the people behind me, walking towards me and I said, "Go Back. The cops are there, something's going on." Other people said that too, and the whole crowd just turned around and I said, "Go out through the stairs, go up the subway exit." People were saying this all around and someone kept shouting, "John, John! Over here! John, over here! Over here, John!" And we almost thought that was funny, like; "Whose this 'John' that's so important?" Almost everybody had turned around and went towards the Subway stairs that lead out to Church and Fulton Street. It took a long time to get up those stairs and through the hallway because there was such a mass of people. Everyone was moving slowly and quietly when just then policemen came through holding this man, and one of them was holding the man's head which was bleeding. He said "Let me through everybody, let me through." Every body did, and after they went through people kept saying things like "God, was that guy shot?" "Was he stabbed?" "What's wrong?"

So then I immediately thought to myself, "Well, whatever I saw going on was most probably a robbery in progress, or something like that, and the cops were there and they were handling it. They were taking this man who was either a victim… or a perpetrator…but he was injured and they were taking him upstairs where there's probably an ambulance or somebody waiting to drive him to a hospital." I didn't think…well, I thought whatever was going on, that was probably all there was to it.

Then we got to the next set of stairs which led directly outside and I heard the people in front of me say…they pointed in air and said, "Oh! *that's* what's going on!" And at that point I saw thousands of pieces of paper flying in the air, all around the World Trade Center. Coming up the stairs, we were aimed looking towards the south tower. That's the tower with the observation deck on it and I assumed there was a demonstration going on and somebody got up there and they were leafleting…just pouring thousands of pieces of paper out and we were supposed to grab it and read a statement of some sort.

It was only after I got to the top of the stairway… and there was a crowd facing directly in front of the stairway, so I had to turn to my right… when I looked at the north tower and saw…what looked like near the top…what looked like around the 80th floor…about four fifths of the way up to the top…that *ten floors* had flames coming out of them…and smoke!

I just stood still and looked at it at first and thought, "This isn't real. This can't be real." I thought, "There can't be a bomb that went off in there," because I know the really super-stringent security that they have for anyone that goes up into any of the towers or any of the other buildings adjacent to them. You get stopped. You get searched. Your bags get searched. It would be nearly impossible for this to happen.

I thought, "I guess it's just a fire because any building can have a fire." I still just stared at it at…it looked like it couldn't be real…and then people were trying to get behind me…moving

around me trying to get up the stairs and I thought "Oh, I shouldn't block the stairs." So I moved on a little bit in the opposite direction from where I would normally go to work because it was kind of *blocked* with people and there was by then squad cars and fire equipment coming through. I thought, "Well I guess I shouldn't go through that way anyway." I moved into Fulton Street, there was no traffic in at all, and I looked up again and just felt that it was absolutely unreal. Surreal. That it just couldn't be real and then I pinched myself with my right hand on my left wrist area. I pinched myself so hard that I nearly yelled because I *wanted to wake up*. I was obviously not going to wake up because it wasn't a dream and it was very, very real.

I realized then that I had my plastic bag with me that had a camera in it. It had a camera in it because it was Tuesday, and on Tuesdays, all summer long they had the free oldies rock concerts at the World Trade Center in the Austin J. Tobin Plaza between the two towers. I'd seen almost all of the shows and I always had the camera with me to take pictures if I wanted to. At one point I even had two cameras in my bag but at this point I still had one. I took my camera out, I fished for it and I found it and I took a picture of the tower burning because I thought, "I don't believe it now while I'm looking at it…so I need to have something to remind me that I actually *did* see this." The fire department wasn't there yet and I kept waiting for helicopters to show up with hoses. I thought they would blast the side of the building with water or foam or something. I kept waiting for that and it didn't happen. It just didn't happen and then I heard someone say something about that it was a plane that crashed into the tower. That seemed absolutely unbelievable because it was the clearest, brightest, most cloudless day that you could imagine. If a plane could have crashed into it, it would have to have been somebody who didn't know how to fly and it was probably a little plane *and I couldn't understand how a little plane could do that much damage and cause that much fire.*

Then I realized before I moved on that I could see people in the holes, which I guess had been windows before, and they seemed to be waving. I don't know if they were waving or fanning themselves or whatever and I thought; "My god, get *out* of there! You gotta get out!" And I took another picture or two, I don't really remember, and I walked thinking I still have to go to work, and I walked around Fulton to Broadway and then down Broadway towards my building on Cortland and Broadway and Church. When I got to the next corner and had a straight view, I looked back at the building and that's when I saw something fall. I thought it was falling off the building. I followed it with my eyes down and when it got halfway down, I realized it wasn't something… it was someone.

I saw it crash onto the plaza and I said, "Oh my god, that was a person!" I just couldn't believe that I saw that. Then I saw other people waving out the windows and I thought "My god, we're just standing here watching this like we're watching a TV show or movie or something! There are people in there!" They obviously couldn't get out. I didn't know what to do. Then I thought, "I CAN'T DO ANYTHING!" I felt like; "How could this be?"

Then I walked the next block to the next street and I saw more people jumping out of the window and then *I saw what they were doing!* I had kept thinking "If I were there, I wouldn't jump! Would I? That would be stupid! You *know* you're going to be dead." Then I saw exactly what they were doing. In previous years when they had the rock concerts at the World Trade Center they just had this little flat stage which was probably on wheels which just folds up and they can roll it away. But this year, they had built this BIG stage with sides and a back, and a roof like a tent. Then I realized that when I just saw one after the other, after the other…I realized that they were trying to save their lives by jumping onto that, almost like you were jumping into a safety net…but from eighty floors up…it wasn't going to make any difference! I saw one after the other jump and hit the top of the tent and just *bounce* off! I can't believe it, but I guess I would have done that too because at least it's a chance, you know? Then I saw one *go right through* the roof of the tent, and I remember I just moaned! I stood there and I just moaned, and this woman came up to me and grabbed my arm. I never saw her before, I'm sure I'm never going to see her again, and she just very sweetly took my arm and she said, "We don't need to see that."

And she just led me on, she didn't know where I was going, but she just took me out of that intersection and back on to Broadway walking back towards my building. Then she just let me go and she gave me the kindest look. She was crying. She had tears running down her face. And then she just moved on and she was gone. And I was totally like; "This can't be real, it can't be real, this shouldn't be real!" Then I just decided to just keep going towards work, and I got to Cortland Street and *I purposely wasn't looking up anymore.*

I just thought "Oh god, I don't know what else I should do, I guess, except go to work and tell them to get out, or …I don't know…or we shouldn't be here or whatever…" and then something happened on the street in front of me. There were a lot of people walking across the street. Then something happened. I think somebody dropped something. I don't know if they were working and they dropped a box or something but I actually stepped off of the sidewalk and into the street in the middle of the block.

Then I heard a noise that sounded like a giant crunch and immediately after that, a quick series of "crunch-crunch-crunch-crunch." Like metal hitting metal. Like a giant set of window blinds that you were running another piece of metal down the middle of, one after the other after the other. Then I looked up and I saw the middle of the south tower… which, I was literally right in front of… I saw it turn orange and yellow and then explode in orange, yellow, and black with all these things flying out of it! Almost like fireworks. I looked up at it frozen like a deer caught in headlights, and I watched stuff come filtering down towards me, and I realized, "you gotta get outa here!"

I turned and ran with everybody else and as I was running I got smacked in the back of the head with something. It felt warm, but it wasn't that hard or heavy and it didn't hurt me. It felt like paper or cardboard, almost like an album cover slapping me in the back of the head and neck. I didn't turn around to see what it was. I just kept running across Broadway where there was a building with construction work and scaffolding. We all ran toward it and into it and I ran a little way down where I saw a phone booth and I ducked behind it, because I didn't really want to run far away. I just ran behind that phone booth and stood there. Then I felt around the back of my hair, neck, and back… and I felt nothing wrong. It didn't hurt or anything. I just stopped there and waited until everyone had run past me and there wasn't anyone else, and I looked back. I thought I was going to see people lying in the street, but there wasn't. There was a lot of debris and a lot of junk. Then I just didn't know what I was going to do, but I was standing by the phone booth so I decided to use the phone."

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At this point Ron called me. I was not at my desk but at a window of the building where I work on Hudson Street, watching the World Trade Center in flames.
This is the phone message that was waiting for me at my desk when I returned to it.

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Voice call received 9:11 am Tuesday September 11th. 30 Seconds.

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"Hi this is Ron. Look, I'm downtown, across the street from work. Both towers of the World Trade Center just got blown up. They got exploded. I was not on that side of the street when in happened. I got hit by a little debris or whatever, but I'm okay. I can't get in touch with anybody upstairs where we work, So I'm just telling you I'm probably just gonna get outta here, they're terrorist attacks. Okay? I think I saw somebody jump from the top of the tower. I gotta go, okay? I'm gonna go home, okay? Goodbye."

***

Ron: I started making phone calls and I got no answers, I got voice mails. I didn't leave any messages at the work numbers because I wanted to get on to the next number and then the next number and nobody answered anywhere. I thought, "I don't know if they're up there or not, I still better go back there." I stepped back into Broadway and then I thought to myself, "What are you crazy? You better just get out of here."

Then the thought just came to me; " I just saw people die in front of me! I just saw them *die* in front of me. What the hell is the difference if I go over across the street to try and tell other people to save their lives?! What's the difference? I just saw people be killed and be *dead* in front of my very eyes!! Who cares anymore?!" I just didn't care about anything, but I still went back towards my building. That's when a cop came out. I didn't even see where he came from. He was waving his arms at his sides and he said

"Everybody get out of here, we're clearing the area! We're evacuating! Move uptown! Go north! Go home! Don't go in the subway! Get out of here! Debris is falling all over! Just get out and tell everybody else to get out and go north!"

And so we did. Everyone who had been there along that sidewalk with me under the scaffolding, we all just did. And we told everyone we came in contact with and everybody *listened*. Everybody just turned around and walked uptown. We just kept moving further and further away and as we did, and as we were telling people, I realized that I couldn't talk much anymore. I was just making gestures. And people *obeyed*, so to speak. I guess they just looked at us and saw how we looked and they just followed. Everybody moved orderly uptown. I still couldn't believe what I saw and I couldn't talk about it. After walking more than a mile and crisscrossing some streets in this massive group of people moving uptown like an exodus, I actually ran into Carlos, one of my co-workers and I gave him a big hug and said, "I'm so glad to see you."

He said "me too." I asked "What happened? I was late and I didn't get up there." He said, "I was late too. I took my cap off, put it on the hook, heard all this noise out the window, saw the second tower explode, and then Gary said 'let's all get out of here now!'

And when he said that everybody did! Some took the stairs but he and my co-worker Pet, who was one of the people I was trying to call, got on the elevator, which came immediately. They all got on and left. He said he had been walking down the street with Pet holding her hand and they somehow got separated. He didn't know where she went but she was out, and everybody got out. He and I just kept walking along, not really talking.

I told him that maybe he should call his wife. He said, "Yeah or my daughter." So we stopped and found a phone and he tried to call but he couldn't get through, and we tried and tried. So then we decided to just keep walking and we got to Sixth Avenue by Bleeker street, and we heard everybody who was looking back toward the World Trade Center go, "OH!"

We turned and looked at massive amounts of smoke that were not going up anymore, they were going down. We realized the top part of the building was caving in. Then there was nothing but a wall of smoke. We continued on to Seventh Avenue and from there we could see that only one tower was standing. It felt absolutely unbelievable. As we walked like zombies, we checked to see if the Empire State Building was still there, and if the Chrysler building was still there, as if we were taking an inventory of our buildings to reassure us somehow.

When I had stood in front of the second tower and saw it explode, I had known that it was terrorism then, but when the tower fell, I became extremely angry. Just really, really angry and I was just looking for something to pound, hit or stomp my foot on. I'm not really the type of person who does that, but I wanted to bang a wall or something so hard. I just didn't do it.

I walked with Carlos to Christopher Street where I knew there was a Path train, which is what he was looking for, and I said goodbye to him. I continued on and when I got to 14th Street I thought, "We need some groceries." Which now, looking back on it seems to me to be the most insane thing. But I went in there and bought stuff, and when I came out I heard a woman yell, "It's those damn Arabs that did this! Those Arabs! And they're gonna pay for it... those damn Arabs! We should never trust those Arabs!" And I shouted, "We don't know who did this!" I saw on the corner that there was a man who I assumed to be Middle-Eastern and he was selling fruit and I went and bought bananas from him in a show of, "You can't judge people like that." Then I walked the rest of the way home and when I got inside you came screaming to me at the door. I remember that I handed you the bananas and I said... what did I say? Did I say 'I bought these from an Arab?'

Me: Yeah. I don't remember if you said it exactly like that but you said to me that you heard someone say 'Arabs did this.' And you responded that, "we don't know who did this."

Ron: Yeah, I said "We don't know who did this." That's right.

Me: And then you told me you just decided to buy these from someone.

Ron: I saw this man on the corner and I said "I think he's probably an Arab and I'm going to buy bananas from him."

Me: And at that point I had already seen the other tower collapse on the television.

Ron: I asked you, 'Did you know one of the towers collapsed?' and you said 'They *both* have!' Then I was *really* in my state of anger. I thought, 'I gotta call my brother Steve, I gotta call my friend Cheryl in Chicago because the last time the World Trade Center got bombed I had just walked into work and the phone was ringing and she was on it. I knew she was gonna want to know that I was all right. I told you we were gonna have to make a list of people to call. That's when you told me that Cheryl had *already* called, and that other people had called and that you were on the phone with Masayo (of the Plungers) who worked across the street as well. Another street... probably even closer when you think about it... and that she was still on the phone. She was all right and at home.

You said that Heather had called and Frank was all right, because he worked across the street too, further down. We still didn't know where Claire was. She worked at the World Financial Center, and we were afraid for her. It was all very confusing.

Earlier that day I had said it was gonna be a day I would always remember. Wasn't that prophetic? I didn't say that for any of those reasons. I said that on the subway platform out loud and people kind of laughed because they had been waiting and waiting too. How unimportant all of that was. Why was I upset that I was ten or fifteen minutes late? Big deal. Who cares about a job, when I saw people die before my very eyes? A real lesson in life to just not care about unimportant things. I hadn't been able to talk about it before and now I just did.

Me: Do you feel better?

Ron: Yeah. It's just that I was just thinking about the Tuesdays before that, where even the bad show...there was only one really... how much fun it was being there... being out on the plaza... and this will never happen again. I was thinking that people had tried to use that stage to try and save their lives. How strange, to think about that. That I was standing there just a couple of weeks before, watching Mitch Ryder. And now people were flying though the roof of it. Those were images that I don't think that I will ever forget and I don't think that I could. I don't think that I ever should. It was way, way, after that when I started to think of that dream I had when we were here. Why does that happen? A tall building with fire. Scaffolding. Watching people fall or jump. And hearing the 'whizz' of people flying through the air.

Betty: Did any of the other people that you know that work around there see any of that other stuff?

Ron: I don't know, but when I saw Carlos again in the other building that we are now going to be working at, I said, "You know, when I saw you and was walking with you the other day, I think I was in shock." And he replied, "I know that I was. I still might be."

I don't know what other people saw but starting tomorrow they are going to have special counseling for us. They are gonna have group, and individual, and I certainly intend to go. I presume other people are going to tell what they saw. There is no way on earth that I could be the only one, although, I was probably the only one at work who saw it from the ground, because they were already at work and I was late. Our building had the most incredible view of the World Trade Center, we could look directly out the window at it and onto the plaza where all the concerts and ballets were. A perfect view of the stage. Only a couple of weeks before with the same camera that I had taken those pictures that day, I had taken a picture out the window of Mark Lindsay (of Paul Revere and The Raiders.) He was playing out there. It was a photo of the World Trade Center, the plaza, the stage, the crowd, the chairs, and the whole area there. I still don't know if that photo came out. I hope that it did because it will be a nice momento of what once was.

After I started to see the television reports I started to get very angry at the misinformation. I know that television reporters who are "live on the street" can be told things that are untrue, but there's so many things that make me wonder when I read a newspaper or watch television, what is true and what's untrue. There are some things that are undeniable as facts and when they talked about our building... which, by the evening of the first day they were unsure if it... like so many of the others... was going to collapse or not. I heard people say such misinformation. Not isolated reporters live on the street but news anchors in the studio, who had access to all kinds of staff and information at their fingertips. When talking about our building, One Liberty Plaza, I heard them say that it was part of the World Trade Center complex. It is not and has never been. It's a separate building across the street with

a different name. It's One Liberty Plaza. Some people call it the Brooks Brothers building because Books Brothers had a store on the first floor. Some people call it the US Steel Building because apparently they're the ones who built it in the first place, although I don't believe they have anything to do with it at all anymore. I think it still says on one lower panel "US Steel." I had always just wondered if they just had that written there because they used US steel to build it, but now I found out that apparently they used to own it and that's why that's there.

But, I'd also heard that the top ten floors of the building had collapsed and then they'd show you a live picture… and you could clearly see the entire building intact. They said the front of the façade had fallen off into the street, but then they would show you a live picture of it and it was all still there. All of the *windows* had been broken… debris on the ledges… but it was still there. Every floor had a ledge. Every floor was set back a little bit from the one below it and there was a reasonably wide ledge. We used to think, "What if there was a really serious fire, would you be willing to go out on that ledge until someone came to rescue you?"… Because we were twenty-seven floors up of the fifty-four floors, but that's still really high! I'd said, "Oh, if it was to save my life, I'd go sit out on that ledge." It was big enough. It really was. Anyway, so on the news you would hear that One Liberty Plaza is in danger of collapsing and it's three blocks from the World Trade Center. Well, that's absolutely wrong…it's across the street! You can't change that from *any* vantage point. It's directly across the street from Building # Four, one of the smaller black buildings that made a framework around the whole complex, in direct line with the south tower.

I heard people say on the news, "Two buildings are in danger of collapse, One Liberty Plaza and The Millennium Hotel, which are next to each other." Which again is of course not true and never has been true. They are more than a block apart. They are two streets apart. They're both along Church Street but there is a huge building and a block in between them. The building that has the Century 21 store in the bottom of it completely separates those two buildings. I think the building that separates them is an insurance building. So the Millennium Hotel and One Liberty Plaza are *not* next to each other. These are facts that they could easily know. They're facts that they *should* know already if they're going to be reporting it. They have diagrams of the ground plans and of the streets in the area. How can they not know this? These are anchors sitting at desks with computer screens in front of them with access to all the news gathering information that you could possibly want… and they're giving out blatantly obvious misinformation. It makes me just wonder how much of the information that we get all the time just isn't accurate at all.

Within an hour or so after I'd gotten home our friend Sarah (Jacobson who made the film *Mary Jane's Not A Virgin Anymore* and was a film critic for *Punk Planet* zine) came over from a few doors down because her phone wasn't working and she wanted to know if she could use ours to call people to tell them that she was safe. We said, "Sure if you can get through!" Because every time you wanted to make a call whether it was local or to another state, it took at least four times to get through. Most of the time it would just go dead, or you would hear ringing over a dial tone, over noise and crackling and stuff.

Anne: When I tried to call, I'd get a recording that said all circuits were busy.

Ron: And after Sarah had been with us a short time she looked at me and said, "Ron, I think you're in shock." And I replied, "I think I am. I think you're right." It wasn't until much later that I realized that if she'd said to me, "Ron, I think you're a banana." I would have said, "Yes, I think I am." It was only a day or so ago that I realized that I was somewhere else for quite a while. It was finally when I spoke to my younger brother… who lives in Las Vegas but was on vacation in California… and he was absolutely hysterical… it was then that I started to move out of my layers of shock. Because someone else was in shock, and it drove me more into reality. I had to be grounded to help him through his problems.

Betty: The reason that I asked about if there were other people who saw what you saw is because I was wondering that if there were going to be programs for these people, would you do that too, do you think?

Ron: I think I would if I felt that I needed to. At the moment I certainly feel that I do. I've been through lots of serious emotional crises before in my life, deaths in my family as close as can be, and I've never felt like this before. Never.

Betty: Well, I mean I hate to say this, but it's kind of like if you were a Vietnam veteran, and you saw children getting killed or something like that. That's what it's equal to.

Ron: I guess so.

Betty: You know what I'm saying? If they have support groups, I would think they'd have something for all the people that work in that area. There had to be tons of people who saw what you saw. You were one of what I hate to say were probably hundreds or thousands.

Ron: Thousands for sure. Well, that woman who led me away, she saw it too. And she reacted with more strength to it than I did at first. Who knows why? I guess when she thought that I was okay, when I couldn't see it anymore, she just moved along. She let go and kind of nodded. But even when she said, 'We don't need to see that' I still had that feeling of absolute, complete helplessness. I still have that feeling and I can't deal with it. It's like I was watching a show on that stage. That stage that I had been to like nine or more times during the summer, watching all the shows, The Troggs, The Chantels, The Soul Survivors, Herman's Hermits, The Box Tops with Alex Chilton, Dave Davies, Odetta, and a whole bunch more. It's like there was a show or something going on in front of me and we were a mere audience to it and there was nothing that we could do.

The tourists were there with video cameras. How is this going to affect them? I remember when all of us were walking up the street, we saw a whole bunch of tourists. They were especially by City Hall. They were all just standing along City Hall with these deep, sympathetic looks. Like they understood that this was *our* city, and our *lives* being largely *destroyed*. At least for now. And they looked at us totally sympathetically, not like "Gee, our vacation is ruined." They were giving us their sympathy. I *felt* it, as freaked out as I was! I saw that all along. You could definitely pick out the tourists. You always could. People going to work usually don't have all these cameras around their necks, wearing Bermuda shorts, and sunglasses and stuff.

It's just so funny how I remember when I was walking along, even before I saw the first people fall or jump or whatever…and I don't think anyone just *fell* actually, I just don't think so…I just remember all the different things that went through my mind. I was thinking of all kinds of different things. You know how everybody says your whole life flashes in front of you? I thought of so many different people, different places, and different things that I'd enjoyed. Things that make me feel secure. I thought of music, and food, and friends, and people's homes, and being here at your house. I don't mean just dozens of things. I mean like thousands of things flashed in front of my face, even a scene from a play that I liked and being in front of the theater. Visiting Tahiti. My friend 'Mary The J.' All these things one after the other just popped, popped, popped into my head. I was being deluged with all this stuff. Even my toy cars when I was a kid. Roller Coasters. It all flooded through me and I couldn't understand it.

Me: I wonder if that's how the brain responds to a crisis. Like a computer searching it's entire memory bank trying to locate some bit of information that will make sense of what's going on.

Betty: Or maybe it acts like a balance. Like it's trying to balance out this terrible thing that you're seeing, so you're getting all these good memories to try and help you cope with it or compensate.

Me: Maybe. What else did you remember?

Ron: Being at the beach…dogs…

Me: Was it *only* good memories that came back?

Ron: Oh yeah, everything. All things that meant nice things and warmth and comfort and fun.

Me: Mm hmm.

Ron: I really want to thank you guys for listening to me and bearing with me because I hadn't been able to talk about it even once. Not even once.

Me: Yeah, I know. Every time you tried, you'd just cry and say "I can't talk about that now." I'm really, really glad that you were able to talk about it here.

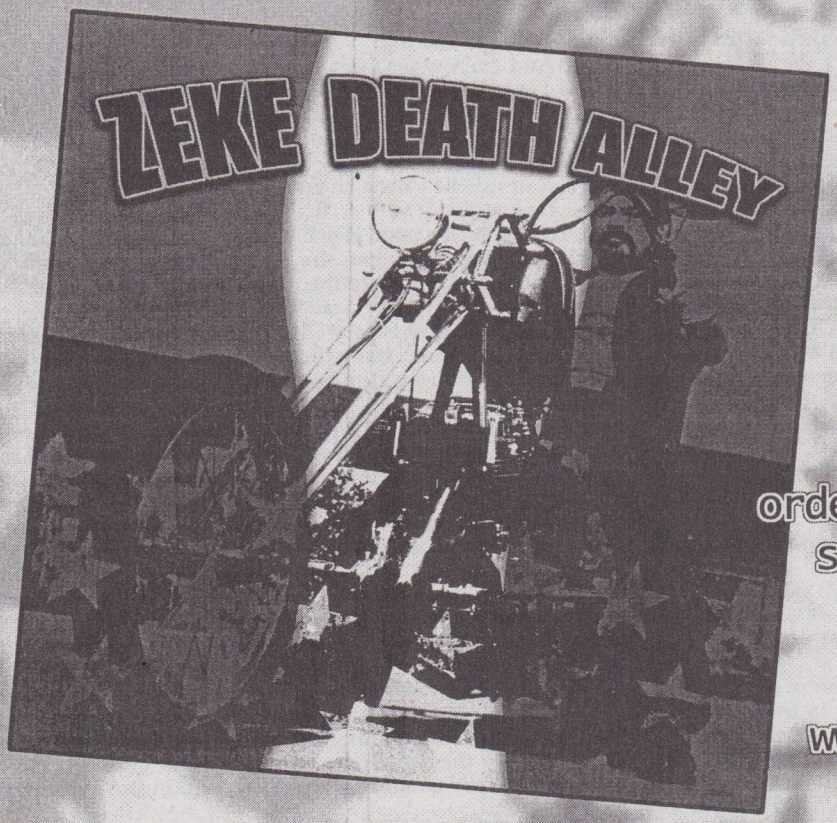
Anne: me too.

Ron: It was almost always worse every time I ate. I would become near hysterical, even when I was alone. Why would that be?

Betty: Was there a smell in the air when you were outside? Did you pass by a hot dog vender when you were seeing all this?

Me: Or could it have been the smoke? When people cook there may be a smoky smell.

Anne: Or like a pretzel stand…?
Ron: I can guarantee that there were at least three venders in the first block by the subway stairs.
Betty: That could be it right there. I know it sounds weird but I was telling Anne that for a long time I couldn't eat McDonalds without throwing up or gagging because when I was a kid and I was sick, there was a McDonalds right in the hospital. When I would get my treatments I would smell that and I would associate that smell with it. It took about five or six years, Ron, before I could even go to McDonalds. Just the smell of anything from there would make me feel, "Oh my god, I've gotta throw up, right now!" You know? Maybe your brain is associating what you saw with the smell of food, and it doesn't even have to be anything like a hot dog or a pretzel, it could just be any type of food. You're one of those people who haven't thrown up in years and years and years, so probably when you eat, I don't know if you do this, but probably when you eat, you do a lot of positive thinking. "I'm gonna eat this food and it's not gonna make me sick."
Ron: I do a lot of positive thinking, but since this happened I haven't. In the middle of eating I just get depressed, like I'm about to burst into tears. You guys know me. I'm not the type to burst into tears. But as far as the positive thinking thing goes, that's a really good idea, because I have used it before.
Me: You said that El Vez's show last night helped you a lot. How?
Ron: It was like, he's always topical, and political, and I was hoping that he would somehow mention it.
Betty: I think he did it really delicately.
Anne: I knew he would.
Ron: But I knew they were on tour and when you're on tour you get less access to television than we did, sitting in front of it for a couple of days. The fact is that it's extremely sensitive, especially right now. It's always going to be sensitive to some degree, but especially now when people are all really scared about what's going to happen next. Because we all kind of expect something's going to happen next. You certainly don't want to make fun of it, but you want to try and put a positive spin on it and his whole show is like being slammed with humor left and right. I was hoping he was going to do it. All week I was hoping the show wasn't going to be canceled and I was hoping that we'd still go because I was hoping that I could still go and have fun *soMewhere*. That's because, I'm making such stRong associations with what I saw to music I enjoyed and to fun that I had…and these people are dying right there, EXACTLY in the place were I had all this fun and heard and saw all this music. I really wondered if I'd even be able to go to a show and enjoy it ever again. So I definitely wanted to stand back a little bit… because who knows? I thought I might have to go running and cry in the corner. I didn't know. I simply didn't know how I was going to react and I was afraid. Then when he came out and the music started the first thing you saw was…smoke. And that was pretty hard!
That was very difficult to get through. You know I just stood there and I had to say to myself, 'Okay, deal with it.' And I did, but you know there was way more smoke in this show than I'd ever seen in any other show!"
Betty: Even if you put all the shows together there was more smoke in this show! Compared to all of his shows put together.
Ron: Smoke, stage fog, whatever you want to call it, there was several times that I was making those associations and had to clear it out of my mind by saying to myself what it was, and what it wasn't. But then he actually brought the subject up and even injected a little humor in it by talking about those *idiots*, Rev. Falwell and Pat Robertson, and how they were blaming it on the Gay and Lesbian people, and the Feminists, American Civil Liberties Union, People for the American Way.
Betty: With all that though, did you notice that the people they had who were religious people like Billy Graham and his son…at least with Bush…and I can't stand Bush…
Ron: me too!
Betty: But at least with Bush, at least he picked somebody who wasn't so extreme like Falwell.
Ron: Well, Billy Graham is pretty extreme…
Betty: Well, but he didn't say…he knew that wasn't the time for his personal beliefs, he knew this was a time to heal, not to blame a group. I was impressed with that. I remember when I was at work I mentioned that I'd heard Bush was going to New York, and one of my co-workers said "Well it's about time! How long does New York have to wait?!"
Ron: I thought that too.
Betty: And even when he was there and he was on TV and he talked I said, "That's it? That's all he's going to say? Because I think people needed to be reassured.
Me: I never liked Mayor Giuliani…at all!
Ron: I *hate* Mayor Giuliani!
Me: But in this he's been so great!
Betty: He handled it very well. Amazing.
Ron: He did such a good job, that if I ever get see him, I'm going to tell him, because when the going got rough he really came through. He really rose to the occasion. Even the Governor did pretty good and I can't stand him either. And our senators, Chuck Schumer and Hilary Clinton were great. They asked for money and aid and… bang they got it.
Me: Bush did give them that aid immediately. He even doubled what they asked for.
Ron: But his speech said nothing and he even quoted the Bible. Oh thanks! You know some of us just may not have belief in that stuff but your pushing it on us. NO! Let's talk about something like being Americans, or unity, or something. Let's not quote ONE group's religious beliefs. That's just not right. I believe religious fanaticism caused this. Not that our Government is completely innocent in all this, they may have done some terrible things all around the world, but the point is these people were willing to kill themselves because they believe they are going to be in the arms of Allah that very day when they do this thing for their god. That's insane! That's religious fanaticism. I've heard nobody say that on TV, no commentator, no politician, no person on the street. Excuse me, but we're really ignoring one of the main problems here. We're throwing that to the side. Imagine the fanaticism it takes to not only kill yourself, but kill all those people on the plane, and in the buildings and on the ground.
Me: I don't think they really think they are killing people, I think they think they're killing "devils." I think that's what they think.
Ron: Well that's fanaticism!
Betty: I don't think they even think about killing people, I think they think about killing the country. It's not individuals, because if they looked at it as individuals it would be more difficult to do something like that.
Ron: So at the show last night when El Vez mentioned that stuff it made me feel different than I felt all along. It made me feel weepy, but a different kind of weepy. Like, "Somebody gets it! Somebody's addressing it." It wasn't like, "Well, we're here to entertain you and make you forget everything." He was like "We're hear to entertain you but also to make you think about things and *help* you to get through it." That's why I *had* to talk to him after the show.
Betty: And he was so sweet when you talked to him about that, because I was right next to you.
Ron: Oh were you?
Betty: You said, "I just want to let you know that I live in New York and I was one of the people at the Trade Center and I just want to let you know I really appreciate what you did." I could see that you were starting to get a little emotional while you were talking to him, and his face got so…compassionate. It was like, he wasn't El Vez anymore, he was just a person listening. I don't even remember what he said but I remember thinking, "that is just the sweetest thing." He was just really nice.
Ron: Yeah, when I left he grabbed me again and gave me a big hug.
Anne: He was grabbing everybody and hugging us, like real hugs.
Betty: Real hugs. Not like a fake hug, not like a performer like this was his act, he gave me a real, genuine, like… this is a hug that you would give to a friend. Someone you'd known and cared about. As opposed to 'all right, next person.'
Me: What do you think should happen next?
Ron: I have no idea. I think they should certainly beef up security in the airline industry, which clearly failed. Considering that I was on an American Airline jet on a Tuesday exactly one week before it happened. And we fly United all the time.
Betty: Don't you find it amazing that people could bring knives on a plane? I just find that amazing.
Ron: Well you know they said they had box-cutters. Let's look at



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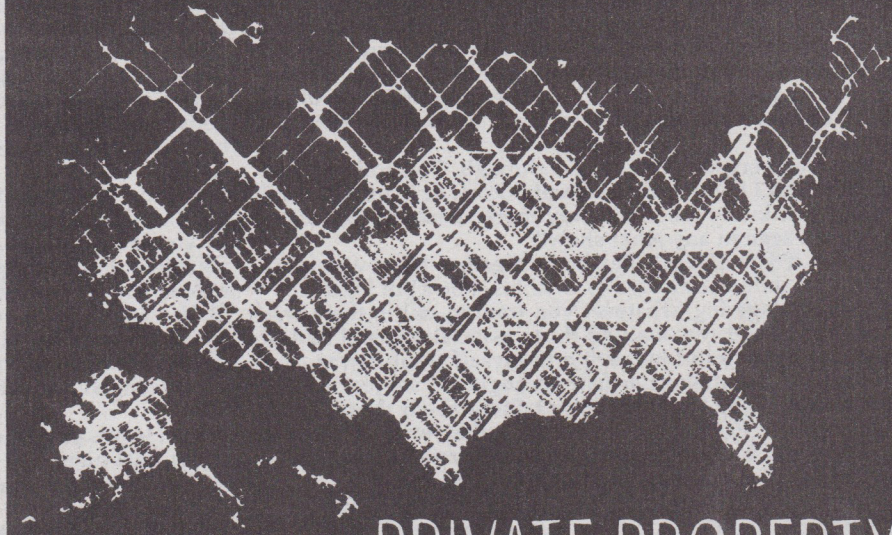

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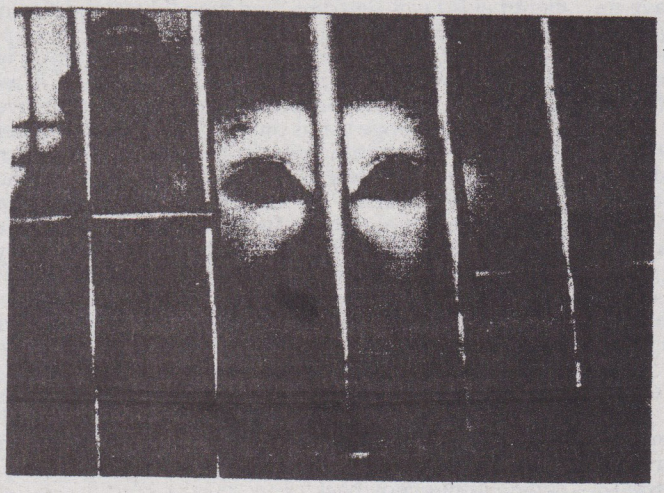

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this, a box cutter is a razor blade mounted on a piece of plastic or metal. What is a shaver? What do I use to shave in the morning? A razor blade mounted on a piece of plastic. So I have no problem seeing how they got those through. So if they say to me that I can't bring that in my carry on luggage, I'd say, "Fine with me! No problem." Even if they eliminate carry on luggage and you have to check all bags, if that's what we need to be safe...do it!

I remember the first time I went to Minnesota in 1994 for the Queer Punk Festival they had there, the one steward on a plane we took from St. Louis to Minneapolis... he was a very funny guy. He said, "Some people are considering that we eliminate carry on luggage all together and I for one am for it." I thought, "You know, he has a point." I know he's being picky but if the plane shakes abruptly all that stuff will fly out of the overhead compartment and it's dangerous, that stuff hitting you on the head and lying on the floor where you can trip on it when you're trying to get out quickly.

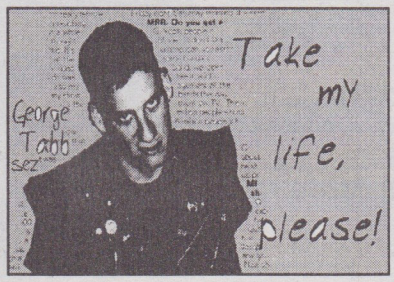
Betty: You guys kow that if you ever feel like getting out of this city you're always welcome here.

Ron: You know that's one thing I didn't feel. You know we already had this plan to come and see you and El Vez before this happened. For me, it wasn't like I had to get out of there because for me the whole feeling was, 'We've gotta stay and stick together and be stRong and if some of the shelves are empty from certain things we wanna buy...okay. We can do without it, at least for a while." I went to the store and all the shelves were empty of bread except for this one loaf that looked like someone squeezed it thirty times. That was the only thing left on the shelf and all the bottled water was gone except for one bottle that looked like it had algae. And I was like, "Oh, I want *that* one with the green stuff." We couldn't tell if it was inside or outside the bottle. We saw one woman on the television who said, "Well I'm leaving New York. I'm getting out of here because I can't deal with this!" She was just saying this to the cameraperson and the reporter and she said "...and I don't know *when* I'm coming back." Almost threateningly. I wished I had been there to say "Good! Stay away! You're not a part of this. You're not a part of us if you can't handle this, then don't come back. We don't need you." We don't need that type. Everyone else has been like, "We're all New Yorkers, and we're all Americans and we're all in this together." Frankly I'm surprised that the rest of the country has been so supportive because it always seemed to me like they hate New Yorkers! You hear them say "Eeuuww! New York? Why would anyone want to go *there*? Who would live *there*?" They react like they hate us, but now it feels like they all love us. That was really unexpected, at least for me. I thought the rest of the people in the nation would go, "See I told you so." Or, "You should expect it if you live *there*." I really thought I was gonna hear that and I haven't heard anything like that. People in Nebraska are putting up relief funds for New York, and I think that's really cool. South Dakota sent rescue workers. Wow!

Thank you for reading this account of what happened at the World Trade Center.

Television news reports have stated that those who jumped from the windows had simply elected to choose death by falling rather than death by fire. I have chosen to share with you what my boyfriend saw because I want you to know that the pictures and statements that you see on your television set are not even a fraction of the whole story. In some small way I hope this helps.

I am Anonymous Boy. I'm a punk, a homo, a vegetarian, a zine writer, a musician, an artist, a drug/alcohol/smoke abstainer, an activist, a public-access TV show producer, a human, a New Yorker, and a new MRR columnist.



So, there I was sitting on this hard wood bench in the disgusting Florida heat. So what if the air conditioning was on, it was still fucking like a hundred and twenty or something, and I could feel my balls glued to my thighs. The left ball against my left thigh. The right against my right. And that doesn't feel so good. So I would kinda stretch my legs apart, well, as much as I could with the tight Levis I was wearing. And then I'd feel the skin on my balls kinda peel from the skin on my thighs. So, I'd relax, put my legs kinda near one another again, and the same thing would happen. This went on for quite a while. Actually it went on the whole time all these people in funny black outfits were singing these really strange songs on stage. Stuff I'd never heard before. And the people sitting on the hard wood benches next to me were all singing along. So I kinda moved my lips and stuff and made believe I knew the words. The two people seated to my right looked over at me, saw me lip-synching, and just smiled. That nothing smile. The same nothing smile that everyone in the damn place seemed to have. And they looked at me with their big, wide open eyes. That stare. That stare that said absolutely nothing. Nothing. Not, "who is this guy and why is he doing a Milli Vanilli impression", not "there are streams of sweat running down his face, he is not used to the Florida heat, and therefore must be a Yankee". Not, "I bet his testicles are attached to his legs, and if I tried to pry them off, the skin would rip off his balls like the mouse's legs come off every time I rip them off the glue-traps." No. Their look said nothing. So I gave them the same nothing look back.

Finally, the singing stopped, and this guy with a big black robe gets up on the stage. Everyone stood up and said something. But I couldn't understand what they said. I don't think I heard them. I was too busy screaming from the pain I had just given myself by standing up. I think my balls were still attached to different legs. "Greetings everyone," the creepy guy in the black robe said to everyone in the room. Everyone said "Greetings" back, and then they all sat down. I did too. "How is everyone?" asked the man in the black robe. I looked at him closely. He had blonde hair, and was kinda balding. He looked to be in his mid to late thirties, and showed some wrinkles on his face. His eyes were a very clear blue, behind the thick lenses of his wire frame glasses. Something about him made me very uneasy. But something about most people in Florida does that to me. He really didn't have that blank nothing look that everyone else seemed to have. He seemed to have another look in his eyes, something more, um, sinister. I don't know though. It was hot as shit in there, I could hardly breathe, and maybe I was just seeing things. But somehow, this guy reminded me of every fucking mass murderer I'd had ever seen on television. There was just something about him.

Everyone in the room said they were fine, and the man in the black robe nodded his head. Then he told everyone that today was a special day. He said that today there was a new member who was prepared to join us. To become one with us. To join our rituals, and accept Christ into his heart. Fucking church. I wondered who the poor sucker was. Then the man in the black robe said something that made my heart stop. "Will our new member, George Tabb, please come to the front so we may baptize him in the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ? " But let me back up a bit.

I had friends in high school. Not a hell of a lot of them. But enough. I was able to drink with them, hang out with them, bag groceries with them, go to the drive-in movies and see porno flicks with them, and once in a while cry on their shoulders. Things friends are for. But when I got to college, I found that I didn't really have any anymore. I mean, sure, I had my pal Louis from high school who had already started school there, and I did have my KKK roommate, Jim, whose father was an imperial wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, but both these guys were preoccupied with their own stuff, and were not really there for me. I mean, Louis was scared as shit of everything, and just wanted to go home from college, and the only thing Jim really wanted to do was make his father proud by fucking up as many "niggers and kikes" as he could. Of course he didn't do any of that, and his father made him painfully aware of his failures every time he visited.

So I was kinda friendless. Except for the guys in the dorm lobby. We'd hang out and play Space Invaders all the time. But when I ran out of quarters, they kinda didn't want anything to do with me anymore. I did manage to befriend that lady behind the dorm information desk, and she would always tell me the same thing. "George, you just have to go out and meet people. This is the University Of Florida. There are lots of dif-

ferent types of people here. Surely you can find some friends". And I would always tell her she was right, and I would find some friends starting tomorrow. Then I'd make her change another dollar for some more quarters.

So when Blake Needlemeyer sat next to me in Freshman Bio 101, and said "Howdy," I felt good. I said "hello" back to him and he smiled at me. A smile that really didn't seem to say anything. But I didn't mind. I was just happy he was talking to me.

After class Blake asked me if I wanted to go to the Student Union Cafeteria, and join him for lunch. I told him that I had no other plans, besides my English Class, which I felt like blowing off anyway. So I joined him for lunch.

We got on line in the cafeteria and I got a good look at Blake. He was about six feet tall, had straight brown hair, brown eyes, and a sort of pointed nose. He was wearing a flannel plaid shirt, and regular blue jeans and sneakers. We ordered our food, me getting the school hamburger which looked more like a used hockey puck, and Blake getting the diet salad. I asked Blake why he ate that shit, and not real food, and he told me he had to keep his body and soul in shape. What ever.

We sat down at our own table, put our backpacks under our chairs, and then began to eat. Well, I did. As I was trying to bite through the puck, I noticed Blake quietly moving his lips, while his eyes were closed. I continued to bite down hard, and finally got through to the other bun on the bottom. The burger tasted horrible, so I put a ton of ketchup, mustard, and relish on it, and soon I was unable to taste it. Finally, Blake began to eat his salad, and we started to talk.

"So, George, where are you from?" he asked me. I noticed he had sort of a southern drawl, as well as what I think was a French accent. That would explain the fucking pointy nose. "I'm from New York," I told Blake. He told me he had once been there. To Buffalo. I told him I was from the city. He then asked why I was going to the University of Florida, and what my major was. I told him I was going to U of F because I had instate tuition, and I wasn't sure about my major. Perhaps film. He just nodded his head and smiled. That same smile. He asked me a few more questions, and I answered them the best I could. I looked him in the eyes when I talked to him, and he looked me in the eyes back. And all I could see in his eyes was my reflection.

Eventually I asked Blake about himself. He told me that he was born in France, and moved to Florida a few years ago. He said that this was his second semester of college, and he loved it. He told me he liked everyone he met, and really loved to study. I just kinda looked at him. I guess he wasn't such a bad or weird guy. I mean, hell, some people do like school, and do like to study. To me, it was just an excuse to get the hell out of my fucking house. But, well, to each his own.

We finally finished eating and Blake asked me if I would do him a favor. I said sure. What the hell. We were friends, right? And I needed friends. So Blake takes out a Polaroid camera from his backpack and gives it to some guy seated at the next table or something. He asks the guy if he will take a picture of both him and me. The guy agrees. Right before the picture is taken, I ask Blake why he wants a picture of us. He tells me that he likes to have pictures of his friends, and wasn't I one of them. I nodded my head that I was, and the picture was taken. In it I made the devil sign with my fingers over Blake's head. He just laughed, and mumbled something like "we'll see about that".

On the way out of the Student Union, I thanked Blake for inviting me to lunch, and helping me skip my English class. He told me it was no problem, and that he would see me next time in class. I smiled to him, and he smiled back. It was nice to have a friend.

The next day on the way to my first class, this beautiful blonde girl yells, "Hey George!" with a really heavy southern accent. I just ignore her and keep walking. She was not talking to me. "Hey George!" I hear her say again. And I still ignore her. Finally she runs up to me and two inches from my face she says, "Aren't you George, silly boy?" I tell her that I am as I smell her perfume and Doublemint gum on her breath. She says, "I thought you were. How are you this fine morning?" I look at her like she is from Mars. Or Florida. What the hell is this pretty blonde girl doing talking to me? I'm wearing a Ramones t-shirt, ripped jeans, and I don't even know her. "Well George, " she says, "I just wanted to tell you to have a nice day and I hope I see you later!" As she says this I look down at her tight skirt and all I can think about is if her pubic hair is the same color as the hair on her head. And how'd I'd like to find out. With my tongue. Then I look into her face. She is smiling. That nothing smile. And I look into her eyes. Again, nothing. So I look back at her crotch. It's what I'd rather look at anyway. She says goodbye, and I say the same. To her crotch.

After second period, I am walking to the McDonalds across from campus to get some more coffee and perhaps a hash browns. As I am crossing the street, some big jock guy says "Hey George buddy, how is it going?" I ignore the guy and keep walking. He can't be talking to me. I'm wearing a Ramones t-shirt, and ripped jeans. The big guy literally stands in front of me and again says, "Hey George buddy, how is it going?" I tell him it is going fine, but that any second we are gonna be run over by the cars racing up and down thirteenth street. We walk to the sidewalk. The guy than says, "Well George, have a great day, buddy!". I tell him to have the same, and scratch my head as he walks away.

A few hours later I am sitting alone at the cafeteria when these two girls come and sit next to me. One has long brown hair and is wearing wire frame glasses and a dress, the other has short reddish hair, and is wearing a college jersey. They ask me if the seats are taken after they have already sat down.

I continue to eat my hockey puck, which was becoming my daily ritual, and just kinda nodded at the girls. Finally one of them spoke.

"Hi George," said the girl with the red hair. "Hi George," said the other. I said hello back to them. I was beginning to worry. What was with everyone knowing my name. I mean, it was nice to have friends, but who the hell were these people? Maybe I had met them before, and had just forgotten their names. I do that sometimes. Meet people and forget their names. And their faces too. But most of the time I remember something about them. At least that I have met them before. But these people? I had no fucking clue. I mean, once, this guy asked me what I thought of these pictures he was showing me, and I tried to remember where I had met him before. He slapped me in the head, and I then realized it was my step dad, Nick, and he was showing me pictures of my band. But I was drunk, and it was outside a show, and I had just got done throwing up all over myself and everywhere else. So that doesn't count.

"How are you liking the University of Florida?" the girl with the long brown hair asked me with her southern accent. I told her it was an okay place, and then asked her how she knew me. She looked me in the eyes and said, "we know everyone". In her eyes I saw, as usual, nothing. I got kinda scared, and said, "what do you mean you know everyone?" She just kind of giggled, and went back to eating her lunch. I looked over at the red head and asked her how she knew me. She pointed to the girl with the brown hair and said, "it is just like Mindy said". I finished my burger, gulped down my chocolate milk, and got the hell away from them. Damn Stepford Wives or something.

That night as I was playing Space Invaders in the dorm lobby, a new guy started to hang out. He watched us play for while, then asked if he could play the winner. We said "sure". The other guy lost, and the new guy sat down across the Space Invaders table from me. "Hi George," he said to me and smiled that nothing smile. I looked at him. He was a black guy, about my age, handsome, and was wearing a University Of Florida t-shirt. I asked him his name and he said it was Ken. I said, "Hello, Ken." He said, "Hello, George". We played the game and I kicked his fucking ass. He kept pumping quarters into the machine, and I kept beating him. Every time he lost he would say stuff like, "gosh, darn, or yikes". Every time I beat him I'd say stuff like, "fucking A, motherfucker, or take that!". Ken would just laugh.

After we finished playing, Ken asked if I wanted to come back with him to his dorm room to study. I said that I really didn't like to study, but if he just wanted to hang out, that would be cool. So, I follow him to his dorm room, which is a couple of floors above mine, and go in his room. On one of the walls are pictures of half naked girls. With big boobs, and really

nicely shaved tan lines. On the other wall was a big picture of Jesus Christ, and a couple of crosses and stuff. Ken pointed to the Jesus wall, and said that was his side of the room. Too bad. Then Ken asked me if I ever read the Bible. I told him that I once read the Children's version of the damn thing, but didn't like it too much. I told him that I remember something about some guy building like a tall building or something, but no one could speak English. A lot like New York. I also told him that I remembered reading something about some guy who builds a big boat, and puts all these animals on it. Something to do with them fucking one another. But I told him I was definitely not into bestiality. I also told him that I remember in the book they had pictures of this naked man and naked lady in a garden or something. And there was this big, huge ass snake. And that I liked that part. Especially the pictures.

Ken then showed me his Bible. It was black, and had lots of words, but no pictures. I told him my Bible was better, and that he should see how they drew this beast with these big horns and everything. And how this kid goes there when he was asleep. He said he didn't know about that part, then I told him I remembered it was from "Where The Wild Things Are", and never mind, although, that book was better than the Bible. Ken just smiled at me. With the nothing smile.

"So do you mind if I read you some passages from this book?" Ken asks me as I am sitting on his bed looking at the big boobed girls with the shaved crotches. I tell him he can do whatever he wants. I was just happy to have a friend, and to be looking at cool pictures. Ken starts to read some crap from the book and I can't understand any of it. Something about so and so begetting so and so, begetting so and so, and what ever. After a few minutes, I told him that I really had to go to the bathroom. He told me to go right ahead, and then to come right back. I told him that I think it was gonna be a really bad number two, and that perhaps maybe we can see one another some other time. He nodded his head and said that was fine. And he smiled. The nothing smile.

The next day on campus was much of the same. Lots of people kept saying stuff like "Hey George," or "Hey there George buddy", or "hey, watch the fuck where you are going". I had a bad habit of like walking into the middle of the street. I was beginning to like all the attention. I felt like a celebrity or something. It was kinda nice. But I was also more than a bit scared. What if all these people were actually aliens from outer space, and preparing to attack earth? What if they could read minds, and that is how they got my name. What if they were going to wait until I slept, or masturbated, then enter me through my brain or penis, and take over me. Make me into one of them. Like the pod people. This was not good. But I kinda brushed it off. I mean, no alien is dumb enough to attack fucking Florida. But my heart started beating fast again. What if the aliens were dumb?

So, I'm sitting in Freshman Bio 101 again, and Blake comes and sits next to me. I say hello to Blake, and he says hello back to me. I tell him that I have had a strange week, and he asks why. I tell him that all these people keep saying hello to me, and I don't know any of them. He tells me that I probably just forgot meeting them. I tell him that that could be it. He smiles at me. Lovely.

After class Blake asks me if I would like to join him and a few friends for dinner. I tell him that I'd like to, and should I meet him in the cafeteria. He tells me that these friends have a house, about five miles off campus, and that I should really go. He says that they are having a barbecue, and are also going to have fried chicken, hot dogs, and hamburgers. I say, "Hamburgers?" He says, "Yes." I tell him I'm there. I was getting tired of eating hockey pucks. And besides, Blake seemed like an okay guy for a zombie.

So that night Blake picks me up from my dorm parking lot in a new car. I ask him if it is his, and he says that it belongs to everyone. What ever. We drive out like ten or more miles and finally arrive at this small house in the middle of fucking nowhere. I get out of the car and see all these people standing around the front lawn. In front of the Barbecue. As I get closer to them, I see some familiar faces. I see Ken, the black guy who has a bad version of the Bible with no pictures. I see that big jock guy who stopped me near McDonalds. I see those two girls from the cafeteria, Mindy, and whatever her name was. Then they see me and all come over to me and say hello. I say hello back, and feel my heart begin to race like crazy. I didn't like this. But I felt better when I saw and smelled the burgers on the grill. Ahhhh, food.

I ask Blake where the beverages are, and he tells me that there is a garbage can full of Coke on the side of the house. I ask him about beer, and he tells me that no one here drinks alcohol. That it is a sin. I let that remark slide as I go and get myself a nice cold soda. When I return, Blake tells me that we are all gonna sit down inside for dinner. I tell him it would be easier if we just got our own burgers and stuff from the grill, and went and sat down. He said that someone would bring the food in. So I went inside.

The house seem pretty normal, except for all the pictures of Jesus all over the place. I mean, the guy has a beard. And long hair. He's a fucking hippie. And his picture is all over. I'll never understand it.

Anyway, we all sit down, and someone brings in a huge plate of burgers. The smell of them tickle the tip of my nose, and I ask Ken, who is seated next to me, to pass them. He says, "not yet". Then some guy who looks a lot like Charles Manson, or Jesus Christ, or who ever, sits at the end of the table. Well, he doesn't really look like them. Just in the eyes. He is balding, has blonde hair, and funny wire frame glasses. He says "Greetings" to everyone, and they all say that back. He then tells everyone that we have some new "friends" here tonight, and that we should all enjoy their company. Everyone around me says, "Hey man". So I say "Hey" back. Ken pokes me in the ribs and says that everyone said "Amen". Oh well.

Finally, Charles Manson Christ finishes welcoming everyone and leads all these dorks in prayer. I mumble along, saying the only prayer I know. "God is great, God is good, thank you God, for our food", and "over the teeth, and through the gums, watch out stomach, here it comes." Ken and Blake look at me through their supposedly closed eyes.

We eventually get to eat, after hearing how everyone is doing, and how great Jesus is and stuff. And the burgers are quite good. In fact, they are some of the best burgers I have ever tasted. It tell Blake this, and he says that "God works in mysterious ways". Then Ken says that maybe it is a sign to me. "A sign?", I ask Ken, "you mean like, 'Stop', 'Don't Walk', or 'Cattle Crossing'?" Ken tells me it may be a sign from God that I like the burgers. Uh huh.

Later that night, as I am on my sixth or seventh burger, I kinda start hitting on Mindy and her friend. I tell them that I have a leather jacket, but it is too hot to wear it. I tell them that I once met Joey Ramone. They ask what is so special about leather jackets, that hoods from the fifties wear them, and who is that Spanish guy. I tell them never mind.

I make my way back to the bathroom in the back of the house. I take a leak, wash my hands, and think to myself that this is pretty great. I have made friends with a bunch of people, and they seem to like me, even though I know they think I am weird. As I leave the bathroom, I see that blonde girl with the nice crotch enter it. I am tempted to follow her in.

As I make my way toward the front of the house, I see a closed door. So I open it. I am nosy like that. I look in and it is an office or something. So I go in and close the door behind me. I figure I'll snoop around or something. Find their ray guns and their plasma photons. Or maybe their giant pea pods. And I wish I had. It would have been less scary. For what I saw on the wall was a lot worse. A lot. On the wall was a huge sign which read, "Cross Roads Church of Christ". I was at some Bible house or something. And then, next to the words, were some sheets of upcoming activities that were to take place at the house, and at some church located near campus. And next to that, well, I almost fainted. Next to that were many, many Polaroid photos of lots of the Cross Roads Church of Christ people next to other people. Straight people. And right up there was a picture of Blake and me. That picture that Blake had taken in the cafeteria a few days earlier. And underneath it it read, "George and Blake". That is how everyone knew my name. I looked at all the other pictures. Same thing. "Ken and Susan". "Mindy and Paul." Oh no.

So I go to leave the room, and in walks the leader guy. Charles Manson Christ. He asks me what I was doing in the room. He sees me staring at the photos. I tell him that I must

have gotten lost, and where is the bathroom. He tells me it is across the hall, and walks me out of the room. Then locks the door behind him. I'm glad he didn't kill me.

I find Blake and tell him that I found the photos. He tells me that everyone here likes to know everyone else's name, and that makes things easier. Then Ken comes walking up, and Blake tells him about me finding the pictures. Ken asks me what I was doing snooping around, and I tell him I was looking for the bathroom. He just smiles. That nothing smile.

The next day there is a knock on my dorm room door. I say "Enter", like I hear on Star Trek. In walks Blake. With a Bible under his arm. I say hello to Blake, and he says "hi" back. He asks me what I thought of the party, and I say the food was good. He asks me what I thought of his friends, and I say they are okay. He then says, "They are your friends too, George". I thank him. Then he asks me if I have some free time. I, shmuck that I am, tell him I do. He says that is good, and starts to read Bible quotes to me. I ask him to stop, and couldn't we just talk instead. He says that that would be nice.

I ask him why he is into all this religious crap, and he tells me it is not crap. He tells me that he has found Jesus Christ, and that Christ is going to save his soul, so that he will not burn in hell. I ask him how he knows that there even is a hell and he asks me if I have ever looked at the covers of heavy metal albums. Oh yeah. He goes on to tell me that if my soul is not saved, Jesus will not love me, and I will burn in hell forever. I ask him if he is for real, and he says yes.

So we get to talking a bit more, and some of the stuff he tells me makes sense. I mean, how was the world created? And why do I have these strange urges. Then Blake asks me if I masturbate. I tell him that I do. He tells me that that is a sin against God himself, and for each time I do it, I will be punished very badly in hell. I figure that I am really, really in for it. I ask him how I can not be punished and he tells me to accept Jesus Christ into my heart, and I will be set free. That I will go to Heaven. I begin to worry. What if he is telling the truth. No one has ever told me any of this before. What if they never told me because they want me to burn in hell. That would be just like my dad. And step mom. I ask him how he knows all this stuff, he says Jesus has told him. I ask if Jesus told him personally, or by a letter or tape recording or something. He says that Jesus has given him signs. And I am one of them. He says that Jesus wants him to help me. That I am a lost soul, and need to be saved. He then asks me if I have ever had sexual intercourse. I tell him that I did not, but hope to one day. He asks if I have ever lied about having sexual intercourse. I tell him that I am a guy, and of course I have lied. He says that in God's eyes, that lie, and having sex out of marriage, and masturbation, are all the same. That I will be punished in hell very badly. I think to myself that that is not fair. Fuck. I haven't even gotten laid, and already I'm doomed to flames, and red hot pitch forks going up my ass. I tell Blake is there any way I can be saved, and he tells me to come with him on Sunday, and he'll see what he can do. I thank Blake, and tell him that he is a good friend for helping me out of this very bad jam.

So, I'm sitting on the hard wood bench in The Crossroads Church of Christ that Sunday, with my balls losing their outer skin to my thighs. It is really hot, and I am surrounded my zombies. But what the hell, it was better this than hell for an eternity. I knew that somehow I had to find Jesus Christ and save my soul. I had to find a way to stop jerking off, and stop telling untruths about getting laid.

The sweat was pouring down my face as the choir stopped singing and Charles Manson Christ took the stage and greeted everyone. He then commented on how hot it was, but nothing like the flames of hell. I wasn't so sure. Florida is a pretty miserable place. Anyway, he talks a lot about Jesus and stuff, and then says that they will have a new member join them today. I figure, this I gotta see, maybe it will set me straight about what is right and true. Then he calls my name out and I about faint. I look over to Blake, who is seated next to me and mouth the words, "what the fuck". Blake whispers to me that now is my chance to save myself from hell, and that he arranged this, and wasn't I glad. I almost killed him right there. So Charles Manson Christ in the black robe calls out my name again, and asks me to come forward to be Baptized. I kinda slump down in my seat. Blake pinches me real hard in the ass, and I jump up and scream "ouch". Then Charles Manson Christ says, "there you are, my son, please come up here".

So I walk to the front of the church and stand on the stage next to the guy in the robe. I look back at the choir, and they look at me. I look at the people seated on the benches, and they all look at me. With the same blank nothing look in their eyes. I'm not in church, I think to myself, I'm in the Village of the Damned.

"George Tabb," says Manson Christ, "are you ready to accept Jesus Christ into your heart?" I look at him and his wire frame glasses. I look at the bowl of water that he is preparing to dunk my head in. I look at all the blank looks and meaningless smiles of all the dopes all over the church. I think to myself about jerking off and getting laid. I think about telling people that I got laid when I really just jerked off. I think about thinking about jerking off and getting laid. Then I look back at the guy in the black robe again. I don't say anything.

"Well my son, are you ready?" he asks again. Just then I catch the eyes of Blake and Ken. And then Mindy. Do I want to be like these people? Sure they have plenty of friends. But do I want that blank look in my eyes? That nothing smile? I need friends, but not like this. And what about hell? If it does exist, could it really be that bad? A lifetime of jerking off, fucking, or at least bragging about it, and then flames. What's the big deal.

So I walk off the stage, and make my way to the back of the church and out the door. As I am doing so, Charles Manson Christ yells to me that if I don't accept Christ, I'll go to hell. I keep walking. Then he yells, "You won't be able to get into Heaven with us." I stop, turn around, and look at everyone in the church. Blake, Ken, Mindy, the jock guy, the blonde with the crotch. Even Charles Manson Christ himself. I think for about half a second. Then I reply, "Oh well."

Take My Life, Please.

1. george@georgetabb.com
2. As most of you are aware, I live in New York. Mere blocks from what used to be the World Trade Center. Life around here as been, well, turned upside down. And it really makes you think about things. The above story ran many years ago here in Maximumrocknroll – and I feel it's time to tell it again. If you are smart enough to read between the lines (I'm sure most of you are), maybe you'll think about organized religion, and what extreme beliefs and blind obedience can lead to. Please, think for yourself. I know it sounds corny, but also love one another, and yourself, the world is too full of hate.

For the first seven months of my baby's life, the longest I was away from her was three, maybe four hours. When she was about ten months old, I was able to be away from her for about 12 hours. After that, I often wondered when I'd ever be able to be away for a longer stretch of time, like overnight even. I asked several other moms who still nurse their babies, when it was they were first able to spend the night away from baby. Of course, their answers varied, but one thing was consistent. They all said to just go for it, that baby would be fine.

They also said that baby would still want to nurse when I got back, and if she for some reason didn't, well then, I'd gotten off easy in the weaning department. They said that my biggest inconvenience while away from baby would be my breasts getting engorged with milk and that it would kinda hurt.

So, I was encouraged to go for it — to take off without baby for a few days. Truth is, before I even asked for my friends' advice, I had already made up my mind and booked a flight.

So I had a plane ticket, but I didn't have a mind at ease. For weeks, although I knew I was going to go no matter what, I was full of anxiety about leaving her. I found out firsthand that separation anxiety doesn't only affect children, and I hadn't even separated myself yet.

I kept thinking about the first time that I had I left her for just three hours. She had gobbled a live earthworm, picked up a

fresh dog turd off the grass, puked all over the next door neighbor, and I thought that none of those things would have happened if she had been with me. I thought about the time that I had left her for twelve hours and how bad my boobs had hurt, even though I had pumped a little, because she hadn't nursed all day, and my milk just kept building up. I thought about how much I had missed her after only 12 hours. I thought about being 3000+ miles away from her and got really scared because I wouldn't be able to immediately come to her rescue if she needed me. I was very uneasy, all the way up to my moment of departure.

I just had to convince myself that she and her Dad would be totally fine without me for four days.

When they dropped me off at the airport, I hugged, kissed, and waved goodbye to them. The butterflies in my stomach mounted, but didn't escape. Luckily, baby didn't cry when I walked away, she just waved and yelled cheerily, "Bye Mama!" Excellent. I could at least have a guilt-free flight.

And guilt-free it was. I swear that as soon as I started flying away, not looking back, my anxious butterflies dissolved and flew back to where they had come from. I was at ease because I had resolved that I couldn't turn around now even if I wanted to.

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Eight hours later, I landed in San Francisco and was happy to just be there, ready to have my first baby-free fun since I got pregnant over two years ago. I did it! I actually went through with leaving her for the first time!

My dear ol' band mate, Becky, and I ate at my favorite "Mean Lady Thai" place only to discover that the Thai woman's son has more attitude than she ever had had. But the food was still so good that I ate two plates full instead of just one. We walked it off for a few hours after that and I had to find a place that would let me use their restroom for about ten minutes so I could express some breast milk and give my engorged breasts some relief. After nursing a baby "on demand" for seventeen months and then going a whole day without nursing at all, ouch, the other moms weren't kidding that it would hurt. My tits were hard, leaking rocks. Yucky and quite inconvenient, too.

Later, we ate another round of kick ass food and then went to the show at Kimo's. Four bands were on the bill, but I only saw CRUEVO and BRAINOIL. It was really dark in there, really, really loud, and I was really, really, really happy. But I surprised myself and didn't get drunk. That's just as well. As much as I wanted to let loose, I also didn't want to feel like shit for the rest of my three days off. It felt good to be in a place where I hardly knew anyone, a place where I could just relax to some super loud rock.

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The next day was just as exciting. Wow — I slept through my first night in a year and a half! No baby woke me up three times in the middle of the night to nurse! Amazing — so this is what 10 hours of sleep feels like.

We found our way to the early show at Mission Records to see E-150 and KILL THE MAN WHO QUESTIONS. But, it was a seriously early show and we missed the three other bands. I was glad to be there — but early shows are just weird for me. Where I live, admittedly a strange place, shows only start at "around show time" which is never before 11 p.m., no matter how hard we try for earlier.

Ironically, I had to leave the early show early and get to Bottom of the Hill to meet up with CITIZEN FISH, the main reason I was out enjoying a few days off in the first place. Although I was only going to play 4 songs per night with them, I was seriously doubting that I'd be able to pull it off. I had only practiced for twenty minutes the night before I flew out.

The anxiety butterflies were back swirling in my stomach, but after the sound check, I felt not only a calm stomach, but a huge surge of the good kind of energy that I hadn't felt in two years. I had just reclaimed a part of my life that had been ignored for two whole years!!! I couldn't believe it — I actually remembered my parts that I had played with them on tour two years ago. And of course, I was just as excited after playing the actual show.

So excited in fact, that I decided to actually do something with that breast milk that kept building up with no baby to nurse. I marched up to the bar and got a drink bought for me. But not any old drink, this one was a White Russian minus the milk, with an inch left at the top of the glass. The bartender quickly corrected me and told me that what I had just ordered was called a Black Russian. Yeah, whatever it's called, I just wanted it to have an inch left from the top.

So that's what I got and with it, I had a plan. I marched myself with my drink in to the women's restroom. I aimed my glass and boobs (one at a time) appropriately and voila, I finished the homemade touch to the now White Russians. Next, I had to find innocent, but hopefully already drunk, bystanders to partake in the most DIY beverages of them all.

Of the six or seven who guzzled the signature drink, all of them agreed that it was a damn good one. One guy even exclaimed, "Yugh, there's a lot of booze in there." I, not usually quick with my wit agreed, " Yeah, there are a lot of boobs in there." Becky videotaped the entire episode and it's pretty damn funny.

And so the night ended only to find myself at another early show the next day, an early Sunday evening at Gilman St. Again, I had a great time playing, in spite of the early hour. So great in fact that when I called home for the tenth time to see how things were going, I also asked how things would be if I stayed another few days to play a couple more shows.

I was met with, "Ugh, I have a lot to get done, and I haven't been able to do anything until baby goes to sleep. Well, that's not true ... I got two hours worth of stuff done last night after she went to sleep." I thought to myself, "Oh, really? Not able to get anything done? You had to wait until after baby went to bed to get anything done? Uh huh, I know exactly what you're saying."

I so knew exactly what he was talking about that I also knew that I should just go home as scheduled and not push our first successful separation. He had finally experienced what I had experienced many, many times.

As much as I had proved to myself that I could both still be myself and be a good mom, and he a good dad, I just felt grateful that at least I now knew that I would be able to reclaim even more of myself for an even longer period of time sometime soon.

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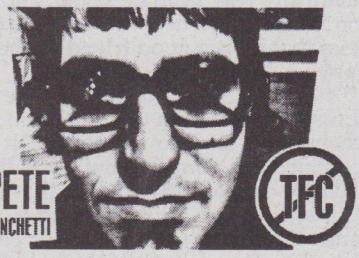
I flew home the next day. As soon as my baby saw me, she wanted to nurse. I was glad, but I really don't think that I would have been too bummed if she hadn't wanted to anymore. Only four days apart and she looked like she had grown. She had definitely started saying more words. She had changed and so had I, living for the first time and reliving ... I'm ready to go again — next time maybe for a whole week?

Punk parents, get in touch at yardwideyarns@hotmail.com or P.O. Box 12839 / Gainesville, FL 32604.

P.S. My new favorite band is the FLESHIES. They played a great show here four nights ago.



This morning, immediately after the United States of America attacked Afghanistan, Osama bin Laden was on television urging all Muslim people of the world to take up arms and prepare themselves to fight the Holy War against all non-Muslim "sinners" and particularly against the USA and its people. What's scary is that some of the reasons for which bin Laden has declared Holy War against the USA are actually somewhat valid. I especially have to agree with one point he made: that when a few thousand Americans die there is worldwide outrage, while the starvation of one million Iraqi children over the last ten years or so has been largely ignored. So, if I can identify **at all** with what bin Laden is saying, then just imagine how the Muslim people of the world must feel. No doubt every single one of them will receive the message – I mean, if I got it in my Reno living room, then I'm sure it's already reached every household in the Islamic world.

So get ready for the Holy War. The Islamic world is bigger than you may know. Take a look at a map – we're talking about most of North Africa, the Middle East, Malaysia, and Indonesia. Indonesia **alone** has 212 million people, 90% of them Muslim.

The USA has 270 million – so the Americans will be greatly outnumbered if bin Laden succeeds in convincing the entire Islamic world to go to war.

I have to say that I've been pleasantly surprised at how careful the US government has been at handling this matter. While I watched the World Trade towers fall on television, I assumed that some far-off nation would be carpet-bombed before the end of the day. Instead, they have been tactful, biding their time, building coalitions with other nations in this fight against "terrorism." Because they **know** this is a volatile situation, and knee-jerk reactions will create worldwide resentment and surely lead to a jihad. Unfortunately, it appears that no matter how cautious the government is, they can't make up for years of warring with Iraq and of backing up Israel, not to mention spreading many influences that don't gel well with Muslim culture. Yeah, a lot of Muslims fucking hate us. When I went to Morocco, the **first** Moroccan I spoke to was screaming to me about how much he hated Americans. "Motherfuck America!" he yelled, and various other expletives in a random mixture of French, Arabic, and Italian. Luckily, I had told him, and every other Moroccan I was to meet, that I was Italian.

All of this makes me hate religion more than I ever did. Why isn't there a fundamentalist **atheist** sect? I feel like starting one – not to make terrorist attacks, but just to say fuck you to every religious dickwad in the world. Or maybe we can burn churches, mosques, and synagogues in the name of all those who have died in religious conflicts. Spirituality is okay by me – but keep it to yourself, for fuck's sake. How many more people have to die for Jesus, or Allah? What kills me is all the "God Bless America" bullshit everywhere you look. Look, **fuck your God**, okay? And which God are you talking about? What if I said, "Allah Bless America"? I think a lot of people would be offended – but why? What if Allah just happened to be my God? We are "One nation, Under God" – but which God? How about **none**? "No Gods, No Masters" sounds like a better motto for our nation. Put that on the fucking dollar bill!

If this war gets as big as I'm afraid it will, I will never **ever** fucking fight. I want absolutely nothing to do with this. I'm neither religious (therefore I could never be a "sinner") nor do I support the American government. When the people I meet around the world call me an American, I always correct them and say, "I'm a citizen of the world." I'm not "Proud to Be American." My colors will run – I'll go somewhere where I don't have to deal with the fucking mess the US government has created. It's **their** fault that people hate us and want to kill us – not mine. I'm outta here.

The stupidest thing Bush has said is that the terrorists have attacked "freedom." That is such utter bullshit – the terrorists are attacking the country with the biggest attitude problem in the world. The USA has had the attitude, especially recently, that it can go its own way. It backs out of the Kyoto Protocol, the global warming treaty; the Ballistic Missile treaty (arms control); and the international conference on racism (together with Israel – smart!). No matter if **every other nation in the world** has agreed to something – if it interferes with the "American way of life," then it's just not going to fly. I think most of the world's people would agree that the USA has a serious chip on its shoulder.

So I'm not the least bit surprised about what happened. I've basically been just waiting for this. Don't get me wrong – I didn't **want** 6,000 innocent people to die, and I'm certainly not happy about any of this – but the USA isn't being attacked because it is "the largest beacon of freedom in the world," as GW Bush said. The USA is being attacked because other people have been fucked over by its policies **for years**.

* * *

Speaking of shitty US foreign policy that makes entire nations hate this country: I recently spent two weeks in Cuba with a friend. The results of US policy are very apparent in Cuba. There has been a trade embargo against Cuba for the last **forty years**. American citizens and companies are forbidden to trade in any way with Cuba. The purpose: to force Fidel Castro and the communists out of power so that capitalist democracy can be restored. The results of this economic **terrorism** are many – one particularly disgusting example is the milk shortage. In Cuba you have to wait in line to get milk, because there isn't enough grain to feed enough cows to produce enough milk. Why? Because US farmers aren't allowed to sell their surplus grain to Cuba.

Read up on the history of US-Cuba relations – it's been a long struggle for the Cubans against various imperialist forces. As soon as Cuba won its independence from Spain, the USA was right there trying to take over. The CIA tried to have Castro killed shortly after the revolution in 1960. Forty years of economic embargo has cost Cuba billions of dollars – and taken a chunk out of the US economy as well. Cuba's not such a small country – from one tip to the other is the same distance as from Miami to Nashville, or from Paris to Budapest! And at a certain point before the embargo they were the USA's biggest trading partner.

What's interesting is that life isn't nearly as bad as the US government and media would have you believe. Yeah, Cuba's an impoverished country, but not much different from other Caribbean nations like Jamaica or Haiti. Under communism most people seem to have what they need, even if they're a bit poor. No one is starving in Cuba, and the general mood on the streets of most Cuban towns is happier than most places I've been. It is true that the government will squash rebel movements, but the same can be said about the federal government in the United States. And I heard plenty of people speaking their mind about Castro, good and bad. One woman, who had his picture on the wall of her home, told me she was behind Castro 100%. She remembers life before he took power and said that it's been much better under his leadership. But the young people who've never known another president don't like Castro so much. One guy told me he wanted to give him 'una torta de mierda en la cara' (a shitcake in the face) for his 75th birthday, which the country celebrated during my stay. These days, ever since the legalization of the American dollar, the older woman explained to me, there are class divisions emerging in Cuba. Before, when everyone was on a pretty equal, middle-class level, there was a strong sense of unity in Cuba. It's no surprise that the youth of today are disgruntled, seeing foreign tourists with fancy toys and pockets full of dollars that are worth 20 times that of a Cuban peso.

As far as how I feel about Castro: I don't trust any motherfucker who's been in power for more than 10 years. But I have to give him serious props for standing up to the USA, for vocally opposing globalization, for reaching out to the third world, and for instilling a fierce independent spirit in the people of Cuba. But what's fucked is that there is no freedom of press – all the newspapers are state-run. Only government-approved internet sites are viewable from within Cuba. They're trying to 'protect' their people from US propaganda, which is somewhat understandable – but I think people should be left to decide for themselves what they're going to believe.

Some sites to check out: www.granma.cu - the official organ of the Communist Party of Cuba. Then there is the Cuban American foundation at www.canfnet.org - this is all anti-Castro propaganda from the Miami exiles, who have been (understandably) pissed as hell for years since the revolution, when their former assets were nationalized. These were the upper class of Cuba – the rich landlords and business owners – who fled to Miami to wait for Castro's "regime" to fall. I don't trust a fucking word they say. But the site is interesting nonetheless. These days they're trying to vilify Castro by showing that he is on friendly terms with the leader of Arab nations. "Cuba and the Terror Network." Give me a fucking break.

In reality I'm sure that Castro and all Cubans felt the terror acts to have hit quite close to home. There are millions of Cubans living in the USA. And "America," in Cuba, is still two continents, of which they are a part. Remember, the first part of America Columbus "discovered" was Cuba…!

* * *

I hope that we have peace soon in this stupid world. But it's not going to come through war. It's only going to come when the USA gets rid of the chip on its shoulder. With a president like GW (who has suddenly "achieved greatness" – nothing like a war to boost your approval ratings…!), I am not holding my breath.

I would like to send sincere condolences to anyone who lost someone in the attacks. **Giant** props to the organizers of the Las Vegas Shakedown for donating all profits to the Sept 11 relief fund! Way to go guys and girls.

Pete Menchetti / Po Box 204 / Reno, NV 89504 USA / pete@stickerguy.com

I would like to send sincere condolences to anyone who lost someone in the attacks. **Giant** props to the organizers of the Las Vegas Shakedown for donating all profits to the Sept 11 relief fund! Way to go guys and girls. This will be my last column for Maximum — I'm getting booted for being flaky and because one of my columns pissed some people off. I suppose that to some people, political correctness comes before friendship. Oh well, it's been fun, and I would like to thank Tim Yohannan for building his little DIY empire and inspiring me to build one of my own. Keep an eye out for my column in that **other** magazine...

Last issue lots of people addressed the terrorist attacks and by the time this issue hits the streets it will be old news. I talked a few months ago about the kneejerk tendency of leftists to jump in bed with anyone the US was bombing. So too will probably be the case with whoever gets bombed this time. I must reiterate. The US system sucks, that radical Islam shit sucks, religion, nationalism, and racism are all bullshit. All that shit sucks. The only thing that is real and is ours and is worth fighting for is punk rock. Scott Soriano's column last month was the most poignant to me. I truly fear that the state will use terrorism as and excuse to smash the anti-WTO and anti corporate movements in America just as the sedition act was used to crush the IWW.

Yes, I know Missy Elliot is wearing a Code 13 shirt in her video. I don't watch TV so I haven't seen it, but I can guess what it's like. I get a few emails a day and tons of people rushing up to me at shows telling me about this. I had *nothing* to do with it. I will receive no royalties or whatever people seem to think. It's just an odd coincidence. A bizarre manifestation of a bankrupt mainstream culture pillaging the underground.

In the last six weeks I've spent on tour with DS 13 I've been frequently asked when Code 13 was touring again. The answer is pretty much never. Code 13 is finished and I'm not planning on starting a new band any time soon. I'd rather devote my energies to helping other bands that I like such as DS 13, Nine Shocks Terror, Vitamin X, Skitsystem, Victims, Holding On, and so on, than try to start something new.

Before I got into punk rock I was a long haired stoner rock/metal kid. I spent my formative years going to see bands like AC/DC and Black Sabbath at the Capitol Center in suburban Washington DC. I recently got the chance to view the film short *Heavy Metal Parking Lot* for the first time in several years. This hilarious piece of documentary filmmaking features interviews with Judas Priest fans in the parking lot of the Capitol Center in the mid '80s. If there is anyone who really wants to know where Felix Havoc is coming from, or more specifically where Felix Havoc came from, just watch this film. Those men and women on the screen were my peers and represent the culture in which I was spawned. Every day I am thankful for hardcore and how it changed my life. Otherwise I'd probably be sitting on the hood of a Camaro in that parking lot today waiting for the Priest and their laser light show. That said, I still love hard rock and muscle cars so fucking sue me, you can't really unlearn everything, now can you.

While we were in Nashville, we toured United Record Pressing. This is the pressing plant where my label Havoc Records has pressed some 150,000 plus records over the years. One of the things I often hear discussed is the possibility of a group of punks or punk labels buying a pressing plant or pressing equipment and thereby assuring total DIY control and survival of the vinyl format for the future. After touring United, I don't think this sort of thing is practical or necessary. First, the actual presses that stamp the records are pretty heavy duty and powered by large industrial steam boilers. This requires a lot of heavy duty infrastructure and is not exactly something you can set up in your garage. Second, the amount of time and experience that goes into the plating and stamping seems like something you would have to learn over a long period of apprenticeship, not just by reading up on it on a website. The plating also involves lots of specialized equipment and hazardous chemicals. Lastly, although other plants are going out of business, United is expanding. While we were there they were rushing out 30,000 Busta Rhymes 12"s while pressing up the new Dudman 7" in the back corner. I don't think that this place (and other surviving pressing plants) are in danger of going under (and taking the vinyl format with them) any time soon. My advice is to continue to expand the DIY movement into recording and distribution and leave record pressing to the professionals.

While DS 13 was in the Bay Area we stayed at MRR HQ. I am super into today's MRR and hanging out with Mike and Arwen was a blast. But the high point for me was the MRR record library. This collection is the most important repository of punk culture we have. Almost every punk record ever made sits wrapped in green tape on rows of black metal shelving. I sat down with all three volumes of *Bloodstains Across Sweden* then looked up and listened to every single record on all three comps. Even the most completist collectors can't hope to equal MRR's scope and coverage because in addition to all the great punk and hardcore there is all that garage and pop punk stuff there too. I urge all bands and labels to make sure to send copies of their records to MRR for review and inclusion in the library. I also wish total fucking hate and instant death to the low life ass maggot who took advantage of Tim's death to steal some rare items form the library. Scum like that should be drawn and quartered as a disgrace to the corpse of Sid. Return the records or taste steel toed death shit breath.

Last month I talked about the necessity for a network of DIY gig spaces on the model of Gilman St. and ABC No Rio, I know that such a network sort of exists but the point is that it needs to grow and expand. We live in an age where huge corporations increasingly dominate every aspect of our lives. Media, entertainment, food, housing, everything is constantly reduced to a barrage of "choices" which actually represent the negation of choice. The consumer spectacle has grown from providing the necessities of life to becoming the definition and purpose of life. The recent patriotic calls to consumption were so shockingly crass I really wonder how much lower consumer society can go.

Meanwhile, the primary focus of a large section of the punk scene is consumerism. People buy records, zines, t shirts and pay admission to gigs for a several hours of live "entertainment." Is this just a microcosm of the larger consumer society? Yes, and no. One could argue that the exchange of commodities in the DIY punk scene is actually a radical alternative to the corporate marketplace. That by choosing to buy a 7" on a DIY label you are actually supporting and alternative culture, point of view and underground economy than if you bought a Blink or Rancid CD at a chain store. Others will of course argue that all commodification of punk is wrong and that real punk rock is free for the people, and while this sounds pretty cool, I think it is a province reserved only for the extremely idealistic and the independently wealthy. So punk is inevitably reduced to a commodity, and we the punks, determine the cultural legitimacy of that commodity in terms of our DIY ethics. A 7" with a screen printed cover sold at gigs by the band is certainly close to the ideal of bands being involved in the creation and distribution of their music on a DIY level. However, a CD ordered from a distant website is a little suspect and worse yet, pop punk banality served up at the mall is not very punk at all. I've covered most of this ground before, but I still wrestle daily with the compromises of commodifying what to me is a sacred art form into such a consumer-oriented package as a compact disc, sold over the internet. I prefer to sell records out of a box at shows, which is where most of you have probably met me. My vision is of breaking down the barrier between producer and consumer to show that the force behind a record label is not a nameless, faceless entity but a person who really is really fired up about hardcore punk music.

On the door of Extreme Noise Records is a sticker that says something to the effect of "Support your local independent everything, resist corporate culture." If we choose to accept that DIY records, books, and zines are indeed a radical alternative to

the mainstream consumer culture and not just a radical wing of it, we must seek out these alternative outposts that create the alternative space in which these items are housed and exchanged. I, for one don't do very good at being a consumer of society's products. I don't watch television, play video games or sports, and I don't care about designer clothes or pop culture. However, I am a voracious consumer of records, comics, books, and zines. Does that make me a brainwashed pawn of the consumer corporate culture gone astray, or a refined cognoscenti of the underground arts? I leave that to the reader and their particular point of view to decide. I for one can't get enough punk rock, live or on record, and avidly seek out the places in America and abroad where punk rock is the order of the day. These islands in the corporate mainstream are the refuges I am willing to drive ten hours a day to reach. The special places and people that make punk rock worth fighting for. The places where the cool bands play that have the boss records I'm looking for. Our mission: to seek out and explore the true underground independent gig spaces and record stores that have set the standard.

Extreme Noise Records: On Lake St. In Minneapolis. I love this place. In my totally unbiased opinion the best punk record store in America. Run as an all volunteer DIY collective since 1994. Thousands of new and used punk records, tapes, CDs, zines, books etc. You can catch me there every Sunday bringing the music to the people.

924 Gilman St: I have been a card carrying member since Tim sold me a card back in 1987. From the days when I saw Fang, MDC, and Christ On Parade there to last weeks DS 13 show, Gilman is the shit. Every city in America should strive to create a space this cool. Truly the jewel in the DIY punk crown.

ABC No Rio: The Streets around ABC sure have changed since Destroy played a show here in 1990 with Born Against, Oi Polloi, and Jesus Chrust. But ABC soldiers on, the premiere DIY venue on the East Coast, they even went back to doing shows upstairs like back in the day. ABC is always fighting for survival, especially in the face of gentrification of the surrounding area. Every time I book a tour basically base the whole route around ABC and Gilman. These places and supporting them are central to my vision of DIY hardcore.

Mr. Roboto Project: Pittsburgh. A newer DIY show space that was a subject of a quite scholarly MRR article not too long ago. An awesome space for shows with a zine library too. They are currently expanding to a second space to host larger shows. A shining example to us all.

Brave New World: A cool record store in Pittsburgh you should check out while you are in town to rock out Mr. Roboto.

Reptillian: On S. Broadway in Baltimore, probably the best record store on the East Coast lots of punk and garage plus videos, zines etc.

Sound Idea: On Brandon Blvd. In Brandon, FL (outside Tampa). This excellent punk record store and mail order also serves as a gig space and general clearinghouse for the local punk scene. Local bands play here and produce *Burn Brandon* zine and records. The records are given away to promote the bands and the collective raises funds and votes on all the releases. Bob is one of the most honest and dedicated people I know in the punk scene and probably your best bet for mail ordering DIY punk records.

Wayward Council: Gainesville, FL. Collective run record store and gig space. When DS 13 and I were in Gainesville we didn't play there as some assholes had stolen some of the PA gear and smashed out some of the windows. Backstabbers like this just can't handle that there is some one in their scene who is actually making an effort.

Mission Records: Cool record store in SF with crucial DIY shows in the back room. This place is so cool most people in the Bay Area don't realize how cool such a spot is.

Burnt Ramen: a DIY recording studio in an old refrigerated warehouse in Richmond, CA. This is a rad gig space, plus all the bands are recorded live and presented with a CD of their set just minutes after they leave the stage. The DS 13 set was super well recorded. How many fucking rock clubs care enough to do shit like that for the bands?

Headline Records: Right in the middle of some chi chi Hollywood shopping district is this cool punk record store, also lots of t shirts and books. They used to have gigs here too, I'm not sure if they still do.

Vinyl Solution: In some bogus stripmall in Huntington Beach is this cool record store with tons of old vinyl. SoCal also boasts Dr. Strange, Destroy All Music, and 45 Revolutions, giving it the most underground record stores of any part of America.

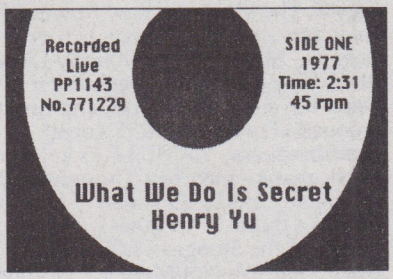
Singles Going Steady: This is a cool punk record store in Seattle where I always find some overlooked gem in a box on the floor.

Armageddon Shop: Providence, Rhode Island. Nice new store with a ton of hardcore and punk stuff, run by Ben of Drop Dead and his wife Anne.

Discourage: SE Portland. The coolest and rarest shit you've ever seen. For Killed By Death type stuff this is the best store in the USA. Abe and Paul are very well informed and put a lot of time into searching out records, grading and pricing.

OK, I know I've left out tons of spaces, places, and people, but you get the idea. Places like the above are the highlights of every tour and trip I go on. Sure I enjoy eating at local vegetarian restaurants and hanging out at Bob's Java Hut, but it's punk record stores and show spaces run by true punk music enthusiasts that are the light at the end of every long drive through a countryside pockmarked with soulless mall culture.

Ice Cream Man



Saint James Wood, honcho and staff producer of the early punk era Radioactive Record label (home to killed by death style classic bands such as THE INJECTIONS and THE EXECUTIVES), has this tale of woe to share:

Unfortunately, I had some major drug problems and though I am now drug-free, I am also incarcerated after robbing a Baskin-Robbins store.

Sadly, e-mail is not available to me. A friend is sending this to you for me, then my e-mail account will be closed.

But you CAN write to me. I would love and appreciate anything in the way of letters, poems, songs, post cards, etc. In return, I promise tales of life on the inside. You can reach me at the following address:
Saint James H. Wood
T30027 4-16-202L
480 Alta Road
San Diego, CA 92179

More about his crime spree can be found at: http://www.signonsandiego.com/ news/metro/20010605-9999_1m5crime.html

WTC Punks

Chris Subarton of THE DUMMIES and 007 Records (the one who brought you the BLACK MARKET BABY Test Press) worked on the 40th floor of WTC 2, and thankfully is alive and well.

Johnny Heff, guitar player for The Bullys, is also a New York City fireman. He is missing and presumed dead. (see www.punkmagazine.com).

You've Got Good Taste

Punk began as an irreverent and self-deprecating (and sometimes defecating) assault on anything sacred, be it religion (In God We Trust, Inc., God Is Dead, Shoot The Pope, Jesus Entering From The Rear, No God), the less fortunate (Kill The Poor, Eat The Poor, Mental Moron, Amputee), celebrities (Kill The Bee Gees, Sit On My Face Stevie Nix (sic)), homosexuals (Queer Pills, Killer Queers, Faggot In The Family), JFK (Glad He's Dead, November 22, Bullet), and plenty of government and authority (Hate The Police, This Badge Means You Suck. Fuck The Pigs, Kill Dan White). At the same time, Punk has embraced notorious or taboo subject matter (Nazi Love, Son Of Sam, Gary Gilmore, Ed Gein's Car, (I'm The) Hillside Strangler). Then sXe came and brought with it a self-important morality that tried to recast Punk as a responsible voice. This sort of dichotomy became apparent to me as those on the KBD newsgroup argued recently about whether or not making jokes about the WTC terrorist bombing was "cool," or just plain "tasteless." The sides were drawn with a pretty thick line. My take is that while a lot of innocent people died, maybe even some that we may have personally known, and it was inarguably a tragic event that can

and should evoke all the normal emotions such as sadness, pain, confusion and anger, it's still perfectly Punk to say fucked up things about it and have a laugh. That falls squarely in the Punk ethos. Us real non-BLINK 182 chuggin' brutes aren't here just merely for the staccato tuneage of Punk to be overlaid with lyrics about flowers and shit, it's the snotty attitude and fuck you fuck the world and over the top aggro and outrageousness that draws us here, and allows us to laugh like hell and yet still have feelings and be responsible adult human beings.

FLEX YOUR HEAD

FLEX, aka "The Hardcore Bible" is a 700+ page motherfucker of a lode of discographical punk and hardcore shit and is just out in its second incarnation, the first having come out nearly a decade ago. Certainly a must for any carin' collector nerd or otherwise fan. As of this writing, over half the 1000 press is already sold out. Check out http://www.geocities.com/ flexpunk/mail.htm to skulk out any remaining copies.

FLEX also did a readers poll of favorite punk records of each decade, the final results of which appear in the book. Here are some of the voting results.

1970s

Ramones - s/t LP (31 votes)
Iggy & The Stooges - Raw Power LP (13 votes)
Avengers - s/t 12" (8 votes)
Pagans - Street Where Nobody Lives 7" (8 votes)
Black Flag - Nervous Breakdown EP (8 votes)
Dead Boys - Young, Loud, and Snotty LP (8 votes)
Stooges - Funhouse LP (5 votes)
Heartbreakers - LAMF LP (5 votes)
Subhumans - Incorrect Thoughts LP (5 votes)
Avengers - s/t LP (5 votes)
Misfits - Bullet 7" (5 votes)
Iggy and the Stooges - I Got a Right 7" (4 votes)
Devo - Are We Not Men? LP (4 votes)
New York Dolls - s/t LP (3 votes)
Real Kids - s/t LP (3 votes)
Diodes - s/t LP (3 votes)
Opus - Good Procedures 7" (3 votes)
Shock - this generation's on vacation 7" (3 votes)
Nervous Eaters - just head / get stuffed 7" (30 votes)
Electric Eels - Agitated / Cyclotron 7" (3 votes)
Weirdos - Solitary confinement 7" (3 votes)
Middle Class - Out of Vogue 7" (3 votes)

1980s

Zero Boys - Vicious Circle LP (12 votes)
Misfits - Walk among us LP (6 votes)
Die Kreuzen - s/t LP (6 votes)
Bad Brains - Roir cassette (6 votes)
Angry Samoans - Back from samoa LP (6 votes)
Adolescents - s/t LP (6 votes)
Scream - Still screaming LP (5 votes)
Poison Idea - pick your king 7" (5 votes)
Poison Idea - kings of punk LP (5 votes)
Minor Threat - filler 7" (5 votes)
Hüsker Dü - Zen arcade 2xLP (5 votes)
Feederz - Ever feel like killing your boss LP (5 votes)
Descendents - Milo goes to college LP (4 votes)
Black Flag - Damaged LP (4 votes)
Bad Brains - Rock for light LP (4 votes)
Antidote - Thou shalt not kill EP (4 votes)
Red Squares - Modern roll 7" (3 votes)
Really Red - Teaching you the fear LP (3 votes)
Neos - Hassibah gets... EP (3 votes)
Negative Approach - s/t 7" (3 votes)
Misfits - Beware 12" (3 votes)
Jerry's Kids - Is this my world? LP (3 votes)
Hüsker Dü - Metal circus 12" (3 votes)
DOA - Hardcore 81 LP (3 votes)
Dicks - Hate the police 7" (3 votes)
Dead Kennedys - Plastic surgery disasters LP (3 votes)
Bad Brains - Pay to cum 7" (3 votes)

1990s

Citizens Arrest - A light in the darkness 7" (11 votes)
New Bomb Turks - Destroy oh boy! LP (10 votes)
Rip Offs - Got a record LP (9 votes)
Dillinger Four - Midwestern songs LP (9 votes)
Poison Idea - feel the darkness LP (8 votes)
9 Shocks Terror - Zen and the art of beating your ass LP (6 votes)
Gordon Solie Motherfuckers - Chairshot politics 7" (5 votes)
US Bombs - War birth (3 votes)
Twerps - Will play for food 7" (3 votes)
Superchunk - on the mouth LP " (3 votes)
Stitches - 8x12 12" " (3 votes)
Social Distortion - white light, white heat, white trash LP " (3 votes)
Screeching Weasel - anthem for a new tomorrow " (3 votes)
Rocket From The Crypt - scream dracula scream LP " (3 votes)
Nip Drivers - Pastime 7" " (3 votes)
Neurosis - Through silver in blood " (3 votes)
Neanderthal - Fighting music EP " (3 votes)
Loli & The Chones - Rock'n'roll genocide LP " (3 votes)
His Hero is Gone - Fifteen counts of arson LP " (3 votes)
Fugazi - Repeater LP " (3 votes)
Cave In - Until your heart stops LP " (3 votes)
Brides - Get to you 7" " (3 votes)

Top 100s

The October issue of Mojo mag "contains the Top 100 Punk singles of all time as voted for by the Mojo critics."

Rhino Records has assembled a CD set of the top 100 late 70s punk tunes, a la NUGGETS. It's supposed to be out by the end of the year and is said to include at least six Dangerhouse cuts.

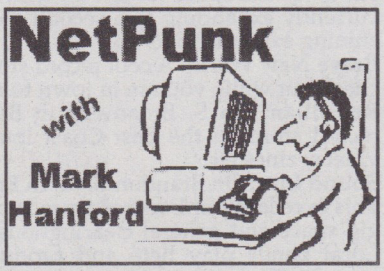
Natural's Not In It

Dave Allen, the original bass player of Gang of Four now works for Intel Corp near Portland, OR: http://www.wweek.com/flatfiles/AllStories.lasso?reckie=12602097

I'm A Lazy Sod

Alright. I've managed to barely hack together yet another column. Future columns include a big Raveup Records roundup, an interview with Erin of Dallas punk band Superman's Girlfriend, and possibly Cheetah Chrome. Don't hold yr breath tho. By the way, thanks to Doug at DUI outta Michigan for keeping me up with his new records by old bands thing. All three of his releases to date are worthwhile.

Contact me at email: henry@killedbydeath.com, or fruit baskets to henry, 4309 23rd st, San Francisco, CA 94114.



As I write this, it has been a little less than a month since the terrorist attacks in New York. It looks like things are calming down a bit (well, at least we haven't blown Afghanistan "off the map"), but who knows what will have happened in the world by the time that you actually have read this.

With that in mind, I wish to again mention Alternet.org (http://www.alternet.org/), where you'll find thoughtful essays on the events of September 11th, as well as news and information from a non-mainstream media perspective.

I'd also like to point you to Foreign Policy in Focus (http://www.Foreignpolicy-infocus.org/), a progressive think tank that is dedicated to a citizen-based foreign policy agenda. They have a lot of well-researched and informative articles that examine US foreign policy all over the world. Of course, at the present, their most recent articles are on the Middle East.

Also, if you have a printer, go to http://www.hactivision.org/ and download their flyers dealing with America's response to the attacks. They are meant to be printed and distributed, so get to it.

Also, the folks at Mr. Ridiculous have put up a page of their own writings, as well as links to other essays under the heading"Fuck War. Fuck Racism." Indeed! You'll find these thoughts at http://www.misterridiculous.com/911/.

Those sites should give you plenty of political stuff to read for the next month, so now I'm gonna talk about punk rock. The rest of the column is a mishmash of sites that I've found or readers have sent me over the last couple of months.

For fans of the Wipers (and if you aren't, you should be) the Zeno Records website (http://www.zenorecords.com/) is choice. While a bit light on text, there are some choice tidbits in the discography section where Greg Sage talks about "back in the day," and there are also some good photos of early Portland, Oregon punk and new wave bands. In addition, you can order a 3 CD Wipers box set for 15 bucks plus shipping, and they also have a compilation of early PDX punk.

For more old school punk, check out the virtual mix tape at Deep Fry Bonanza. Hell, for that matter, check out the entire site http://www.deepfrybonanza.com/. The mix tape is 180 minutes worth of Real Audio files of bands you've never heard of and/or can't get your hands on their music. Deep Fry Bonanza also has a lot of photos, show reviews from the last couple of years, record reviews, a message board, and a bunch of other stuff.

While it looks like they may have abandoned it, Indiequirer (http://www.indiequirer.com/) is a laugh a minute. Basically, this is the National Inquirer for the indie rock scene. In other words, nothing you read is true, but it is often damn funny.

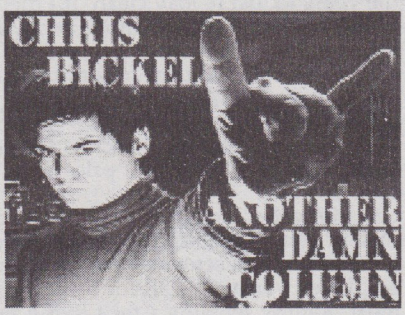
If you're looking for some online music, check out Total Punk Radio. They are streaming lots of cool stuff, and are setup so that you should be able to listen without trouble over your 56k modem. You can also request stuff from their library and have it play automatically, sorta like a jukebox. Check it out at http://www.totalpunkradio.com/.

The Punk Lyrics Archive is sorta a weird idea to me. I mean, someone actually took the time to sit around typing up the lyrics to a few hundred songs. (It's possible they did it with a scanner, but it doesn't really look like it). Anyway, if you don't own the album, have lost the lyric sheet, or otherwise want to know what they hell the singer is going on about, this might be your place — http://www.iol.ie/~darkduv/.

Finally, I'll finish out this month with The Rawk, a site full of Garage Punk and RockNRoll news, opinions, interviews, etc. You'll find everything here, from the Gaza Strippers and the New Bomb Turks to Paul Revere and the Raiders. All of you rockers will want to head to http://www.therawk.com/.

Allrighty then, that does it for me. You can e-mail me at netpunk@diehippiedie.com or check out my columns at http://www.diehippiedie.com/netpunk/. I'm even keeping them updated! Until next time — unless we're all dead thanks to GW's foreign policy — I'm outta here.

I Didn't Say Village Pistols!



Most MRR readers are familiar with the phrase "Killed By Death." The term comes from a series of bootleg compilations that showcase super-rare punk tracks (usually from very limited release singles, generally released between 1977 and 1981). The term itself has come to be applied to any item considered a "lost gem" of punkdom, and these records generally fetch high dollars from collector goobers worldwide. Most "Killed By Death" type records tend to be the records that were never bought when they were initially released because they just weren't that good to begin with, yet somehow, are now considered (by the people that can afford them) to be classic anthems.

There's one punk anthem that has been criminally overlooked by the drooling fanboys. Somehow this punk rock classic was skipped over in the flipping through of tens of thousands of mildewy record racks. Though pouring over issues of Goldmine with a magnifying glass, they somehow missed one of the greatest unheard punk rock songs of all time... and it would have only cost them the price of about ten Bags Unlimited poly record sleeves. Now the cat is coming out of the bag, and the common man will have a chance to snatch up the plentiful copies of this record sitting in dollar bins all across the country without having to fight a losing battle against the eBay Killed By Death squad.

This was an easy one to miss. The record isn't a single with a xerox sleeve and a band name like THE DUMMYFUX, or THE BEEFY IRREGULARS, or THE DOT DASH DOTS or THE IDI ARMENIANS. Those kind of records are all too obvious to the sharp-eyed Killed By Deather. Hell, this song wasn't considered important enough at the time to have even been released as a single at all. What if I were to tell you that the greatest undiscovered punk rock song of all time is the last track on a goddamn VILLAGE PEOPLE album!?!

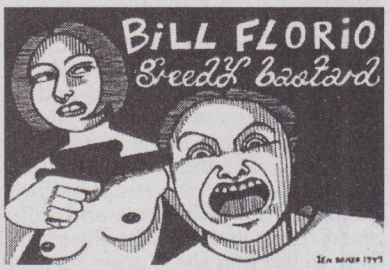
It's true.

Back in 1981 after the VILLAGE PEOPLE left (or were booted from) Casablanca Records, some megagenius of an A&R guy at RCA signed the washed-up disco act (and probably found himself without a job six months later). The band was back on the scene with some new clothes and a new sound. RCA tried to market the group with a "New Romantic" look, apparently to cash in off of the success of acts like DURAN DURAN and ADAM ANT. Gone were the trademark workman's uniforms... replaced with harlequin-like fancy-pirate-boy duds, CULTURE CLUB hairdos, and lots and lots of beauty marks (one of the members has at least four!). The album release was called *Renaissance* and was a pastiche of bad new wave, bad disco, and bad MOR rock. That is, of course, except for the last track on the album. The song is called "Food Fight." It's one of the greatest punk songs ever written... and it's by the goddamn VILLAGE PEOPLE.

Imagine a trainwreck involving THE RAMONES, DEVO, THE DICKIES, OINGO BOINGO and WEIRD AL YANKOVIC. Out of this twisted wreckage comes an overdriven, staccato screamer about teenage rebellion in the cafeteria. Throw in some YOUTH OF TODAY-style shouted-chorus vocals and you've got yourself a "Food Fight." It's one of the greatest punk songs ever written... and it's by the goddamn VILLAGE PEOPLE.

The VILLAGE PEOPLE never did another song anything remotely like "Food Fight", and it's a fucking damn shame. One would have thought after hearing "Food Fight" that the band would be aware of the bright future ahead of them as a punk rock supergroup, but alas, their next album found them going in more of a KOOL AND THE GANG direction. Fucking damn shame. "Food fight" sounds like the music you'd hear in an early '80s teenage T&A movie where there'd be some "punk" band playing on the beach in wrap-around sunglasses and jams while a bunch of girls in bikinis did robot dances in the sand. It's that fucking good! It's one of the greatest punk songs ever written... and it's by the goddamn VILLAGE PEOPLE.

"Food Fight" is the sort of guilty pleasure I'd usually keep to myself, but I wanted to let the common man know about this treasure before the Killed by Deathketeers found out about it. I'd rather see these records rescued from the dollar bins by aficionados of the genre than eventually seeing them wind up on eBay going for 200 bucks a pop. Of course, now that I've let the secret out, there are thousands of record nerds gassing up their cars and heading out to the highway in search of VILLAGE PEOPLE's "New Romantic" record. You've gotta beat 'em to it. I can't recommend this song highly enough. It's one of the greatest punk songs ever written... and it's by the goddamn VILLAGE PEOPLE.



I have been watching a lot of westerns lately. Not John Wayne, John Ford type of crap—just your basic '60s and '70s type of westerns. People don't watch westerns anymore, and movie studios don't make them. Well there's not enough product placement, I suppose, besides Levi's and Wells Fargo—the latter being only a bank with the same name. I'm sure a lot of high school kids have no interest since they stopped selling guns at toy stores that don't look like neon fire extinguishers. When I was little we used to make those rubber band and pebble guns out of 2x4s that were much more fun than toy gun because you could actually get hurt. Stupid people have this idea in their heads that westerns

aren't cool. My idiot cop friend from high school told me that he's never seen *Blazing Saddles* because it's a western. Another thing is that a lot of people relate it to history (which they don't like), and it's a part of history no one can relate to anymore. It's not like anyone's dressing like a cowboy anymore. I don't think cattle even eat grass anymore. Last I heard they switched over to eating chicken shit and old newspapers. Sort of like a Powerbar for cows.

Another thing that westerns promote is Anarchy. It's kind of ironic that a lot of so called anarchists don't like westerns. They basically represent what life would be like if their dreams came true. Your modern hippie anarchist probably thinks the health food stores would survive the upheaval.

Anyhow, the reason people don't watch westerns is not because there were too many bad ones made, it's just because they're not cool. The only westerns coming out have to be disguised as some sci-fi or "fantasy" movie so that dumb kids with fake afros and big pants will go see it.

I wasn't intending on writing about westerns. I was going to write about how I'm not cool. Some people try to be cool by showing everyone how nerdy they are. I'm not trying to impress anyone this way either. My mom pointed out to me that she knew I wasn't a typical kid when I went to the flea market by myself and bought a bamboo steamer. I remember being outside ABC No Rio one day, and some kid who probably spent two hours doing his mohawk looked at me and said, "You wear tube socks!"

Well, just so you know, I did stop wearing tube socks and butthuggers at some point because no one who wears these things ever gets a·date. When I was five or six I wore black socks with sandals. I never pulled my socks up, so the socks would hang off the end of the sandal until the ends of the socks ripped off. I remember thinking this was funny, and my mom thinking it was terrible.

Anyhow, somehow I was going to get into how I used to be friends with people that were "cool." The problem with these people is that at some point they were too cool for me. I guess I'm fine to be friends with when you're "trying to be cool," but once you've convinced enough people that this is true, hanging out with me reminds you that it's a lot more fun to not be cool. I was trying to explain this to my friend Masayo the other day. She had run into someone we had both been friends with some years ago. She was confused to why this person had dropped off the face of the earth. I told Masayo that unlike her and me, this person probably felt threatened by us now. See, people like me and Masayo always stay the same. We don't have any "social goals." It seems absurd to have a goal socially. Masayo doesn't speak any language, so I was trying to define the word "phony." See, there's no real reason this person should avoid us—we both like her, and we never did anything to her to make her hate us. The problem is, we know she is not cool. This is a threat; this is a serious problem. If people who know I'm not cool let on to my "cool" friends about my dorkiness, my "cool" friends will reject me, or worse, make fun of me until I lose these friends. I don't think this actually ever happens (once you get out of high school) but the problem with phony people is that they never got out of high school.

I sort of always knew that this Miss X would turn out to be a load. All these other people in her little rich kid circle hated her and told me I shouldn't be a friend with her. Since I wasn't still in high school at the time I didn't listen to them. To tell you the truth, being friends with her was a good lesson in life. She'd tell me what was on her mind and I would think to myself how lucky I was to not be so trite and petty about things. Sometimes it's good to gain some focus by hanging around people who sorta suck. The thing with Miss X is that she was always on the top of the fence. She could be the best person one minute, but suddenly the selfishness and self-doubt would take over and she'd make you feel like the scum of the earth. Anyhow I had faith in her that she'd grow up at some point and chill out.

I lost this faith, however. She blew the best opportunity to grow up. A mutual friend of ours got too cool. She ditched Miss X and would cross the street when she saw her coming. She obsessed over this for over a year, but failed to learn anything from it. Suddenly her "punk" boyfriend was too "punk" and she was now "rockabilly." I tried my best to remain friends with her, but I usually say what I feel, and she really didn't appreciate me not encouraging her behavior.

The whole thing sort of upsets me. See, I would still be a friend with these people, I don't change and I still like them, or at least I like them for who they really are. I think if I called them up right now they'd act all weird, like I was some strange stalker guy or something. What scares me even more is that for some reason I will become "cool" and suddenly they'll be calling me to talk about old times. I'll be at some party and suddenly they'll come up to me and be like "Bill, old buddy, how come we never hang out anymore?" If she did this tomorrow, I'd be fine about it, because there's no way I'm cool. And quite frankly, I don't ever want to be.

bill@candids.com

"When the approach came through," British writer Fay Weldon says, "I thought, 'Oh no, dear me, I am a literary author. You can't do this kind of thing; my name will be mud forever.' But then after a while I thought, 'I don't care. Let it be mud. They never gave me the Booker Prize [Great Britain's equivalent to the Pulitzer] anyway.'"

With that reasoning Weldon sat down to crank out her latest novel, "The Bulgari Connection," a 200-page social comedy about the clash between a wealthy wife and her husband's wealthy ex. In a product-placement deal familiar to moviegoers everywhere, she was paid an undisclosed amount by the Italian jewelry company to prominently mention Bulgari and its products at least 12 times . Weldon ultimately decided to go even further, placing the company name in the title and making its jewelry the basis of the book's plot.

"The Bulgari Connection," soon to be distributed in the United States by Grove/Atlantic, is believed to be the first major novel containing paid product placement.

Well, they never gave *me* a Pulitzer Prize either. And though I undoubtedly have readers who respect my integrity and journalistic independence, many more are completely unaware of the tremendous, and probably useless, sacrifices I've made over the years to just to stay clean. If I died today, I'd leave behind a pretty cool obit but not much of an estate. In short: Integrity's nice, but the pay sucks.

From this moment forward I will embrace crass free-market capitalism with the zeal of a great white chowing down on a couch-fattened teenager. And while you may notice a few minor changes here and there, such is the small cost of keeping your newspaper's subscription price low, the Web free and my car fully serviced.

My last column, for example, dealt with Israeli-Palestinian violence and possible long-term solutions for Middle East peace. It contained this sentence: "Successive Israeli governments have employed various means of combating the demographic threat, most notably refusing Arabs living in Lebanese refugee camps the right to return to the homes they fled in 1948." A savvy ad rep could have spiced up that dud as follows: "Successive governments of Israel, home to dozens of conveniently-located McDonald's restaurants where special value meals are 25 percent off through the end of October, have employed various means of combating the demographic threat, most notably refusing Arabs—*note to Muslim readers: all McDonald's hamburgers are virtually 100 percent free of the meat of the unclean pig!*—living in Lebanese refugee camps (take a Happy Meal to go!) the right to return to the homes they fled in 1948, millions and millions served since then." That sentence, worth merely $1.30 through old-fashioned newspaper syndication, nearly triples to $3.66 thanks to the modern miracle of product placement!

You fourth-estate types can spare me your uptight watchdogs-of-democracy letters. Now that every politician from the president to the pope is bought and paid for by transnational corporations, the journalists and opinion mongers who cover them can't afford to be put at a financial disadvantage vis-à-vis their quarry. Let me cite an utterly believable example: Just the

other day, I tried to sneak into the White House. Carrying a secret recording device strapped to my thorax, I planned to casually saunter up to W. and ask him: "So, George, how much did you pay off Sandra Day O'Connor back in December?"

Pulitzer Prize, here I come! But before I could rush off to release my scoop to the world, a Secret Service dude noticed that I wasn't driving the "right" car upon arrival at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. "Is that a '66 or a '67?" he asked about my Barracuda.

"It's a '66."

"Sorry, man. You don't belong here. Only people in long, late-model limos come here. Get lost, columnist scum!" So much for my well-planned constitutional crisis.

Don't you see? I can't *afford* a long, late-model limo. But that wouldn't be the case if I started renting out every other word to the highest bidder. I promise: I wouldn't change. I'd still be out there fighting for you, for us and for America. The only difference is, I'd be chowing down on a delicious, juicy Big Mac while I was doing it.

Mail: PO Box 2092, Times Square Station, NYC NY 10108. E-mail: ted@rall.com.

Bullet in the Head

The VIRUS from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania follow up their debut LP *Still Fighting for a Future* on Charged Records, with a first rate eighteen song CD on Punk Core Records, called *Singles and Rarities*. This fucker pulls out all the stops with great songs like "The Time is Now," "Looks Like Trouble," "Full Circle," "There's Nothing Left," "Forgotten Rebel," "Who's in Control," "Still Fighting for a Future," "Bomb Drop," "Pull My Strings," and "No War Can Be Won." The VIRUS have taken the Chaos punk world by storm, teaming up with the CASUALTIES in the summer of 2000 to burn up the USA. Since then the VIRUS has played to an appreciative crowd at "Holidays in the Sun" in Morecambe, England. Look for a new VIRUS LP on Punk Core in April of 2002 with both a European and a USA tour to support the album.

Also out on Punk Core this month is a great VARUKERS CD/LP called *Vintage Varukers—Rare and Unreleased 1980-1985*. As you fucks already know, the VARUKERS, along with legendary spike-headed compatriots like DISCHARGE and DISORDER, changed the European Chaos punk community forever in the '80s. This compilation includes a demo from 1981, unreleased tracks from the early years, and many out of print classics from THE VARUKERS' halcyon days of 1980-1985. You get gems like "Government's to Blame," "Punk Ain't Dead," "Blood Money," "No Hope of a Future," "Never Again," "United We Stand," "Stop the Killing," "Blood Money," "Seek and Destroy," and "We Have The Right."

Punk Core continues to "bring you the worst in punk rock." The third selection this month is a reissue of two albums by CHAOTIC DISCORD on one CD. This band of ne'er-do-wells from early '80s UK was comprised of members of VICE SQUAD and some of their unsavory roadies. The reissue CD includes "Now That's What I Call a Fuckin' Racket," and "Live in New York." It quickly becomes apparent why these guys were reviled from coast to coast in Great Britain. Sample some of the bad song titles: "Eat Thy Neighbor," "Loud, Tuneless, and Thick," "Fuck Off and Die," and "Fuck Religion, Fuck Politics, Fuck the Lot of You." This is good low-brow punk rock music for the loser on your Christmas list. Get it now from Punk Core Records, PO Box 916, Middle Island, NY 11953; email info@punkcore.com.

THE CUFFS have a fine new seven inch out on Headache Records called *Cut Throat*. This tuneful streetpunk gem conjures up memories of the DUCKY BOYS—we really do miss those fucks!!! Mike Cuff and his cohorts blast through "Never Forget" and "Cut Throat." The vocals sometimes take on a great Al Barr gruffness, while the melodies could easily compliment bands like NIBLICK HENBANE or the MAIN STREET SAINTS. There's lots of punk entertainment available on this 45! Write to Headache Records, PO Box 204, Midland Park, NJ 07432; email headrecords@aol.com.

TKO Records has a stomping new CD compilation for you punks. The product is called *Punch Drunk IV* and this fucker is packed with punk rock from the get-go. The BELTONES rip through "Better than a Kick in the Head"; the REDUCERS SF. kick ass with "Empty Bottles;" the US BOMBS do "Yer Country;" the FORGOTTEN play "Your Generation" by GENERATION X; THE BODIES play "Take You Out Tonight;" THE STITCHES make their first appearance on TKO with "Cars of Today;" NIBLICK HENBANE defend their title of "oldest and greatest skinhead band in the United States" with their number "Grin and Bear It;" THOSE UNKNOWN—classmates of NIBLICK HENBANE—play "What We're Saying;" the WORKIN' STIFFS do "Stiff Sentence;" Frank and TERMINUS CITY do JOHNNY CASH's "Folsom Prison Blues;" BONECRUSHER does a killer song "Gotta Believe;" ANTiSEEN, Kings of Destructo Rock, tear Johnny Ramone a new asshole on "Commando." The fucking mighty LIMECELL—rulers of the Philadelphia Scum Rock trenches play the love song "Get the Bitch To Do It;" Great!! The BLOODY MUTANTS rip through "Sup On;" HARD SKIN do "Down the Pub;" and last but not least the ANGELIC UPSTARTS whet your appetite for the forthcoming "Live at the Justice League, San Francisco, California, 1-21-01" LP on TKO Records with a version of "Two Million Voices." In addition to these sixteen tracks you get ten other pop-oriented light weight punk rock bands that have contributed to the TKO label. Write to TKO at 4104 24th St. #103, San Francisco, CA; www.tkorecords.com <http://www.tkorecords.com/> .

Outsider Records has a tough new compilation ready for you knuckleheads. This fucker rocks you hard and puts you away wet. You get tracks by THE CASUALTIES, THE VIGILANTES, THE WRETCHED ONES, THE HUDSON FALCONS, CALLAGHAN, two fucking amazing BONECRUSHER cuts, THE BODIES, THE GC5, THE MAIN STREET SAINTS, INTREPID AAF, OXYMORON, THE DRUNKS, THE AUTHORITY, BATTALION 86, FORCED REALITY and much more. All in all you get 29 bands taking you outside for an ass-whupping. This is volume three in the *Scene Killer* series, and as you punks know by now, there's a lot of meat to be had here. Write to Outsider Records, PO Box 92708, Long Beach, CA 90809.

Michael and his DSS Records from Linz, Austria have an expanded version of the four band DSS / Longshot Records "Tribute to COCK SPARRER" EP from two years ago. This CD starts off with a bang with Canada's great SHOCK TROOPS doing a bag-pipes laden "We're Coming Back." Next up you have the illustrious DROPKICK MURPHYS doing "Working." Shit! Al Barr sounds great! DISGUSTEENS do "I Got Your Number" followed by MAN'S RUIN's version of "Chip on Your Shoulder." Song number five is "Because You're Young" performed by none other than Daryl Smith of COCK SPARRER and his band NICE AND EASY. A very pleasant version!

MADCAPS are up next with "Trouble on the Terraces." BECKS PISTOLS do justice to the amazing anthem "Where Are They Now." VOICE OF A GENERATION from Sweden cover "Argy Bargy." LOKALMATADORE do a nice job with "Take Them All." STYRIAN BOOT BOYS do "Get a Rope." The SOUL BOYS tear through a gnarled rendition of "Tough Guys." ARGY BARGY play "Riot Squad." Kansas City, Missouri boot boys THE MAIN STREET SAINTS play "England Belongs to Me" [Kansas City Belongs to Me]. BEERZONE play "Runnin' Riot." The whole extravaganza is polished off with WALLRIDE covering "I Got Your Number." There are lots of talented bands covering these songs, but you are forgiven if after hearing these covers you feel compelled to play a COCK SPARRER record—no one plays COCK SPARRER like COCK SPARRER!

As a follow up to the STYRIAN BOOTBOYS 7" last year, DSS Records presents a twelve song CD called "Bottled with Pride." The STYRIAN BOOTBOYS steam through "The Pride," "Nachbar," "Oi! My Friend," "Idioten," "Never Surrender," "Friday Night," "Get a Rope," "The Real Enemy" [live], plus the four songs from the EP. At their best the STYRIAN BOOTBOYS remind of POBEL AND GESOCKS with the gruff German singing and rough and tumble bass and drums. Some of the lyrics are in English and the subjects are predictable: skinhead pride, drinking with the boys and fighting. This is a damn decent CD!

DSS has a sophisticated pop/melodic Oi! treat for you punks and skins! The band is called NICE AND EASY and the CD is entitled *Sold Out*. The lilting melodies and sweet harmonies make this a sure winner with the crowd that follows THE CRACK. NICE AND EASY are fronted by Daryl Smith, who has been a member of COCK SPARRER for quite a few years, and you can pick up on a few influences that Daryl has carried into this band with him. The songs have more lyrics about relationships than about drinking and fighting. More like a sensitive, "mature" kind of Oi!. This music is more positive than your average streetpunk project. This would be recommended more for a jaded fan who is looking for a change from the redundance of Oi! football and fighting songs. It will be too slick and well-adjusted for you young hooligans. Write to DSS Records at: PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, Austria; email: dss@telecom.at; http://www.dss.at <http://www.dss.at/> .

Whoa! You Fucks! Rodent Popsicle Records has a rockin' split CD for you punk rockers! This CD is called *DARKBUSTER vs. TOMMY & THE TERRORS*. DARKBUSTER initiate the festivities with "Hammer"—a full throated punk rock blitzkrieg! Next up is "Danny Boy"—a pop number not unlike what the SWINGIN' UTTERS are doing these days. The third song is "Bomb" and this has significantly more teeth than the preceding number. The song builds momentum with good "whoa-o-whoa" choruses.

Next up is "Not Guilty" which has a BELTONES feel to it. DARKBUSTER do a pretty good job of mixing pop sensibilities with a dollop of mild-mannered street punk. The last DARKBUSTER tune is "Good Times" which starts out as a good pop-punk sing-a-long number and meanders through a Irish American ballad to finish out with a respectable punk energy comparable to current DROPKICK MURPHYS.

TOMMY & THE TERRORS raise the ante quite a bit. This punk band doesn't start out with any ballads or dreamy sing-song parts—the punk rock is right in your face from the minute "Washed Up" comes screaming out of your speakers. "We're Alright" continues the onslaught with arrogant deep vocals, fucking powerful guitar attacks and a really solid bass and drum backbone. "One Thousand Ships" keeps the adrenaline flowing with punk bomb after punk bomb being distributed over your countryside! This shit is hard punk rock music with excellent shouted vocals. Great! The last TOMMY & THE TERRORS song is "Forty Four Caliber" and this starts out fast, gets even faster and finally just punks-the-fuck-out! Way over-the-top! Good shit! Write to Rodent Popsicle at: PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134; www.rodentpopsicle.com <http://www.rodentpopsicle.com/> .

Fuck Yes!!! Usina de Sangue Records from Sao Paulo, Brasil, presents a new CD called *A Monumental Destuicao da Vida* featuring KAAOS, SVART AGGRESSION, RIISTETYT, and SICK TERROR—You know what to expect from that hardcore punk mecca of Finland. This material is a compilation including: RIISTETYTS' *Tervetuloa Kuolema* 7" EP originally put out on Fight Records back in 2000, the KAAOS/SVART AGGRESSION 7" split EP also from Fight Records in the year 2000, and SICK TERROR *Aborts Legal* 7" EP from Naund Records [Germany] in the year 2001. This shit is all blistering fast hardcore with no prisoners taken! Absolutely relentless! The subject matter is, as always, primarily concerned with corrupt governments, evil religious leaders, the tremendous futility of war, the worldwide cruelty to animals and the irreversible destruction of the planet. These are not cheerful subjects and these songs are filled with anger and outrage. Contact: Fight Records, Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, Finland; www.kolumbus.fi/fight.

You want crazy, wild, loud, fast hardcore? Look no further than the re-release of SPAZM 151's first seven inch *Sworn to Fun, Loyal to None*. Yeah! fucking SPAZM 151 rip through "Get Out of My Life," "Rent a Cop," and "Frustration." this is heavy punk with killer bass and drum bombardment. Excellent shouted vocals punctuate the frenzied punk maelstrom. Turn this disc over and SPAZM 151 crack your skull with "Fuck Your Progress" and "Frozen World." Fucking punk fucking rock! Thanks go out to Uncontrolled Records. Contact Center of the World Records: 1760 Gross Rd., Dallas, TX 75228; www.cotwr.com <http://www.cotwr.com/>

RUNNIN' RIOT have a fresh CD prepared for you street urchins. This hard and experienced Belfast, Northern Ireland streetpunk/pub-punk band have delivered the goods again. On the new Rejected Records CD "Monk's Not Dead" RUNNIN RIOT knock you about with great cuts like "Cash in Hand' ,"Victimization", "Captain Chaos", "PTA", "Kill the Police" by GG ALLIN, " Runnin Riot" by COCK SPARRER, and "We're Not Gonna Take It" by TWISTED SISTER. Very Good!!! Write to : Rejected Records, PO Box 6591, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin ,Ireland. email: mero32@eircom.net Website: www.rejectedIreland.cjb.net.

SMOGTOWN has a fine new LP out on Disaster Records called *Domesticviolenceland* and this fucker rips! From the lead off track "Domesticviolenceland" we slam right into "Here Comes Those Freaks Again." This rocks! SMOGTOWN cranks through "Dead Actors" and "Dance Asshole," and then you get a nice ballad, "Sneaking Out" about when you were a kid. After that melodic SMOGTOWN riff you get "Middle Class High" and this song gives you a swift kick in the ass! Punk rock spoken here! The final song on side one is "One Night in San Diego"—a kind of spoken word piece about a misadventure at a bar. Side two starts off with "Manifest Destinoid," a sad tale about drug-addled kids, whose enthusiasm is greater than their common sense. "Moms and Dads" is a heartfelt bit of lyrics about the vicious cycle of child rearing and educating the young. SMOGTOWN writes intelligent songs!

"Neutron Blonde" is a rocking little number that leads right into "Straight off Adolf." Good shit! Next you have "Breakdown Shakedown" which has really strong punk guitar work. The album ends on a high note with "Ms. Behavior"—a fine surf punk tune that serves as a fitting finale for this great record. Write to Disaster Records: PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA. 91510. email: alive-totalenergy.com

San Francisco's only true Confederacy of Scum band, HAMMERLOCK, has an excellent split 10" record out for you hillbilly punks! HAMMERLOCK do three great cover songs. The first tune is "The Devil Just Called My Name" by the legendary SIMON STOKES. Yeah! Next up is a truly legendary MERLE HAGGARD song, "I Think I'll Just Stay Here and Drink." Travis and Liz have employed the talents of THEE WHISKEY REBEL from RANCID VAT. Song number three is a cover of "Blue Highway" by Mr. GEORGE THOROGOOD. Fuck yes! This music is authentic rock n' roll with country roots firmly planted in Dixie!!

On the flipside of this ten inch is THE DEAD KINGS from Charlotte, North Carolina, doing a guitar based rock n' roll threesome with "Bastards Breed Bastards," "Caught in the Friendzone," and "Crybaby." This rock n' roll will have you headed straight to the fridge for another beer! Write for your HAMMERLOCK/DEAD KINGS split 10" now! Contact Proud to Be Idiots Records: 1866 McAllister, San Francisco, CA 94115, USA. Get HELLSTOMPER's *Hellbent for Dixie* 10" while you are ordering HAMMERLOCK. Keep your eye peeled for upcoming recordings by ANTiSEEN on Proud to Be Idiots Records as well.

Nick and his hardcore punk band DEADFALL have been causing a bit of excitement here in San Francisco. DEADFALL have a seven song demonstration CD that is in circulation right now, and we hope to get some more product from them in the near future. If you are a fan of old-school hardcore like NEGATIVE APPROACH or POISON IDEA you might want to give DEADFALL a listen.

Until next month,

See you fucks at the bar!

No one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American people. —H.L. Menken

If I hear one more newsman say *It's just like a movie.* I'm gonna take a bag of popcorn and shove it down his throat. Movies are special effects and tricks with mirrors. This rubble is no trick. The World Trade Center was bigger than your TV. The bodies flying out the windows don't get up and walk away when the director yells *cut!* This is *not* like a movie.

If I hear one more politician say, *We're gonna get 'em.* If I hear

one more person singing "God Bless America." If I hear one more idiot call for *justice* (read REVENGE), I'm gonna rip that American flag off his back and hang him with it. *This* is revenge. This act of terror is revenge for *our* terror.

If I hear one more Christian say, *God will comfort us*. If I see one more preacher. If I watch Bush at one more church. If I see one more person thanking God for something or other, I'm gonna take his fuckin' Bible and shove it up his ass. It was GOD who got us into this. It was GOD who killed those people. It was GOD who is responsible for more deaths and destruction than any other force in human history.

Jerry Falwell blames the ACLU and *permissiveness* for what happened. I blame religion, especially fundamentalism. Look Jerry, if you want to find a cause, look in the mirror.

If I hear one more *If we don't*_____ (fill in the blank: *obey George Bush, spend money, go back to the theater, work for peace...) then the terrorists win,* I'm gonna take the speaker and press her face into a burning cinder until it's raw hamburger meat.

Hey Moron, wake up and smell the rubble. Get it? THEY WON!! They already won! This attack was *not* for domestic consumption. It was David against Goliath. It was to show the world that the big guys are *not* invincible. Even at the heart of fortress America. Even the untouchable superpower symbols: the World Trade Center, and the Pentagon, for G-d's sake! Even those are not safe.

Those 50 star rags, waved by halfwits might as well be white flags. *We lost this one*. After Nicaragua, Grenada, Panama, Yugoslavia, Iraq, the LAST Afghanistan, *we lost one*. From now on, (at least until the memory wears off, and some new president has to prove himself), we can no longer go bombing the world into our own image, without fearing the consequences. We have suffered the consequences. Goliath is *big*, but he's vulnerable.

If I hear one more person call the attackers *cowards* or *dumb*, I'm gonna take them a mile up in a plane and ask them to smash themselves against the side of a building.

It's because the attackers were *brave* and *smart* that they were so dangerous. What better definition of *brave* than the willingness to give your life for something you believe in? What better example of *smart* than to outwit airforce security, the CIA and the FBI?

See? *Brave* and *smart* are not all they're cracked up to be. Brave is good when it's going into a burning building to save people. It's bad when it's dying for what you believe in... especially if you take others with you. The WTC attackers were braver than the guys who dropped the bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. They were probably smarter. But their moral position is exactly the same: murderers.

If I hear one more person condemn the innocent people of Palestine for dancing in the street, I'm gonna take them to the film archives, tie 'em to a seat and make 'em *watch* the US celebrations over the atomic destruction in Japan. I'll make 'em listen to the "Yahoos" and "Go get 'ems" as missiles rained on helpless Iraqi citizens during the Gulf War. *Just like a videogame!* So was this.

I'm not going to tell you the *I was there*. I hope George will. Tony too. They were closer. I was at work, watching it on TV just like the rest of you. It's only when I came back to my apartment. Had to show my driver's license to get south of 14th St. That's when it hit me.

September 11:

Zombies fill the streets. Expressionless businessmen, students, street bums. Aimlessly wandering, looking south. No cars. People simply stopped in the middle of the street watching the smoke. The new skyline. In my apartment, everything smells of smoke. My eyes burn. What gets me most is the deadly quiet. No traffic. No drunken frat-boys. Just silent people wandering. Not speaking to each other.

Then come the phone calls. The emails. I have to change my voicemail. Set up a form e-response: *OK, But Pissed Off*. It says. Not pissed off at the crashers. They're dead. What can I do? But pissed-off at the hatred and calls for *more* death.

Did the debris from The World Trade Center spray idiot-dust throughout America? What happened? People splattered themselves into the side of a building. People for whom the highest honor is to die in the service of their god. And what do Americans want to do to them? Kill 'em!!!

Just try to point out the stupidity of it all. In a second you'll get: *so we should do nothing?* As if the only choices are to kill or do nothing.

Among my phonecalls is Bassam Qassam. A gay Arab pal of mine whose other strikes are that he lives in Texas and works for an airline company! And *he's* concerned about *me!*

You wanna *do* something? Protect some Arabs. They're sure to be targets for American idiots. Americans killed a Sikh. Why? Because he wears a turban and a beard.

And the TV news? Jeezus fuckin' Christ! They're hankering for a war! Spreading rumors faster than a street punk spreads herpes. Someone tried to blow up the George Washington Bridge. The FBI arrested a man with a truckload of explosives. Eight planes were hijacked and half are unaccounted for. You believe this shit?

My sister tells me she has 'proof' of an Islamic conspiracy. A "the family of a friend of a friend" lived next to an Arab couple. This family planned to go to The World Trade Center on 9/11. Their Arab neighbors convinced them not to go on some bogus excuse. The day after the attack, the neighbors disappeared.

Yeah right.

How many times am I going to hear this? How many times is it going to be "a friend of a friend?" Like Richard Gere's gerbil, it's just not going to disappear. But come back, with evidence. With "I know it's true."

It's not. But the bullshit keeps coming. Idiots like you swallow it whole. As each report turns out to be a lie, you fall for the next one.

My favorite is where *authorities* found a suitcase that missed its connection to one of the hijacked planes. In the suitcase was a flight manual—in Arabic—and a copy of the Koran.

Can you imagine? Someone who's going to hijack a plane and fly it precisely into a target, needs to bring along a flight manual. Why? In case he has to look something up in the middle of the hijacking? And why would he check the bag? Is he gonna pick it up on the other end?

(Some retard said it was to "appear normal" at check-in. Sure, inspectors open the bag and find a flight manual and Koran at check-in. That'd appear normal! Gimme a break!)

One TV station had an interview with "the next door neighbor" of one of the "terrorists."

"He was a bad man," she said. "He shook his umbrella at my dog."

Then there is Bush.

"Countries that harbor terrorists are as guilty as the terrorists," he says.

What's he gonna do? Bomb Florida? Those terrorists were living in the US! The US is a country that harbors terrorists, probably more than most other countries.

September 15, four days later:

I've been seeing people crying. People yelling. Sara tells me she saw it all, from her roof. After, she spent two days curled into a ball on her bed. Just shaking. Unable to move. Unable to sleep.

I must be in shock. I don't feel like crying. I feel like I'm gonna explode. Like there's a huge balloon in my chest that gets pumped fuller and fuller. Every nerve is *on*!

September 23:

Tomorrow I go back to work. See the new American flag on the wall. Face another day of passing *prayer stations* and *America will not be defeated* signs.

Today, I'm going to see the rubble. I don't know how close I can get. Streets are blocked off. Cops are everywhere. Young cops. They look barely out of their teens. I guess the vets are closer to the site—or dead.

For me, the deathcount is one. My best friend's cousin. A fireman. They're the true heroes of this. Maybe the only ones... but that's another column.

It's September 30:

I still feel like I'm gonna explode. But the shock is over. I've had my cry. A stupid sentimental cry. In front of a firehouse. Flowers piled 5 foot high outside. Bouquets. *We love you,* signs. A poster from the fire department to us.

Thank you New Yorkers. Your love and support mean a lot to us. We've lost a lot, but you make it possible to bear.

I can't help it. I feel the tears well up. Burst from inside. My

nose drips snot. My eyes fill and run over. I feel like an idiot. Standing in front of a bunch of flowers and crying. Not very punk rock. Sometimes, you just don't have control.

October 4:

Orthodox Jews have a Sabbath prayer. I don't know the Hebrew. The ritual is for the men to pound their fists into their chests. A way of penance, and a way of thanking. While they pound, they pray the Hebrew prayer that means *Thank G-d I wasn't born a woman.*

These days since the smash, I've been waking up and pounding my chest. My prayer is different. I say, *Thank G-d Clinton isn't president.*

Could you imagine? That guy would easily have us in World War III by now. So quick to shoot off his missile! He murdered Afghans after a few bombings in Africa. Could you imagine what he'd do now?? Probably *nuke 'em.*

Last week's WTC attack was, at least partly, the cash register punching up the first payback for Clinton's violence. Who knows how many more there are to come?

At least, for now, whoever is sitting in for Bush's brains has been able to withstand the bloodthirstiness of the American public. You gotta give him an A (a B?) for balls.

Bush can mouth the bloody words while keeping blood off the streets. He's even called for a Palestine state. Take away the red, white and blue and the religious crap, and he's not a bad figurehead. Surely better than Slick Willie in times of crisis.

I expect that by the time this sees print, Bush's Rumsfeld-brain, or his Cheney-brain, or his Powell-brain will have done something stupid. Americans will not tolerate tolerance for too long. They will not stand for self-control or compassion. Americans want blood.

Go head Georgie. Prove me wrong. I'm counting on you.

And on and on:

I now find myself deluged with even more lies. More conspiracy theories. Microsoft. They knew about it and encoded the information. Just type Q33NY in WORD or EXCELL. (Q33 is the Queens bus that goes to LaGuardia Airport. NY is obvious.) Highlight the letters and change the font to WINGDINGS. Waddaya get? CONSPIRACY!

Of course it's coincidental bullshit, but people want to believe.

And what about Mossad, the Israeli intelligence agency? Didn't they do it? After all, Israel was the badguy in the eyes of the world. What better way to shift the mantle of evil on to the Towelheads?

Only problem with that one is that Israel suffered. Although they used this horror as cover to pull some really nasty tricks on the Palestinians, in the end it didn't benefit them. Bushie baby needs Arab (aka *oil* and *airspace*) support to wage his new war. That means Israel has to talk, even though it doesn't want to.

That Israel bows to US pressure to talk only proves Palestinian claims that the US has the power to end war in the Middle East, and doesn't. Now Bush has called for a Palestine state. Things are changing. Terrorism works. The Israelis should know that.

But who did it? Really.

I don't know. Maybe it was Bin Ladin. More likely it was an independent bunch of smart brave guys here in the US. Why does there have to be an outside force? Wasn't the Oklahoma City bombing an inside job?

Who benefits? If not the Israelis, then who? Most immediately, it's Rudy Giuliani. He was at the end of his political career. Every day, stories about his pettiness and infidelity filled the papers. Every day, the news got sleazier and sleazier. The Giuliani legacy was going down the tubes.

The WTC attack was the best thing to ever happen to him. He played hero, healer. Someday he'll be president.

Who else benefits? Spiritually, every poor little country that's ever been picked on by the US benefits. El Salvador, Chile, Yugoslavia, Afghanistan, Iraq, Libya, Nicaragua, Iran. They all must harbor a secret (or not-so-secret) smile. Not at the death and misery here. They can't begin to imagine that. But at the world giant, hit hard, by a slingshot.

It's far fetched. Maybe an empty hope. But ultimately New York may benefit. For the last eight years, I've been complaining that New Yorkers are weak. That the city lost its luster when it lost its danger. That the most disgusting simps are moving into places where only the brave lived in years past. New York was losing its uniqueness. Trading crackhouses for Starbucks.

Maybe that'll change now. People think New York is dangerous again. Unemployment has already doubled because of the attack. Moving vans clog the street as the got-rich-quick scum gets out while they can. Maybe we'll have some peace. Maybe there won't be the time or the will to pick on victimless "quality of life" crimes. Maybe, just maybe, New York will take a step back toward when it was good. When you had to watch your back. When you couldn't find a cab on the Lower East Side and you certainly couldn't wear a Rolex there. It's a long shot. But if anything good comes out of this for US, the New Yorkers, that'll be it.

ENDNOTES: [*Visitors to my website: www.MykelBoard.com or subscribers (email to: god@MykelBoard.com) will receive a few extra endnotes. There are just too many to keep up with.*]

—> *Irony dept:* Last month, I wrote about why people should stay in New York and not move to the West Coast. Looks like the Twin Towers are convincing people to do otherwise. Ah well, at least New York is *interesting* again.

Actually, I doubt more is gonna happen here or in Washington DC. Security is too tight. I'd worry if I lived in LA or Chicago. They're next.

—>*See, they ARE evil dept:* This one's true, I've checked it out. You can too at: http://www.snopes2.com/rumors/starbuck.htm

Here's the letter that explains it all:

My family owns an ambulance service in Brooklyn NY. Midwood Ambulance if anyone knows it. Anyway, my uncles were at "Ground Zero" during the attack to help the victims. They donated their time to help with this crisis as many New Yorkers did. A great deal of people were in shock from the devastation. As many of you know, shock victims are supposed to drink a lot of water. My uncle went to the Starbucks down the street to get bottles of water for the victims he was treating. Can you believe they actually charged him for it!! He paid the $130 for 3 cases of bottled water out of his own pocket. Now, I would think that in a crisis such as this, vendors in the area would be more than happy to lend a little help by donating water. Well, not Starbucks! As if this country hasn't given them enough money! Anyway, the point of this story wasn't to glorify my uncle's actions but to suggest a boycott on Starbucks. Now, I love Frappaccinos as much as anyone, but any company that would try to make a profit off of a crisis like this doesn't deserve the American public's hard earned money.

—>*If only pilots flew naked dept:* I don't know if it's true. Could some native tell me? I read that the Koran forbids Muslims from looking at the genitals of a corpse. The sex organs of the deceased must be covered at all times. Thus, it seems that the best way to defeat Muslim terrorists is to require that the crew fly naked. Thus, they can't be killed because then the killer would see their genitals.

What Do You Do With A Revolution?

Some days, I just fucking hate the suburbs. Actually, I hate the suburbs every day of my life, but some days I just have to stop and say, "Fuck, I really hate the suburbs." But, I mean, what other comment would you expect from a 15 year-old punk chick with blue hair who's growing up on the lean, mean streets of suburban NJ? "Gee, when I grow up I wanna be another soulless Gap model"?

This particular day in the suburbs, I was at my friend Sam's house, enjoying a day of band practice. Actually, me and Sam aren't really friends, we've got a major sort of quasi-sexual tension thing going on—or maybe just going on in my head. Either way, the two of us, along with assorted other members of our group, were sitting in front of the TV enjoying Saturday morning cartoons while the band practiced in the basement. All morning you could hear the drummer (Allen) having a screaming fight with the lead singer (John) while the guitarist (Tyler) played the same two chords over and over. I spent all morning

trying to think up something really deep and intelligent, so that MRR would let me have a column here, but that doesn't seem likely—me being deep and intelligent, or getting a column in MRR.

But it did prove a point to me—a big part of being punk, even a suburban punk, is a sense of community. Even if it's a zine, punks need to be connected, so they feel a part of something bigger. A freak is a freak is a freak, but a bunch of freaks going out to eat is like a mini-rebellion, especially around where we live. Well, after listening to the insanity known as band practice, we were in need of a rebellion, or at least some really good milkshakes. We (by we, I mean my friend Alicia, 14, and myself, still 15) grabbed Tyler from the basement hell-pit, being careful to avoid John and Allen, who were weeping in separate corners of the room, and ran upstairs.

Although it was Sam's house, he doesn't like to leave it to go get food—he prefers to sit up in his room and write controversial "abort christ" instant messages to people, so everybody grabbed their respective packs of cigarettes (except for Tommy, who's straight edge in the original Minor Threat sense of it) and crammed into Tyler's beat up Volkswagen from hell.

A mental picture for you: Tyler in the front seat (a tall guy with a lip ring and blue fingernails) headbanging to a mix CD made up of equal parts Green Day, Fugazi, and the Toilet Boys' new CD, and driving like he's the next Evil Kneivel. Next to him is Tommy, who's fairly average looking, save for the mohawk he's trying to grow, talking to himself about how he doesn't miss alcohol anymore (poor bastard, I say, he can't even convince *himself* he doesn't need a drink). Finally, in the back, me at one window, Alicia in the middle, a cute, short punkette (shorter than me, at least) with black hair, possibly the nicest person in the car. Next to her is Trip, a cute guy himself, with spiked hair who's biting the leg of his girlfriend, Amanda, a girl with fire engine red hair and a fetish for her new cell phone. So. We get to the diner, and I am trying to explain my views on rebellion, and whether or not it means anything, or whether rebellion in and of itself *is* the point, but nobody is really listening, as they're all excitedly talking about the new Shades Apart album, so eventually I get the hint and shut up.

We walk into the diner. Now, for a lot of people this is not a big deal, but when you don't wear Abercrombie and Fitch clothes in my town, walking *anywhere* is a big fucking deal. The diner actually goes silent, like a scene from a really bad movie, and one old guy starts laughing nervously. And loudly. We walk to a free booth, but the guy doesn't shut up. Trip has this thing about people laughing, especially when he doesn't like them, so as we settle into the booth, he walks over to the guy. From the look on this guy's face, you would have thought this scrawny 16 year-old in front of him was Lucifer, Prince of Darkness. Trip stood in front of the guy, bowed low, and returned to our table. Now *that's* rebellion, if you ask me. In all seriousness, though, rebellion and punk come hand in hand. We discuss this in the diner in between cigarettes and chocolate shakes (hardcore, right?) sounding much smarter than any of us actually are. Punk was all about rebellion, right? Rebellion against society, conformity, yuppies, and Phil Collins. While the fact that punk is still around says an awful lot about its influence, everyone has to admit that things didn't turn out quite as we would have hoped. The early, original punks rebelled and they got noticed, it was a big deal, people were mortally offended, and Joey Ramone was still alive. Now Joey's dead, punk has been anally raped by MTV, and the most you get from people is a stunned silence in a diner. But it's still around. *Punk is still around.* People are still punks, and some bands are still making fucking *awesome* music. What does this say? Did we fail? Do bands like Green Day and Blink 182 obscure the true meaning of punk, or do they lead kids towards bands like Screeching Weasel? I don't know, but in the process of homogenizing America, the mainstream has effectively made rebellion virtually impossible. So, at a tiny diner in the shithole suburbs of northern New Jersey, a bunch of teenage punks decided that while rebellion was, probably, pointless, it was still a lot of fun. And at least it gets us free shakes.

If you want to start a band (I'm a good guitarist and have a shitload of lyrics) or just talk, send hate mail etc. to palegreengrunge@aol.com

Despite being the worst artist in the world I have recently started to paint watercolors. My paintings, if I dare call them that, have started to pile up, and give me a creative outlet that I never even knew existed. I love to paint them, even though they look like they were done by a third grader. The reason is this: I don't give a shit if I'm a good painter or not. It's just fun! It's the one part of my life that I don't obsess over like a raving lunatic and just plain do because I like it.

At the other end of the creative spectrum for me is writing. All I have ever fathomed myself to be is a writer. People always tell you that when you are picking a career, or even a major in school, to pick something that you love to do. Most people can't think of anything good, so they pick something that will make them a lot of money. What I, rather Henry Miller has to say about that subject is this, "Who are these shits? Where do they get off to tell me these things? What have they done, except to prove that they know how to make money?" YES! Now, this is why I'm sure with my choice, in all its fucked up logic: If somebody handed me a million dollars, I would still write. The only thing that might change about my writing would be that if I managed to write a book, I could afford to publish it. Would I still go to school? No. Would I still work? FUCK NO! That's how I know I'm a writer, goddamn it.

Now that we've firmly established that I want to be a writer, my only dream is to be a writer, and fuck it-I AM a goddamn writer, let me tell you the main reason why I totally suck as a writer. I take it way to seriously. When I write, it doesn't sound like me. The greatest writers (the ones I like to read anyway) are the ones who sound like they are talking to you. You really get to feel like you know them. The first writers I ever liked were George Tabb and Mykel Board. I used to worship those guys when I was a kid (a time that may or may not have passed yet). I didn't know what the fuck anyone else in MRR was talking about, but i liked them because I felt just like I was in their presence listening to them tell a story. I, on the other hand try to sound like a writer, which is a guaranteed recipe for turning out complete shit.

The only glimmer of hope for me is that I know that it's at least possible. When I write letters I sound like me. It doesn't matter what subject I'm talking about, I can get completely lost in it, and it comes out sounding ten times better than the short stories I spend months working on, only to dismiss later as sheer pieces of crap. When you write a letter you're not worried what you sound like, all you're really trying to do is tell someone something. It's taken me a long time to realize Thet's all writing is.

It has been so hard for me to find my own voice in writing, but like finding your own place in life, it's a long process of looking inside yourself and not being afraid to expose every little thing for the whole world to see. The more you are not afraid to give, the better. If I can leave all my feelings on the page, I have no regrets. If you really put yourself out there, even in all your faults,no one can possibly say any more than you have already said yourself. What more than that could you possibly give? You are the only one that knows the true you, your true self. Fuck, maybe the real secret to life is truly not to give a fuck, not about anything! And if that never happens, at least I still have watercolors.

"Maybe we should all just start packing heat" is what I half jokingly said at school when we found out that one of our friends had been harassed at an el train stop; this a week after the news came in that both an Indian Sikh and a Pakistani Muslim were murdered for "looking" like terrorists.

I will say this. I've noticed that a lot of people on the left are exploring the reasons as to what caused the WTC/Pentagon attacks, and while the truth should be told, two wrongs (US sponsored terrorism & anti-US terrorism) do not make a right. Unfortunately for those of us who are opposed to the military strikes, pointing out CIA involvement with dictators and terrorists or US oppression of the third world is not going to convince the average American of why we shouldn't bomb the Middle East. Right now the atmosphere in America is one of pride. If anything, these arguments will just start up accusations of being "anti-patriotic" or condoning terrorism, which isn't exactly going to help further the cause for justice and peace. It will also reinforce people's belief that violent retaliation and more civilian deaths is a necessary step towards maintaining security. And that's the last thing we need.

I think the argument that needs to be stressed to persuade the public is that of historical examples; examples of how peace and humanitarian aid have successfully averted violence. One of the reasons why Adolf Hitler was able to rise to power was because of how we treated Germany after World War I. Even though German rulers started the war, German citizens were required to pay off the debts for damages inflicted. This created a strong level of resentment among Germans, and this why Hitler gained popularity; because he fed of their resentment and told them that the outside world was trying to destroy the German people.

In the more poverty-inflicted regions of the Middle East and Africa, the average young Muslim does not have much to look forward too. The reason Osama bin Laden is able to recruit so many young men is because he provides them with shelter, a sense of purpose in life, and three meals a day. It's easy to see what is so alluring: a young male goes from living a life of utter poverty and struggle, and now all of the sudden he's being taken care of and does not have to worry about day to day survival. When the US placed sanctions on Iraq they believed that this is what would cause the Iraqi people to unite and overthrow Saddam Hussein. Instead Hussein turned this to his advantage, saying that the reason the US denied food and medicine was because they enjoyed seeing Iraqis suffer. Sanctions have also caused neighboring Mid-East nations to also hate us, wondering what exactly we are trying to accomplish by starving the Iraqi people.

Instead of spending our money on stationing troops (which also puts American soldiers' lives at risk), we should be spending our money on giving these starving people food. The Washington Post stated that after we strike against Afghanistan, there is a 100% chance that militants will retaliate against us with more terrorism. If on the other hand we focus on giving food and medicine to not only Afghanistan, but to neighboring nations in Africa and Middle East, resentment towards us as the domineering bully of the world will decline. This will also drastically reduce support for people like bin Laden. How are bin Laden and other terror groups going to get recruits when we are helping those same potential recruits through humanitarian aid?

The Taliban is a regime that has been condemned by the world for many years now. One of the reasons it has been able to remain in power is because the majority of people who would normally be resisting this government are simply to weak to fight back. How exactly is someone supposed to fight when they can barely afford to put any food on the table? How are people supposed to organize against an oppressive regime when their children are dying everyday? More importantly what will we achieve and how will we prevent future acts of terrorism by bombing human beings who are hungry and malnourished?

Rather than using the argument that America has committed evil atrocities around the world and that it's our fault we got attacked (which as I said before is simply not going to convince any patriotic American of why we should stop military strikes), there needs to be a case for a long term solution through prevention. When this happens eventually the end result will be a push for us to reduce our military spending in the Middle East and reallocate funds towards humanitarian aid and sustainable development.

Most of us probably feel powerless about this whole thing but the easiest thing anyone can do is write a letter or an email. I've included websites and addresses to check out below.

Listing of charities:
www.axisdesigns.com/thanks/donate.htm
www.helping.org
Online petitions calling for justice, not war:
http://www.flora.org/coat/appeal/
home.uchicago.edu/~dhpicker/petition
www.moveon.org/justice
www.9-11peace.org
www.wtcpeacepetition.org
Internet Activism:

UN Environment Chief Klaus Toepfer stated, "When people are denied access to clean water, soil, and air to meet their basic human needs, we see the rise of poverty, ill-health and a sense of hopelessness. Desperate people can resort to desperate solutions. They may care little about themselves and the people they hurt."

The main reason we have troops stationed all throughout the Mid-East is because of our desire for oil. It's our over-consumption of this destructive black liquid that puts lives at risk while at the same time lining the pockets of corrupt, anti-democratic rulers in countries like Saudi Arabia and Nigeria. When America starts moving towards alternate energy solutions we can get our troops out of these nations and quell the hatred towards us.

These some websites that allow people to add their voice for environmental & social justice:
Action Network - actionnetwork.org
Back from the Brink - backfromthebrink.policy.net
Clean car campaign – www.greencar.org
Corporate Watch – www.corpwatch.org/action
Eco-mall - www.ecomall.com/activism/activism.htm
Grist magazine - www.gristmagazine.com/grist/dogood
Union of Concerned Scientists - http://www.ucsusa.org/act
Working for Change - www.workingforchange.com/activism
Send free faxes via the internet:
www.hotcorp.com
Government officials:

Colin Powell has been one of the few people in the US government who has publicly called for restraint and has advised against military action. He is one of the few people in power who has pointed out that military strikes would kill innocent civilians, anger Arab nations, and cause extremists to carry out revenge. He should be commended for this and be encouraged continue telling pro-war hawks that our strikes against Afghanistan will simply escalate terrorist attacks against the US and supporting nations:
Colin Powell / U.S. Secretary of State / U.S. Department of State/ Washington, DC 20520
Tel: (202) 647-4000 / Fax:(202) 261-8577 / email: Secretary@state.gov

Tell the President, his wife, and the Vice President that we should follow Powell's stance and that carpet bombing Afghanistan will result in even more lives at more risk both here and over there. Points to bring up:
1.We should increase the amount of rations and medicine being sent to Afghans who will now have to deal with the harsh winter coming up
2. Ronald Reagan, George Bush Sr., and Bill Clinton all used air strikes in the Middle East immediately after terrorist attacks. This obviously did little to deter terrorism, therefore bombing Kabul is not going to stop anything in the long term or make us any more secure. Israel has been using military force against terrorists for several decades yet this has done little to stop the violence
3. Continue forming an international coalition against terrorism but without the use of weapons which end up harming civilian populations who are already oppressed. Instead use the global community to step up diplomatic efforts ie. increase pressure on nations that harbor them, and employ other non-violent means such as trade restrictions on weapons, etc.
4. Bombing Afghanistan is not a suitable long term solution to ending terrorism nor will capturing bin Laden prevent future terrorist attacks. Long term solutions should include a shift in US foreign policy; ending our support for Arab monarchies and calls for democracy in those nations; ending support for Israel who has violated International Law set forth by the UN numerous times; lifting sanctions on Iraq which makes Saddam

Hussein look good and us evil in the eyes of Iraqi civilians
5. Don't forget that the Taliban once defeated the USSR, the second most powerful nation on the planet due largely in part to Afghanistan's complicated territory
6.The mountainous terrain is best understood by the Northern Alliance and other local resistance groups and it should be they who oust the Taliban, not the US or the UK
7. Pressuring neighboring nations to choose a side and join in the fight puts their civilian populations at risk for terrorist attacks against them also; ie. if pro-bin Laden Pakistani militants overthrow the current US-friendly government, they will have control of nuclear weapons putting Osama bin Laden at a scary advantage

President George W. Bush / The White House / 1600 Pennsylvania Ave NW / Washington, DC 20500
Tel: (202) 456-1414 / Fax: (202) 456-2461 / email: president@whitehouse.gov; first.lady@whitehouse.gov; vice.president@whitehouse.gov

Louisiana Congressman Cooksey stated that people who are "diaper heads" and "look" like terrorists, deserve to be racially profiled by law enforcement, because chances are they're criminals. Since this is the case, he should then have no problem if the cops, the FBI, or Border Patrol investigate him, his relatives, or any other white male in America because it was white guys who bombed the Oklahoma Federal Building, an abortion clinic in Birmingham, Gay bars in Atlanta, and Centennial Park during the Summer Olympics:
John Cooksey / House of Representatives / Washington D.C. 20515
email: congressman.cooksey@mail.house.gov

To find contact information for your Congressman: www.house.gov, www.senate.gov

Other people to contact:
His Excellency Kofi Anan / Secretary General of the United Nations / New York, New York 10017
Fax : (212) 963-4879
Rt. Hon. Tony Blair / Prime Minister / 10 Downing Street / London SW1A 2AA / United Kingdom
or: British Embassy / 3100 Massachusetts Avenue /Washington DC / 20008
To find contact information for Member of Parliament (UK): www.locata.co.uk/commons
European Union / 2300 M Street, NW / Washington, DC 20037
Tel: (202) 862-9500 / Fax: (202) 429-1766 / President of the EU (Belgium) email: eu2001@diplobel.org

Ethnic & religious organizations:
American Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee – www.adc.org
American Muslims Intent on Learning and Activism - www.amila.org
Jews United Against Zionism - www.netureikarta.org
Middle Eastern Realities - www.merip.org
Muslim Women's League - www.mwlusa.org
Palestine Right to Return Coalition - al-awda.org
South Asian Bar Association – www.southasianbar.org

Complete listing of hate crimes committed since Sept. 11th:
Asian American Legal Defense and Education Fund - www.aaldef.org/images/091701list.pdf
Hate crimes against Sikhs - www.sikh.org/hatecrime
South Asian American Leadership of Tomorrow - www.ialeadership.org/BiasReport.pdf

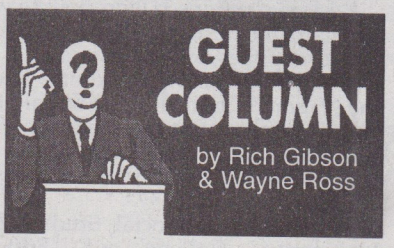
In-depth Military Analysis:
www.janes.com
www.transnational.org/pressinf/2001/pf131_Krieger7Strat.html

Foreign press news sources:
www.bbc.co.uk
www.afghandaily.com
www.dawn.com
www.timesofindia.com

American news sources:
Most patriots are not going to look at something like The Nation or Z magazine. If anything they'll write off publications such as these as "commie anti-American leftist crap" or something. These are some mainstream news sources to check out or show to pro-bombing Americans that present a viewpoint different from the narrow minded, sensationalist ones that have been constantly espoused on networks like FOX and CNN:
BET news: www.bet.com/headlines
Christian Science Monitor magazine: www.csmonitor.com
TIME magazine: www.time.com (check out Oct. 1, 2001 "Roots of rage" article, it has its flaws but it's a good short summary of US foreign policy in the Middle East)

"Our best chance of preventing such devastating acts of terror is to act decisively and cooperatively as part of a community of nations within the framework of international law"

Rosa Parks, Danny Glover, and Harry Belafonte
Ravi Grover / PO Box 802103 / Chicago, IL 60680-2103
email: sanyasi@juno.com.



Boycott High-Stakes Standardized Test

All students and educators now confront a critical decision: Will we participate in the international child abuse that is disguised as high-stakes standardized tests? If we do, what will happen? We say we should not, because if we do we set ourselves up as tools of our own oppression.

High stakes standardized tests represent a powerful intrusion into classrooms, often taking up as much as 40% of teacher time. Those who wrote the tests are clear on this; it's their desire. They want to replace the mind of the teacher with the mind of the test-writers. The tests are meant to rupture the key relationship in education: a particular teacher meeting a unique student in a singular community. The tests set up a false employer-employees relationship between teachers and students which damages honest exchanges in the classroom Instead, the tests pretend that one standard fits all, when one standard does not fit all.

The tests measure, for the most part, parental income and race, and are therefore instruments which build racism and anti-working class sentiment—against the interest of most teachers, parents, and their students.

Two hidden gatekeepers guard the tests: the literacy of the test-taker and the environment of the exam itself. If a child's literacy background does not match the test-writer's upper-middle-class background, the child loses. If the child does not feel good about the surroundings (as in Compton), the child loses. The tests are rigged from the start, but students and teacher who seek to creatively overcome them are set up as cheats.

The exams represent an assault on academic freedom by forcing their way into the classroom in an attempt to regulate knowledge, what is known and how people come to know it. The high-stakes tests pretend to neutrality but are deeply partisan in content. In a society that is growing more inequitable and less democratic, this maneuver to control the curriculum as well as the people in schools is not an effort to enhance education, but to mask tyranny.

The tests deepen the segregation of children within and between school systems, and destroy efforts to include students of varying abilities and backgrounds.

We have seen repeatedly that the exams are unprofessionally scored, for example in New York in 2000 when thousands of students were unnecessarily ordered to summer school on the grounds of incorrect test results, yet this year in San Diego alone administrators project that about 10% of the children in first and sixth grade will be grade-retained, a maneuver we know boosts drop-out rates.

The tests create an atmosphere that pits students against students and teachers against teachers and school systems against school systems in a mad scramble for financial rewards, and to avoid financial retribution. But the rewards will likely disappear as the state financial crisis deepens, What will remain will be retribution.

The tests foment an environment of greed, fear, and hysteria, none of which contributes to learning. The tests become commodities for opportunists whose interests are profits, not the best interests of children. Real estate agents, churning property values, gain more from the tests than children do.

Around the US, similar tests have been used to unjustly fire

and discipline teachers, to supply excuses to dismantle entire school boards, as in Detroit, to promote the privatization (segregation) of schools, and to unjustly flunk students, hold them in grade, when all the research demonstrates this does not promote learning, but guarantees dropouts.

The tests are not an authentic assessment of a student's progress. Such testing is like judging Tony Gwynn's baseball year on one day's at-bats. Genuine assessment takes place over time, considers the entirety of a child's skills and abilities, and seeks to build on strengths, while recognizing weaknesses. The tests invert that, only attacking weaknesses, which the tests cannot begin to explain.

More than one billion dollars will be spent on high-stakes standardized tests this year. That money should be spent on books, supplies, lower class size.

Key national organizations, like the Faculty association of the National Council of the Social Studies and the International Reading Association, local education unions, activist groups like the Whole Schooling Consortium and the Rouge Forum, all have called for nation-wide boycotts against test mania. We should join them.

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E. Wayne Ross SUNY Binghamton

"They who have put out the people's eyes reproach them for their blindness." —John Milton, 1642

Toward Compassion: Reflections on NYC An EMT/Action Medic Returning from Mass Destruction

"*You* are the real heroes," Sen. Charles Schumer, 12 September, 2001, personal communication.

I don't believe in heroism—in putting a few folks up on a pedestal as somehow braver or stronger than others. I think we should all push our potentials and do what we can both to dream of and live in a world of compassion. I've heard many stories of people taking brave or loving actions in response to the events of September 11, including: my sister caring for two children whose mother did not come out of the World Trade Center buildings, a firefighter whose eyes I flushed, who saved someone from the 51st floor, but whose partner did not come back out of the building, the Arab-American students who counterprotested the Republican rally for war on my campus...

A week after September 11, a crust of light gray muddied ash still rimmed the edges of my boots. I remember watching the television images of the World Trade Center buildings falling to the ground. I sat amidst a crowd of people with my friends Ingrid Bauer and Josh Pushkin on the floor of the Cornell University bookstore. On TV, ash and dust poured from the sky. I commented to Ingrid that it looked like a blizzard, the white dust settling on the cars and the street. The next day I walked through that ash. My friend Brian Dominick and I, both of us recently certified EMTs (Emergency Medical Technicians), had driven all night into the city to see what we could do to help. We ended up at St. Vincent's Hospital, one of the major trauma centers in New York City, working in a decontamination area (Decon). Like all of the other medical personnel, we mostly waited. And waited. Waited in the hopes that the ambulances would bring living people needing treatment out of the rubble to our curbside. In Decon, we treated firefighters and police officers who had been injured at "the Site," what's now being called "Ground Zero," the area where the World Trade Centers once stood.

New York City on My Birthday

I finally got a chance to really talk to my sister Shira a week after September 11. She works blocks away from where the World Trade Centers once stood. Shira described arriving in Manhattan and coming up out of the subway from Brooklyn into a black cloud. She went up into her office building where everyone was going on as if nothing had happened. She was freaking out, she told me, and ran back downstairs and outside, just in time to see the first building crumble to the ground. A week later, on her cell phone from the ongoing vigil at Union Square, she exclaimed over and over, "I was *bugging out*! I mean I was *really* freaking out! I didn't know what to do!"

At about the same time on September 11, I had been at home, working on my computer and half-listening to *Democracy Now!* (in Exile) hosted by Amy Goodman. I noticed an NPR Morning Edition host's voice on my radio and my anger began to rise. Were they trying to take *Democracy Now!* off the air again? Then George W's voice. I began to hear the unfathomable news. I tried to call my sister—no sound at the end of the line. I tried her apartment—no sound. I emailed her. Luckily, I got an email back within an hour, all caps, skirting hysteria:

>>I'M OKAY BUT THERE IS TOTAL INSANITY AND CHAOS GOING ON... THERE'S NOWHERE TO GO OR ANY WAY TO GET THERE!

P.S. HAPPY BIRTHDAY? >>

Yes, September 11 is my birthday. Hers is the 12th.

Part way through the overnight drive into the city Brian commented that we'd now spent both of our birthdays together doing EMT-related things. On his birthday, we took the state written exam, and now on mine we were getting ready to do whatever was put before us. Brian and I have a history together of treating people in the streets as action medics. This means that we go to protests and demonstrations and work with other folks to provide emergency first aid. We're there because EMS (Emergency Medical Services) will not enter situations that are not deemed "secure" by police, which may include situations of protest and civil disobedience. We're there because we believe in and support the right to dissent. We're there because we abhor police brutality. I'm not speaking here for the entire action medical community, although I believe that many of the folks involved would agree with at least these three statements. But I do at least feel confident in saying "we" here about both myself and Brian.

On the evening of September 11, when I checked my voice mail messages from a friend's house where I had gone to watch more news, and heard Brian asking me to come with him to the city, I was flooded by a mixture of emotions: yes! I could do something to help! I felt honored to work with Brian and love for him as a friend; I wondered if I was crazy to walk into such an unknown situation; I wondered and hoped for our friend James, who I knew was in the thick of it as a New York City Paramedic, and our other action medical friends who I guessed were in the streets doing what they could—I wanted to be a part of those efforts; and, admittedly, I was excited for the adventure. You have to be an adrenaline junkie in at least some respect to walk into the kinds of situations that we repeatedly put ourselves in; we treat trauma. I called Ingrid, my usual medic partner and travel companion, who was instantly overwhelmingly supportive of the idea. I had needed that. My brother told me not to get in the way and excitedly relayed his story of being evacuated from his DC area office building. My dad tried to tell me we wouldn't be able to get into the city and even if we did there would be nothing we could do. I talked to Brian several times on the phone, frantically trying to pack for I didn't even know what kind of situation or how long we would be there and hyperactive from the adrenaline rush mixed with trying not to wonder too much what I was getting myself into. This is what I had trained for: to treat people, mostly in traumatic situations.

Brian and I met midway between Syracuse and Ithaca, where our friends dropped him off and gave me clothes to match his. We were going in uniform: a white button-down shirt with New York State EMT patches belted into navy blue pocketed pants. This uniform and our credentials would get us into the city hours later, waved through police blockades onto streets where few other vehicles drove that were not EMS, firefighters or police.

On our drive down to the city, the closer we got and the more we got waved on by police officers. Crossing the police line boundary to what for us is usually the other side, our excitement built. Eventually, we were stopped at a final checkpoint going into Manhattan. A police officer leaned into my passenger-side window. He saw two white-skinned, young, eager uniformed EMTs. I looked perhaps even more eager, wearing a borrowed bright red ballcap that said "advanced first aid": young, smiling, ponytailed.

"Where are you going?" the officer asked.

"We're EMTs going to the city," Brian repeated the line that had gotten us to where we now sat in the middle of an empty intersection lit by flares.

"Yeah, but *where* are you going?" the officer asked.

Brian shrugged. "We're not really sure."

"You don't know where you're going?" the officer asked, incredulous, weary.

"Well, they told us just to drive down 87 into the city and we'd figure it out from there," Brian responded in a you-know-how-it-goes tone. Who knows who "they" were. But somehow we, too, were subject to hierarchy.

The officer kind of shook his head at us and repeated his question, now rhetorical.

"Maybe you can tell us where the best place for us to go would be," I offered. We *were* there to help, and had the credentials to offer it.

He walked over to the other officers and came back telling us to go to Jacob Javitz Center.

For once, we were on "their side," working for the same goals, hoping to help anyone that came out of the rubble.

Laughter and Tears: Grief, Joy, Outrage

A week and a half after September 11, I attended a formal academic dinner. Someone commented on the intensity of reading Brian's account of our travels. I don't remember what he said, but I laughed in response. "How can you laugh?" he reacted, shocked, maybe even appalled. I considered this as I sat down at a different table.

I have laughed a lot since September 11. And I have cried. And I have raged. And these emotional responses haven't always been at the "appropriate" moments or the "appropriate" targets.

Actually, I laughed a lot while I was *in* New York City. At times Brian was there with me, giggling; at other times my giggles seemed to grate on him. The longer we were there the grim reality seemed to seep into his body through the dust in the air.

We had gotten to St. Vincent's at around 4am and found the guy who had been dispatching the paramedics. He looked bad—worn, exhausted, grief-struck. He told us that the rescue efforts would resume at 5am, so we should expect folks to be brought in around 45 minutes later than that. At around 5 a group of perky, young college students was let in to help organize and hand out the food that had been donated. A young woman, who looked like she was at a slumber party in her pigtails and fleecy sweatshirt, walked up to groups of medical personnel, firefighters and police officers. "Can I get you some coffee?" she asked cheerily. It was endearing, her energy and enthusiasm, and thinking of her now reminds me of the whole spirit of the folks I encountered in New York City. People wanted to *help* each other; they weren't looking for rationale to go out and attack others. It was a place of giving, of listening, of shared looks of sorrow. I think of her and start to cry.

By 7am Brian and I continued waiting. Dawn had passed, though it seemed astonishing that another day would start. As the sky lightened I looked toward "The Site" and saw the still rising smoke. It didn't feel or look like New York City. Though the sun was coming up, the air was still chilly, and we clung to our cups of coffee, huddled in the ambulance bay. We watched suited men and women talk to the groups of reporters across the street. A small group of suits headed our way—"Pataki's coming, right for us," Brian said. We shook our heads at each other, grinning at the unlikelihood of our situation, and sat watching him approach.

Pataki came straight for Brian and shook his hand, "God bless," Pataki said, looking into Brian's eyes, hand on his shoulder. "Govnuh," Brian replied, nodding his head. Pataki turned to me and held out his hand, which I shook with both hands. "God bless," he repeated. "God bless you too," I offered. Pataki moved inside. Juvenile as it might be, I burst into giggles. This was too weird. I joked about how I might have yelled "Drop the Rock!," referring to the Rockefeller Drug laws aiming to incarcerate more people, particularly of color, disproportionately women, for non-violent drug offenses. The joke being that this would have been completely inappropriate given the time and place. But our one opportunity for words with Pataki had passed. I was giddy with sleeplessness, coffee-drinking, and nervous energy.

Our day at St. Vincent's involved a lot of sitting around, chatting, waiting, eating free food that came in all day. Once we had been positioned at Decon with another woman, June, we did treat a few folks. Brian and I laughed at the irony of us doing eyeflushes. That had been one of most frequent treatments when we had medic-ed in Quebec City in April for the protests against the Summit of Americas, where tens of thousands of people were subjected to tear gas. "This is our area of expertise!" we told June, showing her a better way to hold someone's eye open. We bagged and organized gear that had come off of firefighters on their way into the hospital. Even the amount of dust that caked their jackets and pants burned my throat. Once, I returned a bag to a firefighter on his way out of the emergency room. I was led to an African-American man hunched over onto crutches. He had a brace on each foot. What do you say to someone who's come out of such tragedy? I looked him in the eyes and thanked him for having been there to help people. His eyes welled up with tears. I hurried back to Decon.

By mid-afternoon Brian and I were exhausted and decided to head uptown to our action medic friend Meredith's for a break and some much needed sleep. I had already taken brief naps first seated on the curb where the ambulances would have come in and later seated upright in a wheelchair on the sidewalk.

When we returned that evening, the hospital had been sealed up because of electrical fire smoke in the air. All of the stretchers and wheelchairs that had been hopefully lined up outside during the day were no longer there. The garage that had housed Decon was closed. We were told there was nothing we could do. By midnight after verification at "The Site" where we had gone with Meredith, to try to offer relief to some of the folks working down there, we understood that there was nothing we could do. "This is a recovery mission only now. We're sending people home," we were told, thanked for coming, and again welcomed to help ourselves to some of the free food and coffee. We left the city by midnight and drove upstate. After leaving Brian in Syracuse, I cried all the way home as I listened on the radio to the stories of family and friends of the victims. I cried thinking of what it meant that there was nothing we could do, that it wasn't *us* in our skill-level or our political leanings that could do nothing, but that *nothing could be done* at least for those people still underneath the rubble.

There Is Something We Can Do

A week after being in New York City, I finally put my boots back on in preparation for a training that Ingrid and I were co-facilitating on Health and Safety at Protests. I noticed the grey mud, and thought about how I hadn't touched my boots since I took them off when I returned home at 5:30am on Thursday, the 14th. I didn't want to wipe them off a week later. It was like a touch of reality amidst the world to which I had returned. One where hate and racism are seen as patriotic and supportive of democracy? One where war, not critical reflection on the role of the US in global politics, is seen as an appropriate response? One where my brown-skinned friends are afraid to walk the streets even in our "most enlightened" town for fear of being accosted, beaten or worse based on their skin color and/or suspected religion? One where I'm wondering what is it that I'm actually *doing* to fight all of this.

At our Health and Safety training, I felt an even greater urgency in talking about taking care of oneself and one's friends in the streets at protests. Over the past few years there has already been an increasing risk of state-sanctioned violence against mass demonstration, including the types of policing (mass police violence) that went on in Quebec City last April or Genova this summer. The intensity has been heightened by the push for increased surveillance and infiltration. To preserve

democracy? Who are these people kidding? At the Health and Safety training, a young woman, maybe eighteen years old, who's never been to any big demonstration before, asked us, in one of our calls for questions: "What will the riot police do?" Ingrid and I tried to put that question aside, saying that we would cover some of those things as the training went on, but we did not satisfy her because at the end of the workshop she repeated the question: "What will the riot police do?"

Yes, that's an important question I think we should all be asking. *What will the riot police do?* What will we *allow* policing to become in these times? What rights are we going to allow to be stripped from us? And I can tell you, having been strip-searched before, there may be a point when we're so weary that we don't even care anymore, when after a series of humiliations stripping becomes almost inconsequential in the face of wanting something even as basic as a shower. I don't want to reach that place again. What violence will we let this nation sanction? What civil liberties will we allow stripped away by a government led by a non-democratically posted figurehead for corporate elites?

Now I'm preparing to put my boots back on, ready to provide medic support for the Anti-War and Anti-Racism rallies to be held this weekend in Washington, DC. When I've told people about being an action medic at protests, I've often been asked if we're given some kind of special treatment by police, because we're medics. I have had to break it to them that it's not uncommon for action medics to be targeted by police at protests. I'm used to the them vs. us dichotomy.

Yet it's part of my positions of privilege that I'm able to walk between worlds when I choose, like I did on September 11 and 12, mostly because of my white skin, but also because I can put on a uniform, display credentials which include not just EMT certification but, often more highly regarded (though requiring fewer practical skills), an Ivy League education. I have the class background to play the game and not stick too far out, if at all. Cynical as this might sound, Brian and I were let into New York City not just for our compassion and our desire to help, but mostly for being able to play the part. This weekend, it seems we'll be back on the other side.

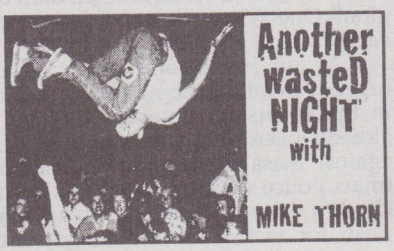
Last weekend, in another uniform, business casual, I met the head of a high-level, lefty anti-globalization NGO. In a group introduction he emphasized that he was for *policy* change and wanted to differentiate himself from "those anarchists who throw chairs through windows and engage in other forms of property destruction." I later introduced myself to him; "I'm an anarchist," I told him (I bet he didn't expect to be among one of *those* at Cornell University), "and I engage in emergency first aid!" I urged him to rethink his corporate-media produced stereotypes of just who's out there on the streets. As I would urge others to challenge the stereotypes we hold: of who's a "terrorist," of who's "violent."

Regardless of your political beliefs and what you think you know of mine, just by virtue of my using that word, "anarchist," I urge you to consider what kind of world you're creating. Because we're all involved in creation. And I want to live in a world of compassion, not hate; a world where people are appreciated for what they offer, not some abstract notion of citizenship; a world of mutual support and care-giving.

These are the lessons I learned on my birthday this year.

With thanks to Brian Dominick, Ingrid Bauer, Justin Dewyea, and Meredith.

Rachel Szego is an action medic affiliated with NorthEast Action Medics Association (NEAMA), Ithaca Street Medics, and Radical Emergency Squad (RESQ). She is also an activist with the Ithaca Coalition for Global Justice (aka, Ithaca Sharks) and a PhD student studying Development Sociology at Cornell University.



Christ, it's about 6:30pm, we go to print tomorrow, and I'm just now getting around to writing this column. It's been a weird last month or so for me—hell, it's been a weird year for me in general. Fuck, have I really lived in California for a year now? How bizarre is that? I just looked over the first column I wrote for *Maximum Rocknroll*...weird...it's amazing to me how much so many things can change for a person in a year's time. I'm with great amounts of certainty not the same fella who came strutting through the iron gate that is the front door to the *MRR* compound a year ago.

Some days I feel incredibly weathered and battered—something about the constant calls from shady promo people and dealing with "professional" punks and hobbyists can wear a kid down. Even someone with the undying love for this frazzled community that is punk, like me. Other days, that spark of inspiration hits me in the face like a sledgehammer to the dick and it keeps me going despite the line-up of bastards at my gate. In case it's not obvious enough—those are the moments that count.

"I awoke in a sweat from the American dream..."
-Amebix-

I recently saw some photos of a pro-America, pro-war rally here the Bay Area. Among the signs and placards was one which read "Children grow up to be terrorists, kill them all now..." Amazing, huh? It's been nearly a month since the bombings commenced in Afghanistan and it seems as though there is no end in sight.

The bloodlust which has swept this nation is like a weight on my heart—justice at any cost. Rampant paranoia has gripped the minds of this whole nation—fear clutches like a vise on the nation's collective brain, squeezing out any sort of reasoning ability that might have remained.

Anthrax—the word constantly pounding us from every direction. Speculation of its origins fill the papers "...it could have only been produced in the United States, Russia, or Iraq..." How convienent, that one of the places that it could come form would be Iraq. Especially since the US feels it has unfinished business there. But what most news folx have been neglecting to mention is that any sort of weapons-grade anthrax which may have come from Iraq had its actual birthing in the United States in the late '80s with the Reagan/Bush administration's selling of biological weapons (like anthrax) to the Iraqis in the US' support of them in their war against Iran. Whoops!

Fueled by this rampant paranoia and nationalism, it was with great enthusiasm that Congress pushed through legislation which has frightening long run implications in the realm of individual rights and civil liberties. Anyone who questions the circling hawks is brandished a coward, unpatriotic; and while I've never really been very concerned about arguing either point with anyone (in regards to my own cowardice or lack of patriotism), I can't help to but to think that there is just something exceptionally sinister about it all. A dark day may be awaiting us all, as we walk almost too willingly into a world George Orwell couldn't even have fully imagined.

Endnotes:

1) Sorry kids, no time for random babbling about records this month—too much other shit going on.

2) This may get to a lot of you too late for it to matter, but I'm going to be meeting up with Harum Scarum in Prague on November 21st, and riding with them until they get to Amsterdam on December 3rd. So maybe some of you European punx will come up and introduce yourselves to me while I'm on this little journey. I look forward to meeting some of you.

3) I eat too many burritos for my own good, but I just can't help it. It's almost as though they call my name.

4) Tony Pointless is one sexy motherfucker....

5) Hey if you get a chance, be sure to check out Fuerza X from Guatemala as they rip it up across the West Coast—I mean, how many times are you going to have the chance to see a band from Guatemala? Not many, I'd venture to say, especially given that they are the first band from down there to make it here.

6) Contact me via the old MRR PO Box or email via the machine: mikethorn@mindspring.com

"In America, the arms industry, the oil industry, the major media networks, and, indeed, US foreign policy, are all controlled by the same business combines. Therefore, it would be foolish to expect this talk of guns and oil and defense deals to get any real play in the media. In any case, to a distraught, confused people whose pride has just been wounded, whose loved ones have been tragically killed, whose anger is fresh and sharp, the inanities about the "clash of civilizations" and the "good v evil" discourse home in unerringly. They are cynically doled out by government spokesmen like a daily dose of vitamins or anti-depressants. Regular medication ensures that mainland America continues to remain the enigma it has always been—a curiously insular people, administered by a pathologically meddlesome, promiscuous government."

—Arundhati Roy, "Brutality Smeared in Peanut Butter: Why America Must Stop the War Now," *Guardian of London*, Oct. 23

I can see them marching inexorably toward us; tier after tier of products. Memorial mugs, illustrated libraries, jigsaw puzzles of the twin towers, wreathed in the starry flag. War memoribilia, marketed not just for zealots and WWII vets, but for every American, as emblems of loyalty. These small celebrations were significantly absent in the shadow of Vietnam, whose vets collect SSI, not chess sets—but according to the swelling orchestrations on TV, and the sentimental songs on the radio, this time it's a noble war. We will have a return to American manhood, Christian wife- and motherhood, American boy- and girlhood—we will declare our own innocence and salute our own bravery ad infinitum.

The post-Vietnam generation, mine and perhaps yours, will be encouraged to desert irony and embrace a new sense of purpose in the "new war" effort. We spent our young childhoods in the tight-lipped ugliness of the Cold War, only to be told a few years later, with extraordinary terseness, that it was just *over*. Our fears about nuclear war, in which we invested so much youthful anxiety, were—the government's silence assured us—really unfounded.

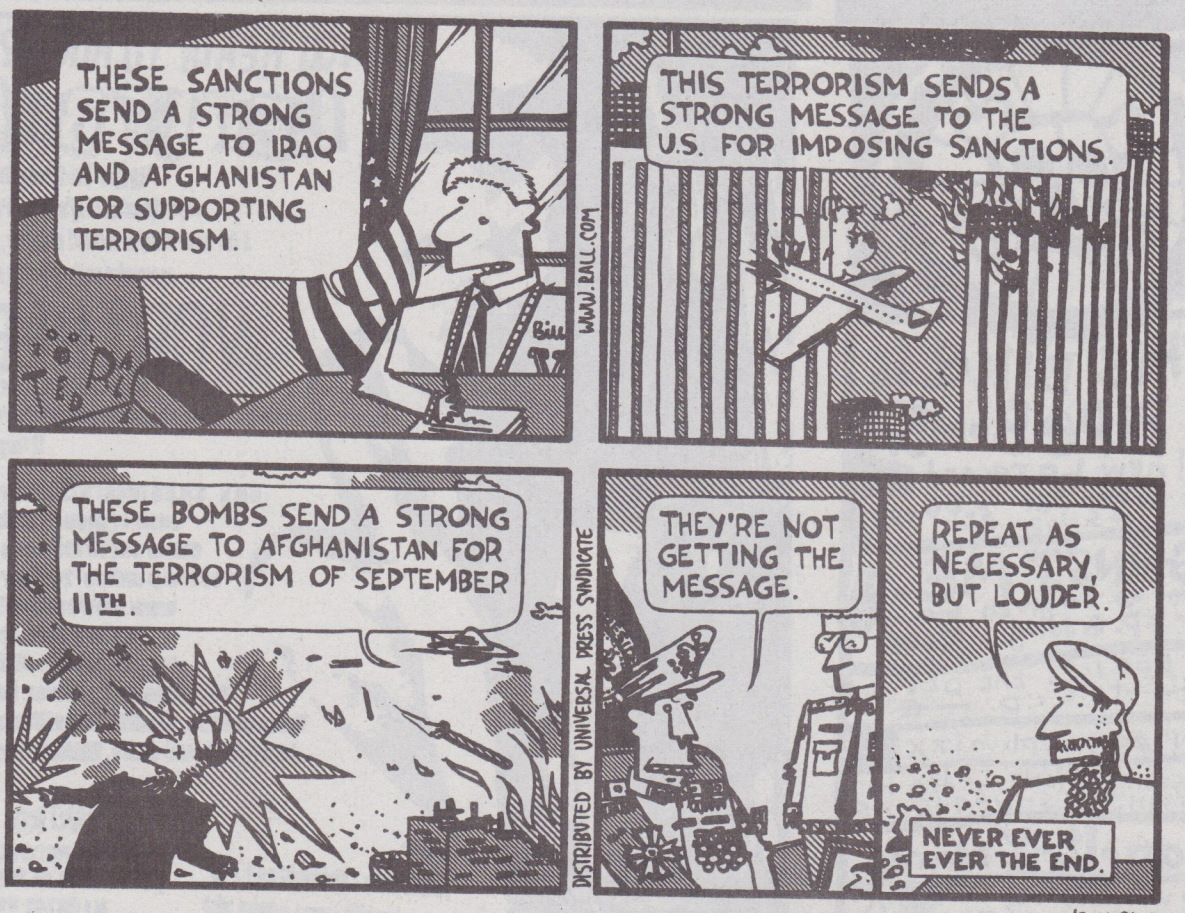
Muddled by this shadowy introduction to global politics, and nurtured by ubiquitous electronic entertainment, American kids in the last decades have been manipulated more thoroughly and intimately than any before us by images in the media. The constant shifts in self-perception required to keep us spending created a generation unsure of itself, hungry for gritty reality. Some of us have learned to resist this assault, but for many, the current conflict offers a very desirable sense of purpose. The strong emotions flying loose these days threaten to distract us from the fact that we are still—in fact, increasingly—being manipulated.

War stories, of courage and privation, are no longer the foible of the old. On TV, in the daily newspaper, on the liberal radio, the plush drape of poignancy makes our more advanced functions—critical thought, reason, restraint—seem callous and suspect. Unbelievably, our self-obsession deepens. Much like I'm doing now, we chart ripples in the fabric of the American mind, while the bombs fall in Afghanistan, and winter, with its promise of starvation for the Afghani people, rides up fast.

We remain curiously insular. Short months ago, lush TV commercials beckoned us into sepia-toned dreamscapes, where shepherds in the British Isles, village children in Africa, teenagers in Manhattan, eyes shining, were united by the new communications technologies. Real cultural and economic conditions were omitted from these ads—diversity acknowledged with a purely asthetic, tourist shallowness. The message: American capitalism will unite the world.

Post Sept. 11, these ads have been transformed into images of traditional white American families, achieving togetherness against monumental odds, festooned with flags. Attention: you are (still) being used. *contact: arwenc@mindspring.com*

1. Welcome to our two newest columnists: Wells Tipley and Tony Arena, both from fabulous New York.
2. We regret the tiny type in the news section this month. There's so much to say and suddenly, so little space. (We promise at least 8 point font next month.) Thanks to Mimi for her always excellent job compiling the news and to everyone who contributed.



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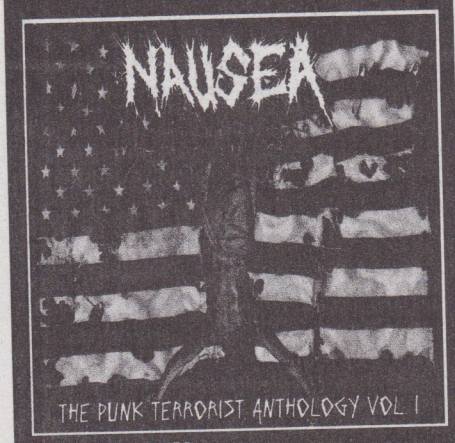

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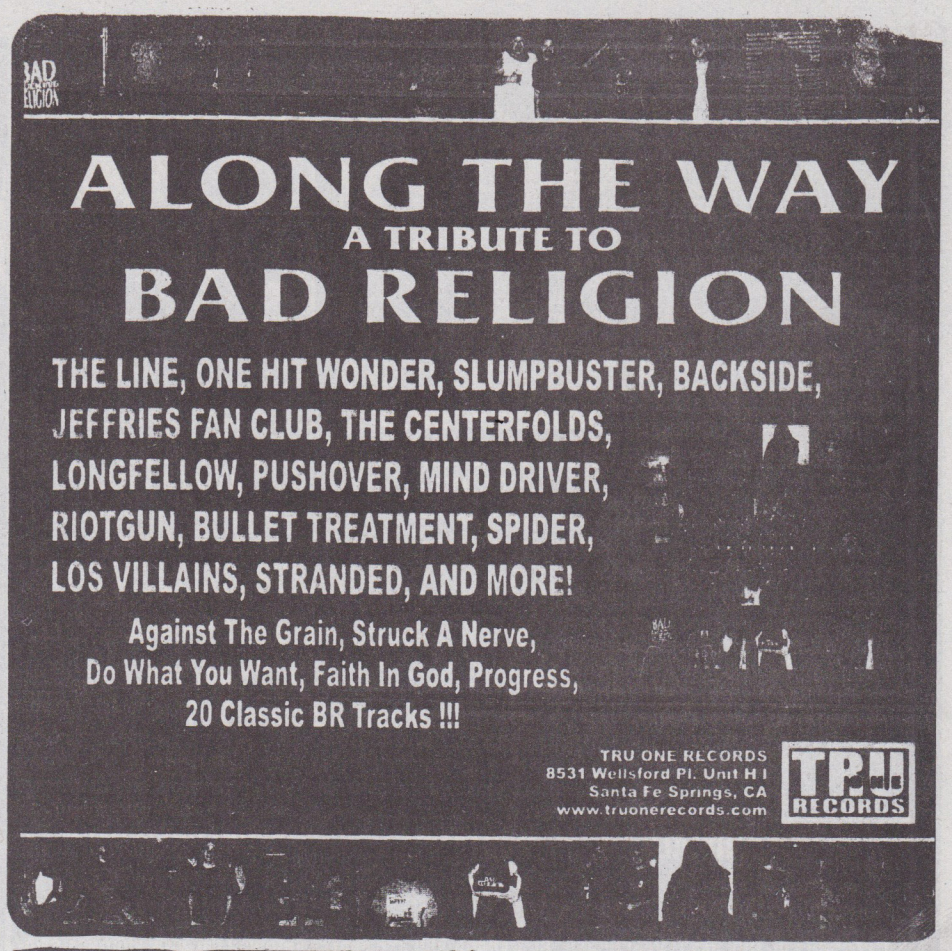

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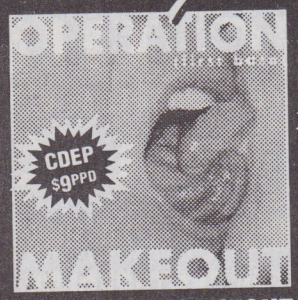

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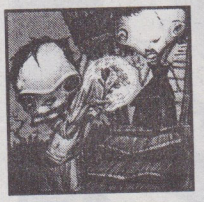
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MRR NEWS

No. 223
Dec. 2001
compiled by:
Mimi Nguyen

Brutality Smeared in Peanut Butter

By Arundhati Roy
Outlook India October 29, 2001

The following is a series of excerpts from the longer essay, now published widely.

When he announced the air strikes, President George Bush said, "We're a peaceful nation." America's favourite ambassador, Tony Blair, (who also holds the portfolio of Prime Minister of the UK), echoed him: "We're a peaceful people."

So now we know. Pigs are horses. Girls are boys. War is Peace.

Speaking at the FBI headquarters a few days later, President Bush said: "This is our calling. This is the calling of the United States of America. The most free nation in the world. A nation built on fundamental values that reject hate, reject violence, rejects murderers and rejects evil. We will not tire."

Here is a list of the countries that America has been at war with-and bombed-since World War II: China (1945-46, 1950-53); Korea (1950-53); Guatemala (1954, 1967-69); Indonesia (1958); Cuba (1959-60); the Belgian Congo (1964); Peru (1965); Laos (1964-73); Vietnam (1961-73); Cambodia (1969-70); Grenada (1983); Libya (1986); El Salvador (1980s); Nicaragua (1980s); Panama (1989), Iraq (1991-99), Bosnia (1995), Sudan (1998); Yugoslavia (1999). And now Afghanistan.

Certainly it does not tire-this, the Most Free nation in the world.

As a gesture of humanitarian support, the US government air-dropped 37,000 packets of emergency rations into Afghanistan. It says it plans to drop a total of 5,000,000 packets. That will still only add up to a single meal for half-a-million people out of the several million in dire need of food. Aid workers have condemned it as a cynical, dangerous, public-relations exercise. They say that air-dropping food packets is worse than futile. First, because the food will never get to those who really need it. More dangerously, those who run out to retrieve the packets risk being blown up by landmines. A tragic alms race.

Nevertheless, the food packets had a photo-op all to themselves. Their contents were listed in major newspapers. They were vegetarian, we're told, as per Muslim Dietary Law (!). Each yellow packet, decorated with the American flag, contained: rice, peanut butter, bean salad, strawberry jam, crackers, raisins, flat bread, an apple fruit bar, seasoning, matches, a set of plastic cutlery, a serviette and illustrated user instructions.

After three years of unremitting drought, an air-dropped airline meal in Jalalabad! The level of cultural ineptitude, the failure to understand what months of relentless hunger and grinding poverty really mean, the US government's attempt to use even this abject misery to boost its self-image, beggars description.

Reverse the scenario for a moment. Imagine if the Taliban government was to bomb New York City, saying all the while that its real target was the US government and its policies. And suppose, during breaks between the bombing, the Taliban dropped a few thousand packets containing nan and kababs impaled on an Afghan flag. Would the good people of New York ever find it in themselves to forgive the Afghan government? Even if they were hungry, even if they needed the food, even if they ate it, how would they ever forget the insult, the condescension?

Then there's that other branch of traditional family business-oil. Remember, President George Bush and Vice-President Dick Cheney both made their fortunes working in the US oil industry.

Continued on the last page of news section.

Media Suppress the News that Bush Lost Election to Gore

By Charles Laurence in Washington
Sydney Morning Herald (Australia) October 22, 2001

The most detailed analysis yet of the contested Florida votes from last year's presidential election - with the potential to question President George Bush's legitimacy - is being withheld by the news organizations that commissioned it.

Results of the inspection of more than 170,000 votes rejected as unreadable in the "hanging chad" chaos of last November's vote count were ready at the end of August.

The study was commissioned early this year by a consortium including The Wall Street Journal, The Washington Post and The New York Times and the broadcaster CNN. The cost was more than $2 million. Now, however, spokesmen for the consortium say that they decided to postpone the story of the analysis by the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago for lack of resources and lack of interest in the face of the enormous story after the September 11 attacks.

Newspapers were saying last week that the final phase of the analysis, counting the 170,000 votes, had been postponed.

"Our belief is that the priorities of the country have changed, and our priorities have changed," said Steven Goldstein, vice-president of corporate communications at Dow Jones, owner of The Wall Street Journal.

Catherine Mathis, a spokeswoman for The New York Times, said: "The consortium agreed that because of the war, because of our lack of resources, we were postponing the vote-count investigation. But this is not final. The intention is to go forward."

However David Podvin, an investigative journalist who runs an independent Web page, Make Them Accountable, said he had been tipped off that the consortium was covering up the results.

He refused to disclose his source other than to describe him as a former media executive whom he knew "as an accurate conduit of information" and who claimed that the consortium "is deliberately hiding the results of its recount because [former Democrat vice-president Al] Gore was the indisputable winner".

He also claims that a New York Times journalist involved in the recount project had told "a former companion" that the Gore victory margin was big enough to create "major trouble for the Bush presidency if this ever gets out".

"The goosiness, the sensitivity, that the press which organized this analysis is now showing to publishing the results and the persistence of questions about the Florida ballots raise questions," said Dr John Mason, a professor of political science at William Paterson University, in New Jersey. "There is a sensitivity over the legitimacy of this president."

National Opinion Research Center staff have been puzzled by the idea that the media would lack the resources because, they said, they had computer programs already designed and fitted for the final count.

War and Oil: America's Pipe Dream

By George Monbiot

...Afghanistan's strategic importance has not changed. In September, a few days before the attack on New York, the US energy information administration reported that "Afghanistan's significance from an energy standpoint stems from its geographical position as a potential transit route for oil and natural gas exports from central Asia to the Arabian sea. This potential includes the possible construction of oil and natural gas export pipelines through Afghanistan". Given that the US government is dominated by former oil industry executives, we would be foolish to suppose that such plans no longer figure in its strategic thinking. As the researcher Keith Fisher has pointed out, the possible economic outcomes of the war in Afghanistan mirror the possible economic outcomes of the war in the Balkans, where the development of "Corridor 8", an economic zone built around a pipeline carrying oil and gas from the Caspian to Europe, is a critical allied concern.

As John Flynn wrote in 1944: "The enemy aggressor is always pursuing a course of larceny, murder, rapine and barbarism. We are always moving forward with high mission, a destiny imposed by the Deity to regenerate our victims while incidentally capturing their markets, to civilise savage and senile and paranoid peoples while blundering accidentally into their oil wells." I believe that the US government is genuine in its attempt to stamp out terrorism by military force in Afghanistan, however misguided that may be. But we would be naive to believe that this is all it is doing.

Read the entire article at http://www.counterpunch.org.

Dick Cheney's Pipe Dream

By Geoffrey Gray

American Special Forces troops may have begun moving on Afghanistan late this week, but American special interests started jockeying for position in the region years before. Control of the landlocked nation is key to exploiting the nearby oil reserves of the Caspian Sea—a fact not lost on Vice President Dick Cheney, in his previous incarnation as CEO of energy giant Halliburton.

The man who would one day help conduct a war in Central Asia told a 1998 crowd at the right-wing Cato Institute about the black gold that lay beneath the waters there and the importance of teasing it from the politically volatile countries. "The good Lord didn't see fit to put oil and gas only where there are democratic regimes friendly to the United States," Cheney said. He condemned the U.S. sanctions placed on potentially oil-rich countries like Azerbaijan, Iran, Iraq, and Libya.

"You've got to go where the oil is," he told another audience that year.

Excerpted from a Village Voice web exclusive at http://www.villagevoice.com.

OF FOOD AND BOMBS
Humanitarian aid has become a weapon of war

By G. Pascal Zachary

The images on the first few days of air attacks by the United States on Afghanistan's Taliban regime were a strange juxtaposition of bombing—and food drops. Guns and planes are playing a decisive role, but there is another weapon in this war on terrorism: humanitarian aid. And while desperately needy refugees hopefully benefit from the assistance, they are also being used as pawns.

Even before the United States fired a shot, President Bush pledged hundreds of millions of dollars in aid to Afghan refugees. The administration wants to portray itself as helping beleaguered Afghans, and relief aid could make the United States appear merciful, especially to Islamic countries that are troubled by the bombing and the inevitable civilian casualties (such as the four U.N. security workers killed on October 9). And America's linkage of food and guns may help—especially when the CIA comes to recruit agents out of the Afghan refugee camps in Pakistan.

But the American PR offensive seems brittle. Doctors Without Borders is already calling U.S. humanitarian aid counter-productive so long as it's tied to air attacks. "Such action does not answer the needs of the Afghan people and is likely to undermine attempts to deliver substantial aid to the most vulnerable," says Dr. Jean-Hervé Bradol of Doctors Without Borders, which estimates that 1 million Afghans are on the move, seeking refuge. The U.S. food drops are believed to satisfy the needs of only 37,500 people a day. Millions of Afghans are in danger of starving.

But the United States is not alone in exploiting the humanitarian crisis. The Taliban still seems to think that if it can raise the costs of a fight, then the U.S. coalition will fracture. The Afghan leaders wish to portray themselves as innocent victims of U.S. aggression, and even though they have brought on many of their own misfortunes, their cause might be helped if U.S. bombs kill too many civilians or destroy vital infrastructure that brings on further starvation or disease.

Although the Taliban chieftains may decide they are safer hiding in the caves of Afghanistan, they could easily send loyalists into international refugee camps run by the United Nations. Using the relative safety of these camps—and their resources—they could help sustain the Taliban resistance in Afghanistan. The Taliban also may be encouraging, if not assisting, ordinary Afghans to flood into neighboring Pakistan to destabilize this wavering U.S. ally.

Yet Pakistan is already using the specter of hundreds of thousands of Afghan refugees as leverage against both the United States and Afghanistan. Pakistan surely will exact a price from the Americans for receiving Afghan refugees. The price, beyond what the United States already has "paid" in lifting sanctions on Pakistan for its testing of nuclear weapons, could prove to be billions of dollars in American aid to the military government. That government may also use Afghan refugees against the Taliban, citing their presence as a pretext for helping topple the regime or as a reason to endorse a U.S. land invasion.

Of course, the use of humanitarian aid as a weapon of war is not new. In Rwanda, after the Hutus systematically killed a half a million Tutsis in 1994, Hutu leaders fled to neighboring Zaire (now Congo) and used the safety and resources of U.N. refugee camps to mount further attacks on Tutsi forces. The West ended up protecting killers in the rush to house, feed and clothe refugees.

In 1999, Slobodan Milosevic drove out Muslim Kosovars from southern Serbia partly as a way of raising the costs to the NATO alliance fighting against him. By creating a vast pool of Kosovar refugees, Milosevic hoped to destabilize neighboring Macedonia, where dominant Slavs were already in a tense standoff with minority ethnic Albanians. While Milosevic now awaits trial for war crimes in The Hague, he has left a legacy of strife in Macedonia. Earlier this year, Kosovar refugees (along with Macedonian Albanians) mounted an armed insurrection, launching attacks from the safety of positions inside U.N.-controlled Kosovo.

As Kosovo and Rwanda show, so-called humanitarian crises often confuse the international community and raise troubling moral questions—questions that should be asked about the current crisis in Afghanistan. Helping Afghan refugees, aid donors—and their agents on the ground—may be helping the Taliban regime either to regroup or stave off annihilation. All this raises doubts about the wisdom of the Bush administration in linking bombs and humanitarian aid so closely. As Doctors Without Borders argues, such a link puts a cloud over independent aid organizations "who are less likely to be perceived as impartial actors in the future."

Ultimately, the militarization of humanitarian aid may do precisely what the U.S. public doesn't want: prolong the suffering of refugees, undermine real aid and render the bombing campaign a failure.

G. Pascal Zachary is the author of The Global Me: New Cosmopolitans and the Competitive Edge. Published on http://www.inthesetimes.com / issue/25/25/feature2.shtml.

Published in SF Examiner on October 19, 2001.

Caesar's Wife

by Conn Hallinan

There is a law in politics almost as old as the business itself. When one lays claim to the moral high ground, goes the saying, one should be "as Caesar's wife: above reproach." The Bush Administration inattention to that piece of wisdom is likely to cause it no end of trouble as it tries to cobble together an international coalition against terrorism.

When the US's new United Nations Ambassador John Negroponte rose to praise that body's Sept. 28 resolution on terrorism, reminding delegates that the action "obligates all member states to deny financing, support, and safe haven for terrorists," his remarks were greeted with studied silence by Latin American
delegates. It is hard to cheer when you're gritting your teeth.

Twenty years ago, Negroponte was financing and supporting terrorist death squads in Honduras and providing "safe haven" for the Contras, who used sabotage and murder in their efforts to overthrow the Sandinista regime in Nicaragua.

When Negroponte took over as U.S. Ambassador to Honduras in 1981, the outgoing Carter Administration appointee, Jack Binns, warned him that human rights abuses were on the rise. Negroponte not only ignored him, he oversaw a jump in U.S. military aid from $3.9 million in 1981 to $77.4 million in 1984. At the time, Honduras had no internal or external enemies, but was serving as the major launch pad for the U.S. backed Contra attacks. Locals dubbed the country the "USS Honduras."

At the time Negroponte was denying human rights violations in Honduras, the military's notorious Battalion 3-16, a secret unit trained by the CIA, and headed by Gen. Gustavo Alverez Martinez, a graduate of the U.S.'s School of the Americas, was kidnapping and murdering opponents of the government. Some 184 murders have been documented by human rights organizations, including American Jesuit priest Joseph Carney. According to a 1995 series in the Baltimore Sun exposing the U.S. role in training the Battalion, the unit used electric shock and suffocation as its favored interrogation technique, murdering prisoners afterwards.

[...] Jose Miguel Vivanco, the director of Human Rights Watch/America, calls Negroponte the "ostrich ambassador," who "never saw anything wrong. He never heard about any serious rights violations. It was like he was living in another country."

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee had these reports before it when it approved Negroponte's nomination Sept.14, but in the stampede to stand with the President, it chose not to pursue them. It is a decision the Senate may come to regret. When the new UN Ambassador thunders about the damages inflicted on Americans by the New York and Washington attacks, the Nicaraguans and Salvadorans may remind him that the International Court of Justice in the Hague found the U.S. liable for $17 billion of damage inflicted on both countries during the Reagan Administration's jihad in Central America.

When Negroponte points to the 6,000 plus deaths caused by the Sept. 11 terrorism, Central Americans may sit quietly, but it is doubtful they will forget the 200,000 lives lost during their U.S. sponsored civil wars or the two million refugees those conflicts engendered.

If Negroponte is a potential headache for the White House, Elliot Abrams, the newly appointed senior director for the National Security Council's office for Democracy, Human Rights, and International Operations is a major migraine. Abrams was a key actor in the Iran-Contra business and convicted of lying about it to Congress in 1986. What he was never charged with was covering up mass murder, murder most foul.

In December, 1981, the U.S. trained Atlacalt Battalion rounded up the 900 residents of El Mazote in El Salvador and systemically murdered all but a few who escaped. They shot them with American M-16s, cut their throats, burned them alive, and machine gunned and macheted scores of children. The massacre was exposed by Ray Bonner of the New York Times and Alma Guillermoprieto of the Washington Post.

But their reports never received widespread circulation because Elliot Abrams covered up the atrocity. He lied, he spun, he whispered that Bonner and Guillermoprieto were rebel symps, and tossed out just enough smoke and intimidation that a timid press backed off the story. In the end it all came out when the UN Truth Commission carried out a painstaking reconstruction of the massacre in 1993. For the full story look at Mark Danner's "The Truth About El Mazote" in the Dec. 6 New Yorker magazine

Abrams' response to the Commission's findings on El Mazote and that 85 percent of the 22,000 extra-legal murders in El Salvador were carried out by U.S. sponsored death squads in alliance with the Salvadoran military? "The (Reagan) Administration's record on El Salvador is one of fabulous achievement." And this is the man whom the world should listen to on democracy and human rights?

There are other terrorists whom the Bush Administration has unearthed and brought back into the fold as well. Keep an eye out for Otto Reich, the nominee for Assistant Secretary of State for Western Hemisphere Affairs. As the former head of the State Department's Latin America Office, he helped plant stories and opinion pieces praising the Contras in U.S. newspapers. It wasn't just the stories that were phony, so were the authors. Reich' office wrote them all. He also helped spring terrorist Orlando Bosch from a Venezuelan prison in 1987. Bosch was jailed for the 1976 bombing of a Cuban commercial airplane that killed 73 people.

This is the caliber of people making speeches about fighting terrorism these days. It's enough to make the angels weep.

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Hearts and Minds: Avoiding a New Cold War

Rahul Mahajan and Robert Jensen, AlterNet
October 18, 2001

So, what should those who see the futility of the current military strategy be calling for?

First, we must support the call made by UN-affiliated and private aid agencies for an immediate bombing halt to allow a resumption of the serious food distribution efforts needed to avoid a catastrophe.

There will need to be a transitional government, which should be -- as has been suggested for the past decade -- ethnically broad-based with a commitment to allowing international aid and basic human rights. It must, however, be under UN auspices, with the United States playing a minimal role because of its history of "covert" action in the region. It should also be one that does not sell off Afghanistan's natural resources and desirable location for pipelines on the cheap to multinational corporations.

While all that goes forward, the United States should do what is most obviously within its power to do to lower the risk of further terrorist attacks: Begin to change U.S. foreign policy in a way that could win over the people of the Islamic world by acknowledging that many of their grievances -- such as the sanctions on Iraq, the presence of U.S. troops in Saudi Arabia, Israel's occupation of and aggression against Palestine -- are legitimate and must be addressed.

This shouldn't be confused with "giving in to the terrorists" or "negotiating with bin Laden." It is neither. It is a practical strategy that demonstrates that a powerful nation can choose to correct policies that were rooted in a desire to extend its dominance over a region and its resources and are now not only unjust but untenable. It is a sign of strength, and it is the right thing to do.

These changes in policy must be preliminary to a larger change. The United States must drop its posture of the unilateralist, interventionist superpower. In lieu of its current policy of invoking the rule of law and the international community when convenient and ignoring them when it wishes, it must demonstrate a genuine commitment to being bound by that law and the will of the international community in matters of war and peace.

Many have said of the Afghans, and perhaps by extension of many other deprived peoples, "Feed them and you'll win them over." This attitude dehumanizes those people. Nobody will accept bombs with one hand and food with the other. Nor will anyone feel gratitude over food doled out by an arrogant superpower that insists on a constant double standard in international relations and makes peremptory demands of other nations on a regular basis. To win the support of Afghans and others for the long term, which will be necessary to substantially reduce the danger of terrorism, the United States must treat other peoples with dignity and respect. We must recognize we are simply one nation among many.

The choice we face as a nation is similar to that faced at the end of World War II. The capitalist West, the Communist world, and many of the colonies had united to defeat fascism. That could have been the basis of building an equitable world order, with the United States helping to equalize levels of wealth and consumption around the world. Had that path been taken, the world would be a far safer place today, for Americans and others.

Instead, U.S. leaders chose the path of the Cold War, which was not so much an attempt to contain Soviet-style communism as it was to destroy any example of independent development in the Third World, to extend and entrench our economic superiority. That effort harmed democracy in our country and in others, killed millions, and has led in the end to the creation new and terrifying threats to all our safety.

Government officials are already speaking as if we are fighting a new Cold War, with President Bush calling the war on Afghanistan "the first battle of the war of the 21st century."

We cannot let history repeat itself.

Rahul Mahajan serves on the National Board of Peace Action. Robert Jensen is a professor of journalism at the University of Texas. Both are members of the Nowar Collective (www.nowarcollective.com). The entire article can be read at http://www.alternet.org.

Women's Patriotic Role

October 11, 2001
By Cynthia Peters
ZNet Commentary

Cynthia Enloe, feminist scholar and author of several books and articles about women and the military, suggests that when a country mobilizes for war, it is useful to ask, "Where are the women?"

When we ask, where are the women in the United States, we can learn something about the role of women in U.S. institutions, and what is expected of them during times of war.

We see they are being told that shopping is their patriotic duty, that their unpaid caring labor is now part of the war effort, that they must obsess about the minutia of daily routines and not focus on the larger issues, and that they should stand united with the rest of the country as if it were one big family and the women are the loyal moms and daughters. Women of color and working-class women, having never really been part of the great big American family, must continue as the invisible servants -- bearing the brunt of economic downturn, continuing to function with less of a social safety net, being targeted by heightened racism, and losing a disproportionate share of their family members to the military.

In his October 7, 2001 war announcement, Bush shamefully showcased the ideal feminine gesture during this tragic time -- literally to be willing to sacrifice our men. He said, "I recently received a touching letter that says a lot about the state of America in these difficult times, a letter from a fourth grade girl with a father in the military. 'As much as I don't want my dad to fight,'" she wrote, "'I'm willing to give him to you.'"

Laura Bush role-modeled the necessity of giving up our men as they do the brave public deeds required of them during the crisis. During a recent interview with Larry King, the First Lady lamented that "she may have lost a little of him because he gave more of himself to the country," according to a UPI report.

"It's unbelievably stressful," she continued. "I thought today he looked a little tired." A moment's lament is acceptable, but only if it quickly morphs into cheerleading. "But he's doing great," the First Lady added. "He's very resolved. He's doing very well." "The fact is," she said at one point, "is that most of us are safe. Nearly all of us are safe. Our children are safe in their schools. We need to reassure them, of that.

"We're safe in our homes. We're safe. ... I know that people are getting back on planes and flying again, which I'm glad about," she said.

She ended the interview with an encouraging note: "I want to get across the message that that I think people need to go about their daily lives and start feeling secure again, and certainly help make their children feel secure as they go about their daily lives."

The wifely and motherly role during a time of crisis is to admire our men, bravely suffer their understandable preoccupations, reassure the children, and breathe a sigh of relief for the return of our daily routines. We can celebrate the little things, like "getting back on planes and flying again," and not concern ourselves with the bigger issues like whether our country's policies will lead to genocide in Afghanistan.

An important aspect of women's domestic work is to shop, and now it is her patriotic duty as well. "Go shopping," commands Rudolph Giuliani. "Buy that car," says Tom Daschle. "Take that trip," pleads John Kerry. The New York Times dedicated a whole page to high-end accessories in red, white and blue, noting that "the recovery effort must include shopping." Whether you choose a $42 flag-themed leash for your dog or a stars-and-stripes belt ($198) and matching handbag ($297) for yourself, the message is "the civic-minded can now buy a little guilt-free pleasure, in style."

For those with less disposable income, "here's how you can help," says a link on WalMart's top page. "Go to your local Wal-Mart store," is what they suggest, "and donate to the national relief effort." Playing off your sympathy, compassion and desire to help, WalMart just wants to get you in the store.

Capturing women's designated role during patriotic times, The Onion magazine headlined one of their satirical pieces, "Not Knowing What Else To Do, Woman Bakes American Flag Cake." Having already "donated blood, mailed a check to the Red Cross, and sent a letter of thanks to the New York Fire Department," she settled on the red, white, and blue creation as her next response to the terror.

Never mind that stockholders are divesting, airlines are laying off people by the tens of thousands, and the rich are scaling back, protecting their wealth and flying private charter planes to avoid the hassles of tightened airport security. Never mind that millions of Americans don't have disposable incomes and millions more get along every day without the benefit of health or life insurance (though they can now live secure in the knowledge that if a skyscraper collapses on them, they and their families will at least be eligible for basic social services). Never mind that Bush is using the current crisis to ask for more tax breaks for the wealthy and that the military build-up will line the pockets of weapons' manufacturers while public schools founder, welfare is gutted, and full-time minimum wage workers can't afford to feed themselves.

Never mind all this. It's our patriotic duty not to notice.

Feminism should help us identify how the war cry is partly dependent on particular definitions of masculinity and femininity. Feminism can help us see how gender politics reinforces isolation and asks us to bypass thoughtful responses in the name of unity, which translates into mostly corporate-appointed, white, male decisions about how the country will go forward.

There are exceptions to the war cry, and we should note them. Representative Barbara Lee said in her September 14th, 2001 speech to the House, "There must be some of us who say, let's step back for a moment and think through the implications of our actions today -- let us more fully understand their consequences."

Peace groups and ad hoc coalitions have sprung up all over the United States and the world -- responding rapidly and incisively to U.S. rhetoric and activity. "We strongly believe the urge to vengeance must be resisted," says the activist group Women in Black. "A war waged by the US and its allies will cause the death of many innocent people, will de-stabilize many governments and societies, and its long-term effects on relations between countries and regions of the world will be disastrous."

US buys up all satellite war images

Duncan Campbell
October 17, 2001 / The Guardian UK

The Pentagon has spent millions of dollars to prevent western media from seeing highly accurate civilian satellite pictures of the effects of bombing in Afghanistan, it was revealed yesterday. The images, which are taken from Ikonos, an advanced civilian satellite launched in 1999, are better than the spy satellite pictures available to the military during most of the cold war. The extraordinary detail of the images already taken by the satellite includes a line of terrorist trainees marching between training camps at Jalalabad. At the same resolution, it would be possible to see bodies lying on the ground after last week's bombing attacks. Under American law, the US defence department has legal power to exercise "shutter control" over civilian satellites launched from the US in order to prevent enemies using the images while America is at war. But no order for shutter control was given, even after the bombing raids began 10 days ago. The decision to shut down access to satellite images was taken last Thursday, after reports of heavy civilian casualties from the overnight bombing of training camps near Darunta, north-west of Jalalabad. Instead of invoking its legal powers, the Pentagon bought exclusive rights to all Ikonos satellite pictures of Afghanistan off Space Imaging, the company which runs the satellite. The agreement was made retrospectively to the start of the bombing raids. The US military does not need the pictures for its own purposes because it already has six imaging satellites in orbit, augmented by a seventh launched last weekend. Four of the satellites, called Keyholes, take photographic images estimated to be six to 10 times better than the 1 metre resolution available from Ikonos. The decision to use commercial rather than legal powers to bar access to satellite images was heavily criticised by US intelligence specialists last night. Since images of the bombed Afghan bases would not have shown the position of US forces or compromised US military security, the ban could have been challenged by news media as being a breach of the First Amendment, which guarantees press freedom. "If they had imposed shutter control, it is entirely possible that news organisations would have filed a lawsuit against the government arguing prior restraint censorship," said Dr John Pike, of Globalsecurity, a US website which publishes satellite images of military and alleged terrorist facilities around the world. The only alternative source of accurate satellite images would be the Russian Cosmos system. But Russia has not yet decided to step into the information void created by the Pentagon deal with Space Imaging.

Beyond the Frame: Website of the Month

In response to the media's lockout of progressive voices in the aftermath of 9/11 and the beginning of America's "New War", the Media Education Foundation has launched a technologically innovative web-based project: "Beyond the Frame: Alternative Perspectives on the September 11th Atrocities" featuring streaming video and audio interviews with some of our leading dissident voices. Among the ones we already have up are Noam Chomsky and Nawal el Saadawi. In preparation are interviews with Howard Zinn, Robin Morgan, Barbara Ehrenreich, and Rabbi Michael Lerner among others. More will be added in the weeks and months ahead.

Go to "www.mediaed.org" to check it out.

Trading Freedom for Security

Lisa Sousa, Indymedia.org

The Fourth Amendment: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

Bombings, anthrax, and war hysteria take center stage in the corporate media, diverting our attention, while legislators rush to pass "Anti-Terrorist" legislation that will take away our Constitutional rights. Politicians and news anchors talk of preserving "freedom and democracy," while the U.S. government uses this tragic time to gain some of the most extensive law enforcement powers in the nation's history, effectively stripping the so-called "freedom" it claims to be defending.

Not only the Fourth Amendment is at stake, but also the ability to express political dissent. The legislation gives way for future repression of protest by threatening to round up people with unpopular views. The very fabric of the social justice movement may be undermined as this legislation makes it a crime to "harbor," provide material support, or give "expert advice" to a potential terrorist, possibly causing people to withdraw support of politically radical friends and organizations.

Since the attack on September 11, Attorney General John Ashcroft has been pressuring congress to quickly pass anti-terrorist legislation that would give law enforcement sweeping new powers. Playing up the fear factor, Ashcroft states, "The American people do not have the luxury of unlimited time in erecting the necessary defenses to future terrorist acts." The legislature has complied by hurriedly passing the Combating Terrorism Act (CTA) on September 13, with only 30 minutes of debate on the floor. The CTA allows the FBI to install internet spying software on ISPs for 48 hours without a court order. In fact, 3 hours after the September 11 attack, the FBI approached ISPs asking them to install an internet spying device called Carnivore.

Since then, Congress has been hastily drafting up additional legislation trying to strike a balance between the constitution and giving law enforcement the additional powers they are demanding. The Senate passed the "Uniting and Strengthening America (USA) Act" (s. 1510) just before midnight on October 11. The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) had urged the Senate to reject the USA Act, saying that it poses significantly more danger to civil liberties than the House's draft bill, the "Provide Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept & Obstruct Terrorism (PATRIOT) Act of 2001." The House Judiciary Committee worked out a bi-partisan compromise unanimously passing the PATRIOT act. This bipartisan version of the PATRIOT Act curtailed some of the troubling aspects of the USA act, such as indefinite detention of immigrants, and added sunset clauses.

However, in secret closed-door meetings, the GOP leadership pressured the House to replace the committee's version of the bill with a modified PATRIOT Act that closely resembles the far-reaching USA Act. This new version recently passed in the House, despite many representatives voicing serious objections. The process happened so fast, that some of them weren't even sure what was included in the new bill.

Representative David Obey, states, "I do not, and neither do most of the Members of this House, have any real idea about what is in this bill or what the consequences are. We know some of the rough outlines; we do not know the details." Representative Maxine Waters says, "The bill before us today is a faulty and irresponsible piece of legislation that undermines our civil liberties and disregards the Constitution of the United States of America."

Despite these harsh warnings the bill was passed 337 to 79 on October 12. The two bills are so similar, it is not clear if they need to go through a conference committee before being sent to the President for him to sign into law. The American Civil Liberties Union said that it was "bitterly disappointed" with the passage of this legislation.

The new 175 page bill covers immigration, surveillance, wiretapping, computer hacking, information sharing, obtaining warrants, secret search and seizures, and more. The broad definition of "terrorist offences" within the bill is most troubling. For example, the bill creates a new crime of Domestic Terrorism, defined as activities that, "(A) involve acts dangerous to human life that are a violation of the criminal laws of the United States or of any State; and (B) appear to be intended (or to have the effect)-- (i) to intimidate or coerce a civilian population; (ii) to influence the policy of a government by intimidation or coercion; or (iii) to affect the conduct of a government (or any function thereof) by mass destruction, assassination, or kidnapping (or threat thereof)." This definition of domestic terrorism has the potential to put at risk individuals that use civil disobedience as a form of political protest. A statute of limitations within the bill makes part of it retroactive, and if convicted of a federal terrorism offence you maybe sentenced to life imprisonment.

Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting (FAIR), a media watchdog group, has conducted a study that indicates the television news is glossing over the anti-terrorism legislation. Some news anchors go so far as implying that to stay safe, Americans must give up some civil liberties, although they often neglect to mention which ones they may be giving up.

Part of the public's lack of concern, may also be because they lack information on the Bill of Rights. I recommend you take another look over the Constitution, and contemplate which rights you would be willing to give up. And then, check out the text of the anti-terrorism bill to find out the rights your legislators have already sacrificed at http://www.house.gov.

Some activists say that they will not let the new legislation deter them from future political protests. In fact, there seems to be an increased urgency in the social justice movement to speak out against injustice despite the increasing danger from a government that now has monumental powers to detain and spy on its own citizens.

Book: U.S. Military Drafted Plans to Terrorize U.S. Cities to Provoke War With Cuba

By David Ruppe

In the early 1960s, America's top military leaders reportedly drafted plans to kill innocent people and commit acts of terrorism in U.S. cities to create public support for a war against Cuba.

Code named Operation Northwoods, the plans reportedly included the possible assassination of Cuban émigrés, sinking boats of Cuban refugees on the high seas, hijacking planes, blowing up a U.S. ship, and even orchestrating violent terrorism in U.S. cities.

The plans were developed as ways to trick the American public and the international community into supporting a war to oust Cuba's then new leader, communist Fidel Castro.

America's top military brass even contemplated causing U.S. military casualties, writing: "We could blow up a U.S. ship in Guantanamo Bay and blame Cuba," and, "casualty lists in U.S. newspapers would cause a helpful wave of national indignation."

Details of the plans are described in *Body of Secrets* (Doubleday), a new book by investigative reporter James Bamford about the history of America's largest spy agency, the National Security Agency. However, the plans were not connected to the agency, he notes.

The plans had the written approval of all of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and were presented to President Kennedy's defense secretary, Robert McNamara, in March 1962. But they apparently were rejected by the civilian leadership and have gone undisclosed for nearly 40 years.

"These were Joint Chiefs of Staff documents. The reason these were held secret for so long is the Joint Chiefs never wanted to give these up because they were so embarrassing," Bamford told ABCNEWS.com.

"The whole point of a democracy is to have leaders responding to the public will, and here this is the complete reverse, the military trying to trick the American people into a war that they want but that nobody else wants."

Excerpted from ABCNEWS.com.

Pro-Choice Groups Seek Protection From Domestic Terrorists: The Homegrown Anthrax Blitz

by Ginger Adams Otis

Posted October 19th, 2001 / villagevoice.com exclusive

A fringe element of the anti-abortion movement apparently took another stab at terrorizing the pro-choice community Tuesday when it sent letters claiming to hold anthrax to 170 abortion clinics around the country. The mail arrived as media outlets and government officials fended off a wave of anthrax exposures and wondered whether the attacks stemmed from Middle East terrorists or domestic operatives.

Instead of striking fear into the hearts of abortion providers, the letters may well become a key piece of evidence for pro-choice advocates seeking to have these types of acts defined as domestic terrorism by the Department of Justice. "We've always maintained that the extremist anti-abortion movement practices domestic terrorism on abortion providers," says Vicki Saporta, executive director for the National Abortion Federation (NAF), "and now that the nation is experiencing a similar terror, I hope the government can see our point."

Abortion clinics have been victimized by potentially poisonous letters for decades—not to mention numerous bombings of offices and killings of abortion providers. NAF reports that between October 1998 and January 2000 alone, there were 80 reported anthrax mailings. All were hoaxes, and the FBI has yet to identify the senders.

In an effort to free up more federal resources to investigate these types of crimes, pro-choice advocates have been lobbying Congress to include extremist anti-abortion groups in domestic terrorism bills since the early '90s, but with no luck. The 1994 passage of the Freedom of Access to Clinic Entrances Act—which protects reproductive health facilities and their staff and patients from violent threats, assault, vandalism, and blockade—hasn't halted the violence. After the 1998 shooting death of Dr. Barnett Slepian, an abortion provider in Buffalo, New York, the federal government decided to establish a task force on extremist anti-abortion groups.

Despite this tacit admission that these organizations needed special monitoring, pro-choice advocates were unable to get the Department of Justice to apply the label of domestic terrorism. The upcoming trial of anti-abortion extremist James Charles Kopp (a/k/a the Atomic Dog), who is accused of killing Dr. Slepian, may change the DOJ's position. Kopp first came to the attention of federal officials in the mid '90s, when they tried to develop a conspiracy case against some anti-choice extremists using the federal Racketeering Influence and Corrupt Organizations Act, or RICO.

Though the judge in that case did not find sufficient proof of a conspiracy, the DOJ did uncover evidence of a number of tiny "networks" running through the extremist movement—an arrangement not unlike the one used by Osama bin Laden's Al Quaeda. It is one of these networks that will play an important role in Kopp's trial. Kopp fled to Europe shortly after Slepian's death and apparently survived off the handouts of a well-organized anti-choice movement.

Also arrested on charges related to the case were two Brooklyn extremists, who allegedly helped Kopp elude European authorities and passed communications to the fugitive from other members of the movement. If it can be established during the trials that these individuals plotted together to aid and abet Kopp, the pro-choice movement may finally be able to prove its theory about organized terrorism.

For now, pro-choice advocates are focused on the latest anthrax letters sent to abortion providers. They were apparently mailed from a Virginia chapter of the ARMY of GOD, a well-known anti-abortion group. "You have been exposed to anthrax," read the missives. "We are going to kill all of you." County health officials were immediately called in to test the powders; a preliminary test on one envelope came back positive, but final results won't be available until next week.

Priscilla Smith, domestic director of the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy, already doubts that the abortion clinic mailings will engender the same swift response from the federal government as mailings to CBS and The New York Times. "U.S. Attorney General Ashcroft spoke at length the other day about bioterrorism and how the government is responding to the threats," she says, "but not once did he mention these letters. It was all about Senator Daschle and Tom Brokaw."

As the Bush administration takes on Al Qaeda, pro-choice advocates are rapidly switching gears to make sure this new "tough-on-terrorism" stance extends to crimes committed at home. There are signs that things are shifting within government ranks.

" The day after the September 11 attacks," says Margaret Moore, director of Law Enforcement for the Feminist Majority Foundation's Access to Clinics Project, "I got a call from an FBI agent. He told me that Clayton Wagner—a man who claims responsibility for several attacks on abortion clinics and other acts of extremist violence—has finally been added to the FBI's 10 Most Wanted list along with another well-known anti-abortion agitator. 'Domestic terrorism?' I asked, and he said 'You got it.'"

Continued from front page of news section.

Turkmenistan, which borders the northwest of Afghanistan, holds the world's third largest gas reserves and an estimated six billion barrels of oil reserves. Enough, experts say, to meet American energy needs for the next 30 years (or a developing country's energy requirements for a couple of centuries.) America has always viewed oil as a security consideration, and protected it by any means it deems necessary. Few of us doubt that its military presence in the Gulf has little to do with its concern for human rights and almost entirely to do with its strategic interest in oil.

Oil and gas from the Caspian region currently moves northward to European markets. Geographically and politically, Iran and Russia are major impediments to American interests. In 1998, Dick Cheney-then CEO of Halliburton, a major player in the oil industry-said: "I can't think of a time when we've had a region emerge as suddenly to become as strategically significant as the Caspian. It's almost as if the opportunities have arisen overnight." True enough.

For some years now, an American oil giant called Unocal has been negotiating with the Taliban for permission to construct an oil pipeline through Afghanistan to Pakistan and out to the Arabian Sea. From here, Unocal hopes to access the lucrative `emerging markets' in South and Southeast Asia. In December 1997, a delegation of Taliban mullahs traveled to America and even met US State Department officials and Unocal executives in Houston. At that time the Taliban's taste for public executions and its treatment of Afghan women were not made out to be the crimes against humanity that they are now. Over the next six months, pressure from hundreds of outraged American feminist groups was brought to bear on the Clinton administration.

Fortunately, they managed to scuttle the deal. And now comes the US oil industry's big chance.

In America, the arms industry, the oil industry, the major media networks, and, indeed, US foreign policy, are all controlled by the same business combines. Therefore, it would be foolish to expect this talk of guns and oil and defense deals to get any real play in the media. In any case, to a distraught, confused people whose pride has just been wounded, whose loved ones have been tragically killed, whose anger is fresh and sharp, the inanities about the `Clash of Civilisations' and the `Good vs Evil' discourse home in unerringly. They are cynically doled out by government spokesmen like a daily dose of vitamins or anti-depressants. Regular medication ensures that mainland America continues to remain the enigma it has always been-a curiously insular people, administered by a pathologically meddlesome, promiscuous government.

And what of the rest of us, the numb recipients of this onslaught of what we know to be preposterous propaganda? The daily consumers of the lies and brutality smeared in peanut butter and strawberry jam being airdropped into our minds just like those yellow food packets. Shall we look away and eat because we're hungry, or shall we stare unblinking at the grim theatre unfolding in Afghanistan until we retch collectively and say, in one voice, that we have had enough?

Arundhati Roy, forty-one, is the author of The God of Small Things (Random House, 1997), which won the Booker Prize.

Where the bodies are: News of civilian death tolls is being under-reported

By Geov Parrish

WorkingForChange.com

October 22 2001

Last week, when President Bush traveled to Shanghai for an APEC meeting, his first venture outside the country since Sep. 11, a few American reporters noted that some Chinese are skeptical of the current U.S. bombing campaign in Afghanistan because of the "mistaken" U.S. strike of the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade two years ago. The U.S. claimed it had relied on outdated information.

But what virtually nobody – at least in the United States – has reported is that in the two most publicized instances of civilian death in the two-week-old Afghanistan campaign, the exact same thing appears to have happened. And that's only the tip of the iceberg. As survivors and refugees, and their stories, have begun to trickle into Pakistan, the scope of the civilian destruction the U.S. is creating is only starting to become clear. In the first abominable incident, four men died when the offices of a United Nations agency, the Afghan Technical Consultants in Kabul, were bombed on October 9. The Pentagon has said that the ATC was near a military radio tower, but U.N. officials say the tower was a defunct and abandoned medium and short wave radio station that hadn't been in operation for over a decade. The ATC had even given its address to higher-up U.N. officials to pass on to the U.S. military, so that it would be spared. One of the victims, Abdul Saboor, had arrived only two hours before after volunteering to make the perilous trip from Pakistan into Afghanistan on foot to deliver much-needed cash salaries to U.N. employees so that they could eat. The cash was incinerated along with the offices.

The second incident of mistaken identity was far worse. Independent witnesses have now confirmed that in the northern village of Karam, between 100 and 200 people – mostly women, children, and old people – were killed when bombers made repeated passes and flattened the village during early evening prayers. This time, the Pentagon said that Karam was once a training camp for Al-Qaeda. In fact, the site was used to train mujahideen during the 1980s and was run by Sadiq Bacha to train members of the Hezb-i-Islami faction, with CIA support. Some of those men later joined the Taliban, but the base was never used by Al-Qaeda. It was closed and abandoned in 1992, before bin Laden moved to Afghanistan. In the 1990s, families moved in and built mud and rock houses on the site. During the winter, nomads also made Karam their temporary home.

Karam is now gone. It's impossible to know how many other villages have shared its fate, since the Taliban have expelled all western reporters and Pakistan has closed its border with Afghanistan, making it hard for reporters to get into the country. Both the U.S. and the Taliban have incentives to understate casualties. Pakistani border guards are beating Afghani refugees with sticks and firing guns at them to keep them from crossing into Pakistan, where their eyewitness accounts may further enrage the Pakistani populace. But a few are making it in, and the stories are leaking out, mostly in the Islamic press but also in Europe – but, notably, not in the United States.

This is an excerpt from http://workingforchange.com.

The U.S. says "No" to International Criminal Court

International Federation of Human Rights Press Release

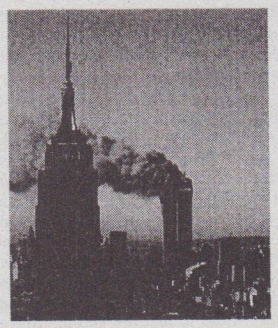
Paris, New York, Dakar, October 3rd 2001.

While the American government is attempting to achieve the widest cooperation of States, including on the judiciary level, in order to fight terrorism in response to the horrific attacks on New York and Washington on the 11th of September, the same government supports a law against the International Criminal Court, which was introduced yesterday to the American Congress. The law entitled "American Service member Protection Act" (ASPA) would:- Prohibit all American cooperation with the ICC; - Prohibit all military assistance to most of the States that have ratified the Rome Statute (excluding NATO States and the "major non-NATO allies" as well as Taiwan); - Prohibit the transmission of US national security or law enforcement information States that have ratified the ICC Statute; - Restrict American participation in UN peace-keeping operations; - Authorise the President to use "all necessary and appropriate means" to liberate an American citizen detained by the ICC'- language which traditionally includes the use of force. \ This legislation does include the possibility - strictly delimited - for thePresident to waive those prohibitions. Yet, this law really deserves its nickname, " Hague Invasion Act ", in reference to the Headquarters of the future International Criminal Court. *Read the whole release at: http://www.fidh.org/.*

U.S. Foreign Policy in the Middle East: Stability Over Reason.

An Idiot's Guide To Inciting Hatred and Terrorism Around the World.

–Bryan Alft



It is not easy to understand all the issues leading to the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks on the United States. With emotions running high on all sides, many who question the US role seem unable to present a coherent critique of recent events that resonate with the American public. Unable to completely formulate my own positions on current issues related to the attacks, the resulting "war," and US policy in the Middle East, I spent much of the last few weeks wading through news articles and leftist critiques of events in past weeks. What follows is a part of my search for answers—the history that grabbed my attention, as well as ideas presented by others who are critical of current US actions. I think we can best honor the victims of this tragedy- and of Middle East conflict and repression in general- by trying to understand this mess, and working for solutions that are reasonable and rational.

The US and its history in the Middle East

In the last half-century, the US's imperialist influence has dominated the Middle East. The US has been successful at utilizing political and covert influence as a means to remove as much of the material wealth—mostly the regions immense oil reserves—as quickly and cheaply as possible. Achieving this goal meant maintaining stability at all cost. Since democratically elected governments were too unpredictable, the US sought to control the region through whatever repressive and compliant government was willing to forsake their people for a piece of the pie. The democratic values and freedoms enjoyed back in the US were no concern for the puppeteers of America's foreign policy stage show.

A shift to the left side of the political spectrum in any Middle Eastern country always set off alarms for US interests. Since a leftist populist movement would most likely demand democratic reforms and could possibly even lead to affiliation with the Soviet Union, the US was eager to smash any such rumblings in the region. For this reason, American operatives participated in the decimation of the left in northern Africa and western Asia, as well as in the Middle East. In Egypt, the largest communist party in the region was destroyed. In 1963, US operatives gave Saddam Hussein's Ba'ath party names of people in the influential Iraqi Communist Party. They began having these party members killed to ensure a stranglehold on power in Iraq. And, in the 1980s, the US did not hesitate to arm the Muslim fanatic Osama bin Laden and his allies as a means to help take down the communist Afghan regime and drive out the Soviet Union.

The sticky problem with such foreign policy tunnel vision is that the destruction of the left in the Middle East created a vacuum, causing an easy and inevitable right wing rise to power. The influence of these right wing factions varied—some fanatics came to reject US influence in their own countries; the worst of the extremists became the violent and intolerant terrorists we see in the news today.

US intentions have been very clear. When a nation shifts away from its "stable" dictatorial rule, it often has fallen out of favor with the US government. The examples of this shift in support are numerous. After receiving strong US support during an era of repression and authoritarian rule in the 1970s and 80s, Jordan opened its political system in the 90s. Almost immediately, the US reduced and even briefly suspended foreign aid. The nation of Yemen also had its US aid cut, within months of its first democratic elections.

One of the strongest US allies in the Middle East has been Saudi Arabia, the region's largest oil-producing nation. This status means there is little chance that the US would ever endanger this relationship for the sake of something as minor as human rights. Despite their incredibly repressive rule based on an ultra-orthodox version of Islam, the Saudi royal family's power has prevailed for decades. The US alliance with the Saudi royal family dates back to the 1940s, when the Roosevelt administration pledged to ensure the survival of the royal family as long as it ensured a supply of cheap oil. Under this government, Saudi citizens enjoy no constitution that guarantees their rights, and strict repression of women and political orientation is the law.

The US also formed alliances with Pakistan's military dictatorship, in power from 1977 to 1989. During this period of harsh state repression, many poor Pakistani students attended madrassahs—religious boarding schools that were often sponsored by Saudi Arabia. The Saudis hoped that Pakistani boys would learn their strict and devout version of Islam. Upon graduation many students were sent to Afghanistan to become part of the Mujahedeen resistance and fight against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

Madrassahs were developed with one goal in mind: to produce Islamic fanatics. During this time period, 2,500 schools produced over 225,000 young fanatics. A this time, the goals of these schools did not concern US officials. The US was eager to see the defeat of the Soviet Union and so they simply continued their support of Pakistan and Saudi Arabia throughout this period.

Of course, when the Soviets finally pulled out of Afghanistan, these fanatical warriors were prepared to take control of the war-torn country. They became known as the Taliban (religious students), and with the aid of Pakistani "volunteers" and Pakistan's ISI intelligence service (long allied with the CIA) they began battling against the various warlords that now form much of the Northern Alliance.

Even worse, when the forces that later divided into the Taliban and the Northern Alliance fought side by side against the Soviets, the US government was actively training and arming these warriors. In 1985, President Reagan signed National Security Decision Directive 166, which authorized laundering

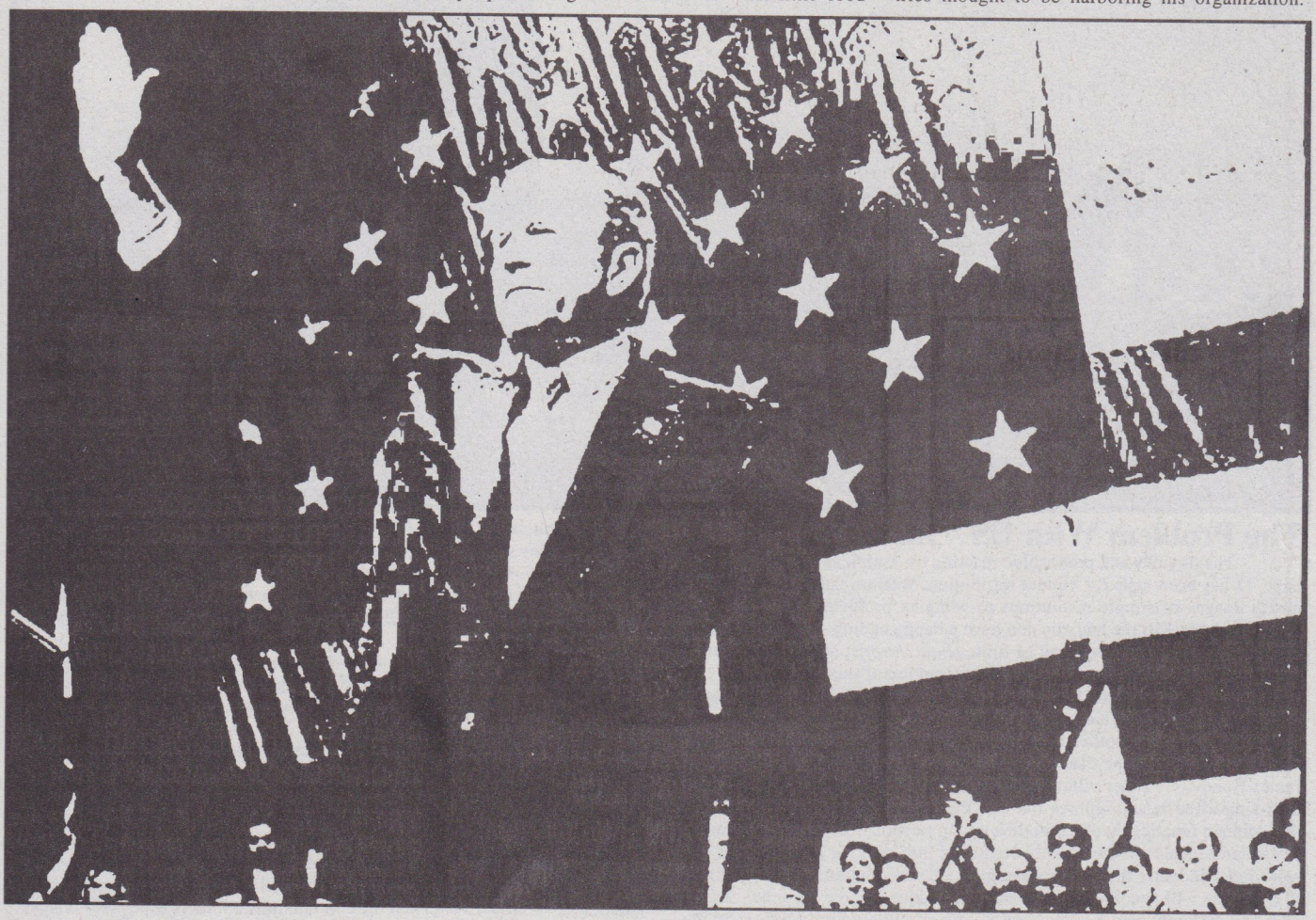
money from the large drug trade coming out of the Afghan region as a means to provide increased military aid to the anti-Soviet forces. This directive also called for a "ceaseless stream" of CIA and Pentagon specialists to work alongside the Pakistani secret police to train and aid the Mujahedeen. As a result of this activity, US soldiers may today be facing Taliban soldiers armed with US weapons and trained by US operatives. Bin Laden and his terrorist allies will continue to use this training to attack the US. The US is now forced to face the Frankenstein created by its own narrow foreign policy.

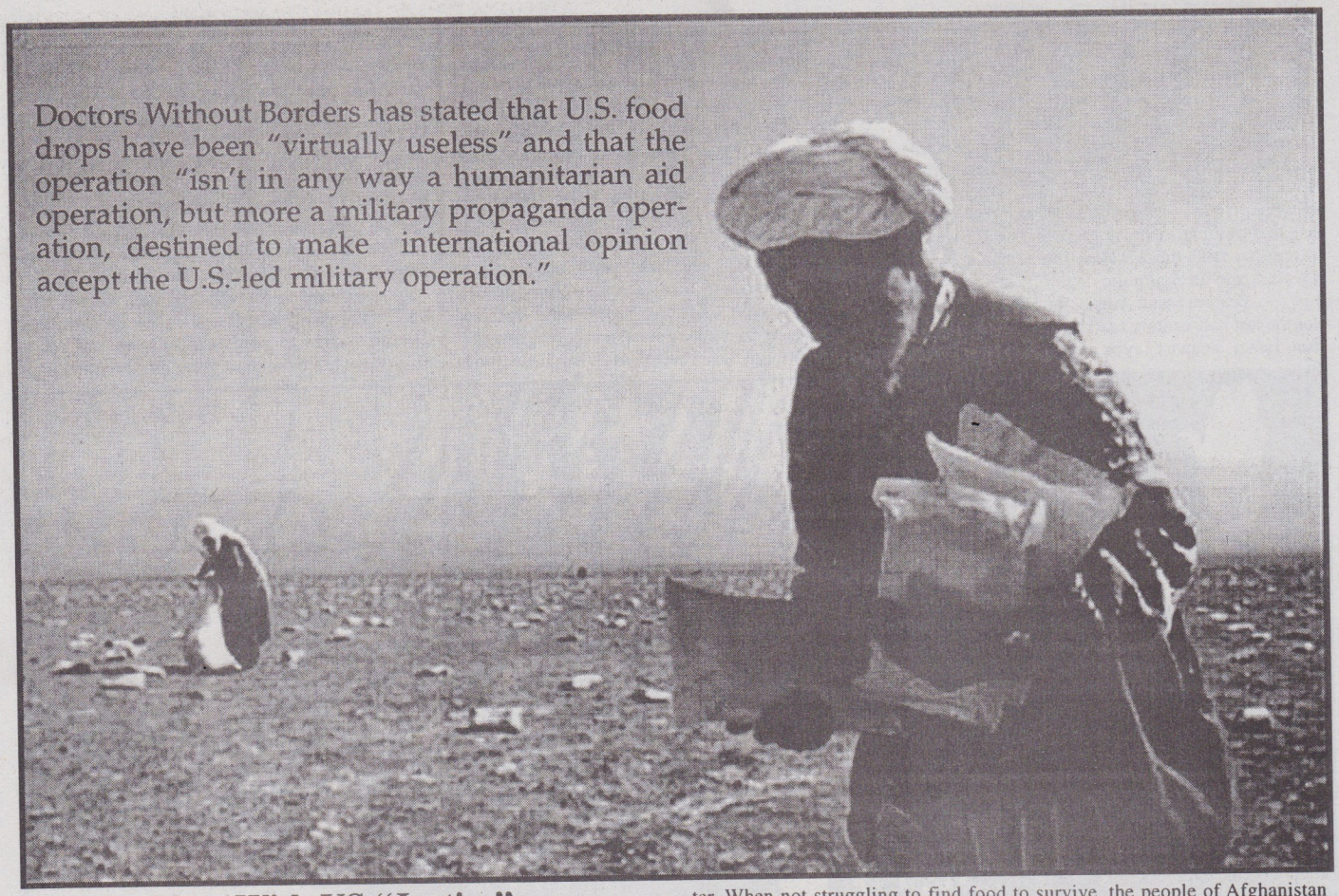
Besides Saudi Arabia, the US's closest ally for the last half-century has been Israel. US support for Israel spawns even more hatred toward Americans than support for the oppressive Saudi regime does. This sentiment comes largely from the Israeli occupation of the Palestinian territories of the West Bank and Gaza. US financial and military backing have supported Israel for over 30 years, despite this illegal occupation. While Israel does not have the wealth of natural resources that its neighbors have, the Jewish state is of great interest to the US for its strategic value. Israel is a Western-style modern military power with nuclear capabilities. The Israeli government is quick to act militarily and has a stable foothold in the region. It is naturally a reliable conduit for US influence. However, Israel, with its brutal repression of the Palestinians in the occupied territories and aggressive military stance, has made itself an enemy to other nations in the region. This aggressive military posture has repeatedly implicated the US in Israel's military actions. When Palestinians read "USA" stamped on missiles fired by Israelis into their homes from American-made Apache helicopters, how could they not hate the US?

Many current US policies in the Middle East have worsened the image of the US among the people of the region. US involvement with Iraq is still an unresolved issue. After bombing Iraq back to the Stone Age eleven years ago, the US has stubbornly fought to maintain sanctions against the nation in hopes of driving its former ally, Saddam Hussein, out of power. These sanctions have failed to meet that objective. Sanctions have instead resulted in the deaths of over one million Iraqi citizens (including as many as 500,000 children) from malnutrition and lack of modern medical care. Many critics believe that such sanctions have helped Hussein stay in power by making it easier to suppress his people through the control of what little food there is. To make matters worse, the US and its British ally have continued to bomb Iraqi targets on an almost weekly basis for a decade now. The US's complete lack of compassion has raised the ire of most Arabs in the region. Further, when the US aids Israel despite Israel's illegal invasion of Lebanon and the occupied territories, while cruelly punishing Iraq for invading Kuwait, their hypocrisy increases distrust and hatred for the US among people of the Middle East. The lesson this type of foreign policy teaches is "We will punish the crimes of our enemies and reward the crimes of our friends"—certainly a policy guaranteed to garner little respect.

The US government has used the continued bombing to justify keeping troops and weapons stationed in Saudi Arabia. Prior to the attacks of Sept. 11, 20,000–25,000 US military personnel were stationed in the Gulf area at all times, with arms and equipment "pre-positioned" for rapid expansion of US strength. Many Muslims in the region see this presence as incredibly insulting and disrespectful, because Saudi Arabia is the home to some of Islam's most holy sites, including Jidda and Mecca. In fact, it was this US presence that first lead to Saudi Arabian Osama bin Laden's focus on the US as the target for his terrorist activities. Despite the outrage of many Muslims over this issue, the Saudi royal family agreed to a continued US presence. It is no coincidence, of course, that the Saudis received a great deal of military support from the US during this time.

Following the terrorist bombings of the US Embassies in Kenya and Tanzania, President Clinton sought to punish bin Laden and countries thought to be harboring his organization. The US first sent cruise missiles into a terrorist camp in Afghanistan said to be used by bin Laden, and then into a pharmaceutical plant in Sudan, claiming that it was being used to manufacture chemical weapons. In reality, the attack destroyed most of Sudan's capacity to make antibiotics and other preventative drugs used to treat malaria, tuberculosis, and cholera. Since Sudan is one of the poorest nations in the world, the destruction of this facility was a particularly crushing blow. No one knows how many thousands of deaths resulted from this "mistaken" military strike because the US blocked the U.N. inquiry into the issue. Instead, the US government quietly paid restitution to the owner of the plant and went about its business. This arrogant attack further damaged the image of the US in the Middle East. It may have even emboldened bin Laden and other terrorists who view US apprehension towards getting involved with close-in fighting and reliance on firing missiles from a distance as a sign of moral weakness.





The Problem With US "Justice"

The obvious and predictable reaction by Americans to the attacks on Sept. 11 has been calls for violent retribution. Western culture is filled with media images of simple resolutions to complex problems: shoot first, ask questions later. Kill the bad guy and have a happy ending. Simple and clean. However, there is nothing clean or finite about terrorist attacks, the motivations behind the terrorist attacks, or the resolution of this situation.

Osama bin Laden is in fact a violent and fanatical religious zealot. He may very well have had a hand in the attacks; if he did not, he is certainly responsible for many other terrorist acts against the US. Regardless, it is important to remember that he does not stand alone. Bin Laden is not a James Bond-style super villain, controlling his evil minions from afar. That over-simplified image ignores the fact that there are perhaps thousands of like-minded fanatics involved in developing terrorist threats against the US. These individuals are most likely organized into cells, or small groups, that work independently to develop strategies and carry out attacks. If bin Laden is killed, he will become a martyr and motivational force for other fanatics who will certainly continue their work with or without him. These individuals believe they are making the ultimate sacrifice for their god and will act with that in mind, not to please bin Laden.

What is ignored in the pursuit of vengeance is the fact that bin Laden wants a holy war, or jihad. He hopes the US will continue the cycle of violence by aggressively counterattacking the Middle East and provoking Muslims throughout the region into rising up and fighting the US in a jihad. Furthermore, US attacks against Arab nations will only increase the anger and misery of people in the region, the very fuel that ignites fanaticism and increases sympathy for bin Laden's cause. This means that US attacks on the region could actually increase the US's vulnerability to further attacks. Clinton's bombing of Afghanistan and Sudan did not stop or even slow terrorism, and may have even inspired the attacks of Sept. 11.

If Arab anger against the US is truly a US concern, then bombing Afghanistan is the last thing that should be done. After 25 years of war and chaos, the Afghan people are now trapped under the brutal, fanatical Taliban regime. Still armed with weapons given to them by the US, the Taliban have maintained their control through brute force. On the brink of mass starvation, 90% of Afghans are subsistence farmers who have suffered through three years of severe drought. The Taliban controls all foreign food aid that enters the country. The UN-run World Food Program has predicted that by the end of the year, eight million people (approximately one quarter of the total population) will be entirely dependent on food aid to survive the winter. When not struggling to find food to survive, the people of Afghanistan struggle to stay within the harsh bounds of the Taliban's extremely fanatical religious laws—laws that actually make Saudi Arabia and other conservative regimes in the region appear liberal. The fact is that bin Laden and the Taliban are products of US policy. Why should the US punish the people of Afghanistan further?

The Bush administration has tried to present US military attacks as sensitive to the dire circumstances of the Afghan people—that they are innocents under the control of the Taliban. The media makes food drops into Afghanistan into proof of these concerns. The reality is that the US's meager attempt at food aid is nothing but a public relations gimmick provided to satisfy the concerns of the American public and the international community. An official from Care International said, "Air drops make great TV, but they often represent a failure to respond to a food crisis." The problem is that dropping food randomly from an airplane is risky, random, and expensive. Experts have said that such drops are the worst possible way to deliver food aid. The US military can only vaguely control where the food lands, and in a nation covered with over ten million landmines, this is especially dangerous. Since much of the food has been dropped in the central highlands and along the Pakistani border where mines are suspected, this could mean that food drops are luring starving people to certain death.

The fact is that the US has been dropping approximately 37,000 meals per day in Afghanistan. It sounds great to the average American watching the evening news, and that is apparently all it is supposed to do. These meager efforts are certainly not going to do much to help the people of Afghanistan. The UN estimates that over one million people are on the brink of starvation and another one million are at risk. Doctors Without Borders has stated that US food drops have been "virtually useless" and that the operation "isn't in any way a humanitarian aid operation, but more a military propaganda operation, destined to make international opinion accept the US-led military operation."

US involvement in the region has actually hindered international efforts to deal with the impending famine in Afghanistan. Over four million people have left their homes in search of food and it is estimated that hundreds of thousands of these starving refugees were trapped without food or water when the US forced Pakistan to close its border with Afghanistan. Rather than allowing these people to get to refugee camps in Pakistan, US pressure has left them in limbo. Making matters worse, the US bombing of targets in Afghanistan has meant that truck caravans of international food aid have been halted. US "assistance" has resulted in even less food for the starving people.

Easy Answers

President Bush and his administration have shown a knack for utilizing simplistic rhetoric to their advantage. Rather than address the complex realities of Middle East diplomacy, it is much easier to talk tough like a cowboy about how bin Laden is "Wanted: Dead or Alive." Why face up to the fact that a misguided and imperialist foreign policy contributed to this mess in the first place when you can frame the issue as a battle of "good vs. evil" and dramatically improve your poll ratings? Americans want answers and guidance during such a confusing time, but why upset them with reality? Instead, Bush has played to the lowest common denominator, talking about the "civilized" world being under attack. Obviously, this implies that the Middle East must be "uncivilized." Such language panders to the racist and xenophobic tendencies of the population and reeks of arrogance so prevalent in the Western world. Throw in an offensive comment about this being a "crusade" and name the effort "Operation Infinite Justice" (a name implying you are god-like in your just actions) and one truly offends the entire Middle East with your complete lack of understanding and sensitivity to the people of the region.

What the world really needed from President Bush was a hint of humility and recognition of the US's mistakes. Instead, there has never been any mention that US foreign policy has done little to lessen the increasing hatred and resentment brewing overseas. The Bush administration has been defiant, admitting no problematic US involvement in the Middle East or responsibility for any of the region's problems. Instead, the American public has been asked to believe that the attacks emerged out of a void by "madmen" whose motivations are simply unimaginable. These terrorists are said to have been envious of the US—they simply hate freedom and democracy. This may be a small portion of why religious fanatics hate the US, but such a response to American's questions is laughably simplistic and foolish.

The very assertion by the Bush Administration that this is a "war" is in itself an ill-conceived and over-simplified characterization. A war involves identifiable nations with ongoing specific injuries and grievances to which there is no other resolution or redress. Officials have been quick to assert that this is a different kind of war, but that we are indeed at war, a "war on terrorism." This is a foolish notion. Terrorism is a strategy, not a cause or an organization. Therefore, Bush has yet to even declare an enemy. This gapping generality leaves this "war" conveniently open for interpretation; there is no defined enemy to defeat and no definable end in sight. There are thousands of terrorists all around the globe. Are we going to go after them too? Or, will terrorism be the excuse when it serves US interests to attack another area of the world?

Furthermore, by allowing the criminal terrorist attacks of Sept. 11 to become a battle in a war, the US awards the terrorist a rhetorical victory. Instead of criminals, the terrorists have been made "warriors" and their horrendous acts are elevated to that of a nation. "War" justifies killing, and labeling these terrorist attacks part of a war almost works to excuse the terrorists' horrendous crime. When terrorist Timothy McVeigh blew up the Oklahoma City Federal Building he was jailed and tried as a criminal. While he wanted to be considered a freedom fighter, he was not allowed that title. We do not conquer criminals; we arrest them and bring them to trial. Why should we treat the criminals responsible for the attacks on Sept. 11 to be treated any better?

Making these terrorist attacks part of a war also ignores the international law structure that so many around the globe have worked so hard to develop over the last half-century. No nation would deny the US the right to prosecute the terrorists within the systems that are established. However, charging ahead with military attacks as a response to the terrorist attacks will limit international support. Chances are that as this "war" drags on, very few nations will continue their support for US actions.

Doomed Solutions

The US has proposed the Northern Alliance as the new government to solve the troubles of Afghanistan. This idea appears to be about as hollow as the all the rest of the US's rhetoric. If history is any guide, it is doomed to fail.

The history of US support for governments in Afghanistan has been inconsistent at best. After the pull-out of the Soviets from Afghanistan, the Mujahedeen alliance disintegrated into a country of fiefdoms ruled by feuding warlords. The ensuing civil war left over 25,000 dead. During this period of time there was no rule of law in Afghanistan. Human Right Watch reports that all factions in this civil war "engaged in rape, summary executions, arbitrary arrests, torture, and 'disappearances.'"

US interests have long been interested in the possibility of building an oil pipeline from the former Soviet Union republics of central Asia through Afghanistan to the Arabian Sea. However, the chaos of Afghanistan made development of such a project impossible. In 1994, the US and Pakistan, each very interested in such a pipeline project, decided to support the Taliban as a new stable government in Afghanistan. The Taliban had shown itself to be ruthless and completely willing to sign a pipeline deal, and so the Pakistani ISI and the US began to funnel weapons and aid to them. As early as 1999, it was reported that US taxpayers paid the entire salary of every single Taliban government official. No concern was expressed by the US about the Taliban's horrendous abuses of women, or of treatment of the Afghani people in general. Instead, a deal was developed for Unocal corporation to build a pipeline through Afghanistan.

But the Taliban soon proved to be unreliable. While they continued to drive the warlords (then known as the Northern Alliance) north, their religious fanaticism was beginning to run rampant. The Unocal deal was getting no closer to settlement and the Taliban had allowed opium production in the country to grow so large it had become 50% of the world's total crop. Also, Osama bin Laden had expanded his influence with the Taliban and was openly training terrorists in the country.

President Clinton's 1998 cruise missile attack on bin Laden's camp in Afghanistan brought the Taliban partially back in line. The Taliban virtually eliminated all opium cultivation in the 95% of Afghanistan they controlled in less than a year. These quick results even earned the Taliban some US aid for their drug-fighting efforts. However, bin Laden still roamed freely in Afghanistan and US efforts to bring him to justice for terrorist attacks failed.

The attacks of Sept. 11 were the last straw for the US's patience with the Taliban, who had harbored bin Laden for too long. Despite US demands, the Taliban continued to refuse turning over bin Laden. Soon, the US was once again looking to the warlords of the Northern Alliance as an option. The Taliban had driven this loose amalgamation of previously-warring factions into an area covering only 5% of the country, so the alliance was obviously eager for Western support.

The reality is that the Northern Alliance will be no better for the people of Afghanistan than the Taliban are. There is little evidence that these warlords can really cooperate and maintain any real alliance. The Northern Alliance is only mildly less fanatical and strict as the Taliban. Their treatment of women, while slightly better than the Taliban, is still horrendous, and their human rights record is awful as well. During the Northern Alliance's battles with the Taliban, they repeatedly shelled Kabul neighborhoods, killing thousands of civilians. The Northern Alliance has also been cited by human rights organizations for killing thousands of prisoners of war and for cleansing ethnic Pashtun villages (the Taliban are ethnic Pashtun, while the Northern Alliance is largely from the Tajik minority) in areas under their control.

There is no reason to believe that the Northern Alliance will serve the interests of the US (much less the people of Afghanistan), any more than it did in the past. Of course, the people of Afghanistan have never been a concern of US policy, have they?

Next month, part 2. I will try to make some sense of the political opportunism of the Bush administration and various members of Congress and will discuss the new "Anti-terrorism" legislation and how it will hinder our civil rights. There will also be some discussion of how corporate interests in the US are working to take advantage of this new "war" for financial gain, as well a look at the war-hungry, patriotic attitudes of the media. I hope to examine the ways in which any dissenting opinion on how to deal with issues related to the attacks are completely unacceptable in most public discourse, and how many attempts to express dissent have been censored. Lastly, a look at the political left, what this means for us, and how we need to refocus our message and get to work!

Any thoughts, ideas, or comments, please get in touch.

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The United States and the Middle East: Why Do They Hate Us?

–Michael Albert and Stephen Shalom

The list below presents specific incidents of US policy. It minimizes the grievances against the US because it excludes long-standing policies, such as US backing for authoritarian regimes (arming Saudi Arabia, training the secret police in Iran under the Shah, providing arms and aid to Turkey as it attacked Kurdish villages, etc.). The list also excludes actions of Israel in which the US is indirectly implicated because Israel has been the leading or second-ranking recipient of US aid for many years and has received US weapons and benefited from US vetoes in the Security Council.

- **1949:** CIA backs military coup deposing elected government of Syria.
- **1953:** CIA helps overthrow the democratically-elected Mossadeq government in Iran (which had nationalized the British oil company) leading to a quarter-century of dictatorial rule by the Shah, Mohammed Reza Pahlevi.
- **1956:** US cuts off promised funding for Aswan Dam in Egypt after Egypt receives Eastern bloc arms.
- **1956:** Israel, Britain, and France invade Egypt. US does not support invasion, but the involvement of NATO allies severely diminishes Washington's reputation in the region.
- **1958:** US troops land in Lebanon to preserve "stability."
- **1960s (early):** US unsuccessfully attempts assassination of Iraqi leader, Abdul Karim Qassim.
- **1963:** US reported to give Iraqi Ba'ath party (soon to be headed by Saddam Hussein) names of communists to murder, which they do with vigor.
- **1967-:** US blocks any effort in the Security Council to enforce SC Resolution 244, calling for Israeli withdrawal from territories occupied in the 1967 war.
- **1970:** Civil war between Jordan and PLO. Israel and US prepare to intervene on side of Jordan if Syria backs PLO.
- **1972:** US blocks Sadat's efforts to reach a peace agreement with Egypt.
- **1973:** US military aid enables Israel to turn the tide in war with Syria and Egypt.
- **1973-75:** US supports Kurdish rebels in Iraq. When Iran reaches an agreement with Iraq in 1975 and seals the border, Iraq slaughters Kurds and US denies them refuge. Kissinger secretly explains that "covert action should not be confused with missionary work."
- **1978-79:** Iranians begin demonstrations against the Shah. US tells Shah it supports him "without reservation" and urges him to act forcefully. Until the last minute, US tries to organize military coup to save the Shah, but to no avail.
- **1979-88:** US begins covert aid to Mujahideen in Afghanistan six months before Soviet invasion. Over the next decade US provides more than $3 billion in arms and aid.
- **1980-88:** Iran-Iraq war. When Iraq invades Iran, the US opposes any Security Council action to condemn the invasion. US removes Iraq from its list of nations supporting terrorism and allows US arms to be transferred to Iraq. US lets Israel provide arms to Iran and in 1985 US provides arms directly (though secretly) to Iran. US provides intelligence information to Iraq. Iraq uses chemical weapons in 1984; US restores diplomatic relations with Iraq. 1987 US sends its navy into the Persian Gulf, taking Iraq's side; an aggressive US ship shoots down an Iranian civilian airliner, killing 290.
- **1981, 1986:** US holds military maneuvers off the coast of Libya with the clear purpose of provoking Qaddafi. In 1981, a Libyan plane fires a missile and two Libyan planes were subsequently shot down. In 1986, Libya fires missiles that land far from any target and US attacks Libyan patrol boats, killing 72, and shore installations. When a bomb goes off in a Berlin nightclub, killing two, the US charges that Qaddafi was behind it (possibly true) and conducts major bombing raids in Libya, killing dozens of civilians, including Qaddafi's adopted daughter.
- **1982:** US gives "green light" to Israeli invasion of Lebanon, where more than 10,000 civilians were killed. US chooses not to invoke its laws prohibiting Israeli use of US weapons except in self-defense.
- **1983:** US troops sent to Lebanon as part of a multinational peacekeeping force; intervene on one side of a civil war. Withdraw after suicide bombing of marine barracks.
- **1984:** US-backed rebels in Afghanistan fire on civilian airliner.
- **1988:** Saddam Hussein kills many thousands of his own Kurdish population and uses chemical weapons against them. The US increases its economic ties to Iraq.
- **1990-91:** US rejects diplomatic settlement of the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait (for example, rebuffing any attempt to link the two regional occupations, of Kuwait and Palestine). US leads international coalition in war against Iraq. Civilian infrastructure targeted. To promote "stability" US refuses to aid uprisings by Shi'ites in the south and Kurds in the north, denying the rebels access to captured Iraqi weapons and refusing to prohibit Iraqi helicopter flights.
- **1991-:** Devastating economic sanctions are imposed on Iraq. US and Britain block all attempts to lift them. Hundreds of thousands die. Though Security Council stated sanctions were to be lifted once Hussein's programs to develop weapons of mass destruction were ended, Washington makes it known that the sanctions would remain as long as Saddam remains in power. Sanctions strengthen Saddam's position.
- **1993-:** US launches missile attack on Iraq, claiming self-defense against an alleged assassination attempt on former president Bush two months earlier.
- **1998:** US and UK bomb Iraq over weapons inspections, even though Security Council is just then meeting to discuss the matter.
- **1998:** US destroys factory producing half of Sudan's pharmaceutical supply, claiming retaliation for attacks on US embassies in Tanzania and Kenya and that factory was involved in chemical warfare. US later acknowledges there is no evidence for the chemical warfare charge.

This article is reprinted by permission from the October 2001 issue of Z Magazine.

Revisiting 1948: Roots of Palestinian Suffering.

Freud Reia

23 October 2001: Just like everyone else, I am glued to the TV. Just like I was during the Gulf War ten years ago. The body of a 12-year-old girl lies in a morgue in the West Bank town of Jenin as I write this. She is one of the many victims of Israeli raids on the whole of the so-called "occupied Arab territories" in the wake of the assassination of Israel's tourism minister Zeevi. Sharon, the prime minister of Israel, says that if Yasser Arafat doesn't hand over the killers of Mr. Zeevi, it will mean all out war. (Associated Press)

Heads in the sand, the US foreign policy ignores the roots of discontent that al-Qaida has reaped. So another innocent life pays the price. Rihan Nabil sat in school while the eyes of the world were turned in the other direction, the tanks rolled into her town, and they shot a hole through her classroom big enough to drive a car through. (Reuters)

There is now a war on two fronts. Israel is at war with its Arab population, perhaps also soon its neighbors, and the US is raining hell on the decimated wasteland that is Afghanistan. I am going to try to relate a few of the problems in Israel from a historical perspective, so that you may understand things from the side that the media does not show. I dare say that it has less sell and spin, that there are no demons—just a long series of tragedies. But worse for our short attention span is that it's complicated, there are no heroes in it and there's no "good vs. evil" bullshit black and white that America seems to be looking for. It's useful to have some concept of where things are in Israel, and formerly Palestine.

Jack Straw (the UK Foreign Minister) just said yesterday: "...We (the British government) have failed you (the Afghani public) in the past but we will not turn our backs on you again..."

Somehow, I'm not so assured by this. I am certainly unsure as I look at the weathered and weary faces of the refugees, fleeing the brutal air raids and terrible firepower of the UK and US, and I see the faces of the Palestinian people since 1939.

It's impossible to understand the current political and social climate in the Middle East without a historical perspective. I will try now to answer what I think are the crucial questions about the Palestinians.

What is Israel and what is Palestine? Why do people blame the West for the problems?

Though the boundaries of all of the nations in the Middle East have changed over the centuries, the current boundaries are the result of colonial occupation principally by Britain and France. Palestine was, and now Israel is, a small nation. It's a lot smaller than most American states, maybe twice or so the size and the same shape as Delaware. It is a finger of land that separates Jordan from the Mediterranean, it is bordered to the north by Lebanon and Syria, and to the south by Egypt. The traditional borderline made by the Sea of Galilee, River Jordan, and the Dead Sea account for the area called the "West Bank". It has several port cities—primarily Haifa, Tel Aviv, and Jaffa. Most of the population lives in the coastal towns or on the road to the Dead Sea, where Jerusalem and its suburbs are found. Due to its geography it has been a vital link, since the dawn of commerce, between North Africa and the Arab world. Foreign invaders, seeking to plunder the economic spoils of this rich trade route area, have often occupied it.

Israel was born on the 29th of November, 1947. Before that it was called Palestine. (Hence, I will refer to "Israel" when talking of events that took place after that date, and to "Palestine" about those previous.) It was the product of the United Nations General Assembly Resolution 181, passed in the wake of the atrocities committed against the Jewish population of Europe during the Second World War. This resolution called for the partitioning of the Nation of Palestine into both a Jewish and Arab state. It was meant to provide a specific defended homeland for those who practiced Judaism and for those people ethnically Hebrew. Unfortunately, the UN seemingly failed to take into much account that they might be creating another terrible humanitarian error by creating one nation where another already stood. The UN population and economic breakdown of Palestine as established in late 1946 showed that the 600,000 or so Jews in Palestine owned 10.6 percent of the total land in the country and 23 percent of the total valid farmland. [1] During a few months of heavy fighting in 1948, an obvious minority in population, economically and geographically, would overthrow a population three times their size. Indeed, by March of 1948, at least half of the Arab population had been expelled from their former homes. All of the property of those expelled from the Arab villages taken in the fighting was seized and no real reparations were made to the inhabitants.[2] In addition, the villages were erased from popular memory, and indeed the maps of the time, by changing the old Arab names to new Hebrew ones.

In answer to the second posed question, people are angry at the UK and US because they were the principal architects of the birth of Israel. [3] The reason that people are so upset about Israel is the severe lack of respect shown to its former Arab inhabitants. To state the obvious, history has shown us that when a small population, or indeed any ethnic group, trounces on the rights of others in the pursuit of state security, that ethnic group is demonized in the popular consciousness. This is the way that many Arabs in other nations in the Middle East have come to see Israel and Israelis. To use a good, albeit extreme, example, we can look to the way that the German people were demonized during and after World War II. It is my feeling that we can look to that situation for reference of how Israel is perceived in popular conscious throughout the Arab world.

So how did such a small part of the population depose the majority and seize the territory? There are a number of factors—foremost, the failure of the Palestinian government to offer resistance to the start of the UN sanctioned civil war. The UN, principally the UK and US, funded the Israeli Defense Forces, who are the army of Israel. The UN funding gave technological and firepower superiority. The Palestinian Government, and people, also couldn't depend on the political opportunists who were their neighbors. It has also come to be known that Jordan blatantly colluded with the UK to ensure peace and stability in the region in the face of growing unrest (and to get a hefty payout). [4]

Why do many Palestinians hate the Israeli Government?

I don't think that all Palestinians hate all Israelis. The deep-seated resentment by the Arab population of Israel derives from the lack of respect that has been shown to them by the Israeli Government. The history of the change from Palestine to Israel is one principally of externally sponsored immigration.

During the persecution of the Jewish population of Europe in the Second World War, a great many Jews fled to Palestine to seek refuge. In fact, Palestine was the chief repository for Jewish immigration to avoid persecution. The US was only willing to take a total of 170,883 Jews fleeing from the Nazis between 1932 and 1943—Palestine took 232,524. Indeed, this continued, with Palestine taking in 62,000 or so Jewish immigrants in 1935 alone.[5] For such a small country, this was a strain on everything, most especially the government.

The Palestinian Government before 1947 had suffered a series of great losses. The British, who had rewritten the structure of the political system in Palestine over the previous 30 years, had weakened the government significantly. At the point of the civil war, following the UN proposition for partitioning the state, what was left of the British-appointed government was in shambles. The government was comprised of a "mufti" (sort of an appointed Prime Minister) and the ruling semi-noble elite—both of whom had lost touch entirely with the population.[6]

The feeling in the country was of deep-seated resentment toward the British for their constant meddling with the political system. This was evidenced in a number of boycotts of British-made products and services, finally culminating in a General Strike in April 1936, which lasted until October 1936. This is remembered for being the longest and furthest reaching general strike in history.[7] (It also had dramatic effects on the Arab economy—the citrus export industry that comprised a huge portion of the income generating potential was destroyed.) It was obvious to anyone who saw it that the British were out of touch with the needs and wants of the citizenry. This led the occupying British security forces to disarm all of the population they could in an effort to prevent the overthrow of the government before the General Strike.

It seems hard to believe that any government could have lasted through this. It was the efforts of the British and their security forces that principally led to the replacement of the Palestinian government with the Yishuv, which was the Jewish Authority in Palestine.

The British Royal Commission then recommended partitioning the country, meaning the administration of the Arab section would fall to their ally, Jordan. This caused a revolt. The revolt and the strike virtually caused the government to be toppled. It also caused the British government to be expelled from large sections of the country—including most of Jerusalem and Hebron. The result was that the British security forces in the area were greatly strengthened. This included several aircraft squadrons, over 10,000 troops, and the arming heavily of 6000 Jewish "Security Police." In 1939, the British promised in an open White Paper that Palestine would attain independence. In the face of the genocidal atrocities committed against the Jews of Europe, this idea was withdrawn.[8]

Unfortunately, the Yishuv was full of problems too. The chief problem that I have seen from reading sections of the diary of the Chief Council of the Yishuv, David Ben-Gurion (which is available from the Ben Gurion Archive, Sede Boker, Israel), is extreme prejudice towards Arabs. I actually found it a little chilling considering the types of documents concerning the transfer and liquidation of the Jewish population of Germany and greater Europe.

"With the evacuation of the Arab community from the valleys we achieve for the first time in history a real Jewish state... when we have a Jewish population in the country and (outside Israel) a Jewish population 16 million strong... nothing will be beyond the capabilities of this combination of forces...

And we must first cast off the weakness of thought and the prejudice that (says that) this transfer is impracticable.
As before, I am aware of the terrible difficulty posed by a foreign force uprooting some 100,000 [sic] Arab families from the villages they lived in for hundreds of years–will Britain dare carry this out?
...Any doubt on our part about the necessity of this transfer, any doubt about the possibility of its implementation, any hesitancy on our part about its justice may lose a historic opportunity that may not reoccur.
...If we do not succeed in removing the Arabs from our midst, when a royal commission proposes this to England, and transferring them to the Arab area–it will not be achievable easily or perhaps at all when the Jewish State is established and the rights of the minorities in it will be necessarily assured, and the eyes of the whole world that is antagonistic towards us and will carefully scrutinize our behavior towards our minorities. This thing must be done now—and perhaps the first step–perhaps the crucial step is conditioning ourselves for its implementation.[9]"

I think it is necessary to look to his words to the Twentieth Zionist Congress. Here he is speaking of the transfer of the entire Arab population of Palestine to the deserts of what is now Jordan and Iraq.

"...It is important that this plan came from the Royal Commission and not from us... it is fortunate that the Arab people have enormous desolate areas. The growing Jewish population of this country makes it possible for us to carry out a large transfer... To transfer them into their own country and settle them into empty lands (Transjordan and Iraq)."

During the next decade, a slow process of uprooting families, and in fact whole towns, took place.[10] Many of the families were settled into unoccupied, desolate areas of Jordan, and many were forced over the border to Lebanon. But what became increasingly clear is that there was a drive to rid Israel of the Arab problem. From 1939 to November of 1947 there were a great deal of promises made and proposals for land partitioning, mostly brokered by the UK.[11] It served the purpose of keeping the tensions to a minimum between Palestine and her neighbors. Having thousands of British troops on hand and amassing a rather impressive array of modern armament also accomplished keeping the peace.

A number of grave errors were made on the road to 1948. While these promises were being made and the Yishuv attempted to set up diplomatic relationships with several Arab states, the countries of the Arab League prepared for war.[12] The Palestinian fighters became the Arab Liberation Army, numbering only 4000. They were trained by a flamboyant Syrian self-styled politician Fawzi al-Qawuqji in Syria and funded by the Arab League.[13] These troops attacked the Yishuv sporadically during this period to little success.

After the passage of the United Nations Proclamation 181 in November 1947, the Arab League told its members to prepare for an invasion of Palestine. Five Arab nations prepared to join the Arab Liberation Army in its bid to free Palestine from the Yishuv, Egypt, Transjordan, Lebanon, and Iraq. The Arab Nations amassed 25,000 troops on the Palestinian border, compared with the 35,000 that were in the control of the Israeli Defense Forces, but there was precious little communication between the members of the Arab League about the intended invasion of Palestine. The choices for leadership were unfortunate to say the least—the tactical control was given to the new King of Jordan.

Finally the war began in earnest on May 15, 1948 after the Proclamation of Israeli Statehood. The armies of the Arab League pushed into Palestine but mostly stayed at their own borders, preferring to defend their territory. The Syrian Army, for example, occupied territory only a few kilometers inward from the 1923 British demarked border with Palestine.[14] The rest of the members did little better. Egypt, having the most troops and modernized weaponry did the best—pushing almost all the way to Jerusalem. I'll spare you the troop movement statistics. The expected outcome came when the Israeli forces kicked the combined Arab forces out of their country. This did nothing but make the problem of the displacement of the Palestinians worse. In fact, it may have been the last nail in the coffin for Palestinian Arabs having territory of any value within their former country.

Where do the Palestinian refugees come from?

There were at this point 780,000 Palestinians that were disposed of land and forced to flee what was now Israel.[15] This was over two-thirds of the Arab population. The one-third of Palestinians that stayed in Israel in their villages, in what has become the Arab occupied territories, have undergone great hardship. After 1948, tremendous numbers of Palestinian Arabs have stayed in Israel. Many of them stayed because their homes and businesses were there, even though in the vast majority of cases they were soon dispossessed of their belongings.[16] Some feared that the Arab neighbors that had gone to war for them would not treat them with open arms. They were pushed into tiny areas of what are now the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. Many of the Palestinians tried to find their way back to the villages that they had grown up in. I think it's best to let the Israeli military speak of this. Israel Defense Forces Commander Yiagel Yadin put it: "We are not interested in Arab inhabitants [in Israel] and their return must be prevented at all costs."[17]

As one could expect, the Israelis treat the Palestinian Arabs with great disdain and hostility. Until 1966, the Palestinian Arabs were stripped of all rights in Israel and classified by the military administration as Non-Jews.[18] This put severe limitations on their internal travel, denied them rights to education and medical care, and allowed them to be treated as virtual prisoners in the West Bank or Gaza Strip. It is a situation in direct parallel with the former policy of Apartheid in South Africa. Worse still, this entitled the Palestinians that stayed in Israel to an additional moniker—"Israeli Arabs."[19] This made them virtual outcasts in the eyes of the Arab League nations.

Today, as in 1949, with the exception of Jordan, the treatment of the Palestinian refugees that fled the bloodshed by those members of the Arab League that participated in the War of 1948 has been embarrassingly poor. Although in Jordan the Palestinians, by and large a poor and impoverished minority, are given naturalized citizenship, the 50,000 Palestinians living in Egypt must report to the police every month. They are denied proper education, training, or any socialized welfare despite the fact that they are Arabic in language and birth. In Syria, the conditions are also extremely poor—the government offering them virtually no assistance.

In Lebanon, the situation is appalling. Lebanon has never had any appreciable army and the Moussad (the Israeli Secret Police/Special Forces), routinely operate inside its borders. It is the largest repository for the refugees, with 400,000 of them within its borders, and they are all forced to live in quarantine. The Palestinians living in quarantine have had to endure countless raids on their "temporary camps." These raids have led to the well documented and UN-denounced massacres at Sabra, Shatilia, Tell el Zaatar, Dbaye, and many others. They are denied the right to work in over 60 occupations, have virtually no medical care, and are denied the right to travel much, as in Israel.[20]

The grave problem of what to do with the Palestinians that fled after the 1948 war has been one that has affected all regions of the Arab world. While you might think that this humanitarian crisis, that the ALA and the Arab League virtually fanned the flames of, would have caused the individual members of the Arab League to open their doors to the Palestinians, this is certainly still not the case. Indeed, the Arab League was mostly concerned with licking their wounds. So, fifty years on, the Palestinians are a people scattered to the winds, mistrusted by their shamed neighbors and exiled in their own land.

Reading on the Subject.

A lot of stuff about the early wars was declassified in the '90s by Israel because of their really forward thinking 30-year limit on classified documents.[21] I guess we should look to a nation this young to get our clues for how to deal with top-secret documents. Indeed, we could learn a lot from the documents kept by Egypt, Jordan, Sudan, Syria, or Lebanon but they are unavailable to us. Certainly Lebanon, Syria, and Egypt actively prevent critical scholarship and challenges of state-approved notions of the history of the conflict. It is perhaps unrealistic for me to recommend many books since several of the books I am citing are entirely unavailable through the library system (although university libraries are better). I have had to only include what I believe are the most relevant points, so it my sincere hope that you will read these accounts and make up your own mind about the questions posed here. If one book breaks it down well, it is *The War for Palestine*. It is a new book, written by a broad base of authors and is very current. *The Birth of the Palestinian Refugee Problem* by Benny Morris is an invaluable reference as well.

1 Justin McCarthy, *The Population of Palestine*, New York (1990); Walid Khaladi, *From Haven to Conquest*, Beruit (1971); see also *The War for Palestine*, which is more up to date and speaks to the seizure of property as well.
2 Benny Morris, *The Birth of the Palestinian Refugee Problem*. This is the major assertion of several chapters in The Birth. Much of this is encapsulated in his essay in *The War for Palestine*.
3 Benny Morris, *The Birth of the Palestinian Refugee Problem*; Simha Flaphan, *The Birth of Israel*.
4 Avi Shlaim, *Collusion Across Jordan*, Oxford, UK (1988); The War for Palestine.
5 W. Khalidi, *From Haven to Conquest*, Table C, Appendix 6.
6 R. Khalidi, *The War for Palestine*, Cambridge UK (2001).
7 R. Khalidi, *The War for Palestine*. Taken from newspaper accounts of the time and the diaries of Palestinian nationalist leader Akram Zu'aytir published in *Arabic in Beirut* (1980).
8 R. Khalidi, *The War for Palestine*. W. Khalidi, *From Haven to Conquest*.
9 Reprinted at length from: Benny Morris, *The War for Palestine*. See also Morris, *The Birth of the Palestinian Refugee Problem*.
10 Avi Shlaim, *The War for Palestine*.
11 Benny Morris, *The War for Palestine*. I am trying not to bore anyone with extraneous detail, if you choose to read more about it, Benny Morris' other book, *The Birth*, is detailed in this regard.
12 Avi Shlaim, *The War for Palestine*.
13 W. Khalidi, *From Haven to Conquest*.
14 Joshua Landis, *The War for Palestine*.
15 Edward W. Said, *The War for Palestine*.
16 Benny Morris, *The Birth of the Palestinian Refugee Problem*.
17 Benny Morris, *The Birth of the Palestinian Refugee Problem*.
18 Edward W. Said, *The War for Palestine*.
19 Edward W. Said, *The War for Palestine*.
20 Edward W. Said, *The War for Palestine*. This paragraph borrows heavily from *The War for Palestine*.
21 Avi Shlaim, *The War For Palestine*.

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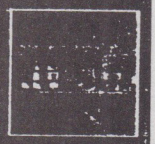

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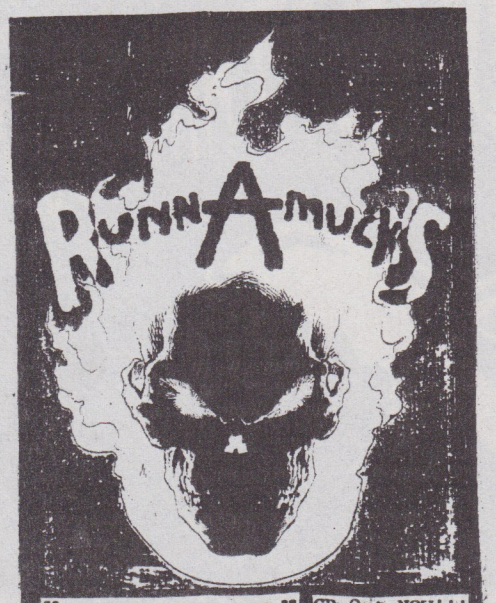

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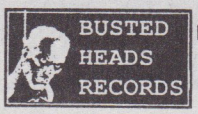

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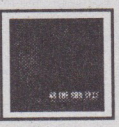

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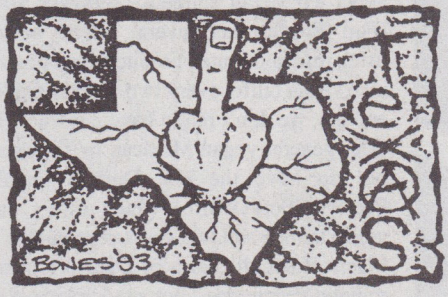
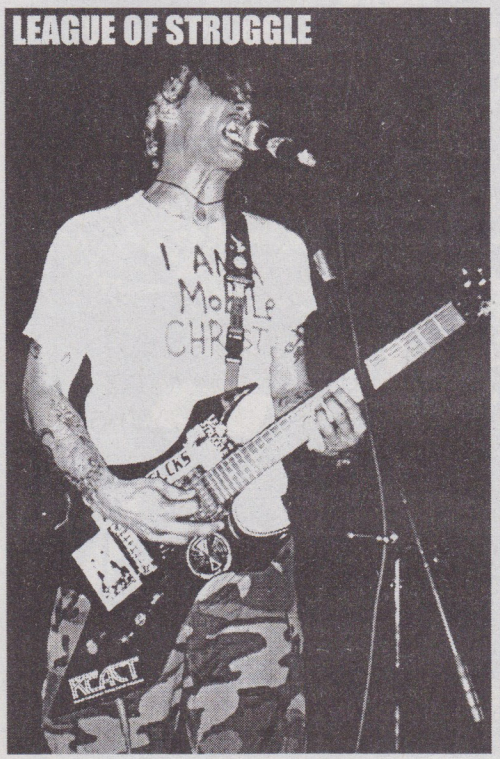


Dallas, Fort Worth, and the surrounding areas share a scene to an extent. The cities have their own style, with bands from Fort Worth usually being more metal, and bands from Dallas being more punk, but always a little of each coming from both places. As I write this, there are no underground clubs in Dallas to speak of. The well known Moon Tunes has closed their doors for good, and any attempts to reopen it have been quashed. Fort Worth boasts the top venue right now, the Wreck Room, a bar which lets us do all-ages punk shows any night during the week, and some on the weekends. To complement that, the Orifice (also in Fort Worth) is a place for house shows on the weekends. Corie, from League of Struggle, also does house shows intermittently at his home in Haltom City, equipped with a nice PA and a half pipe in the back yard. The Foundry, a bicycle/skateboard shop in Denton has been doing shows for a few months, but just put booking any new shows on hold. There are still the same assortment of regular clubs and bars in Dallas that will do the bigger punk shows (and maybe even give you a fucking fruit basket). Plus, stay away from the Ridglea Theatre (Fort Worth) at any cost! It's possible to get a show there, and even easier to get fucked over (just ask From Ashes Rise).


LEAGUE OF STRUGGLE

As far as I know, there are no really good punk/hardcore record stores in Dallas or Fort Worth. There is one store in Denton that carries some punk and indie records. Dallas does have an independent record store, Good Records, that carries Maximum Rock-n-Roll, various other zines, and indie music up to light punk. I recently found out that they do shows there, but aren't really open to doing hardcore shows.

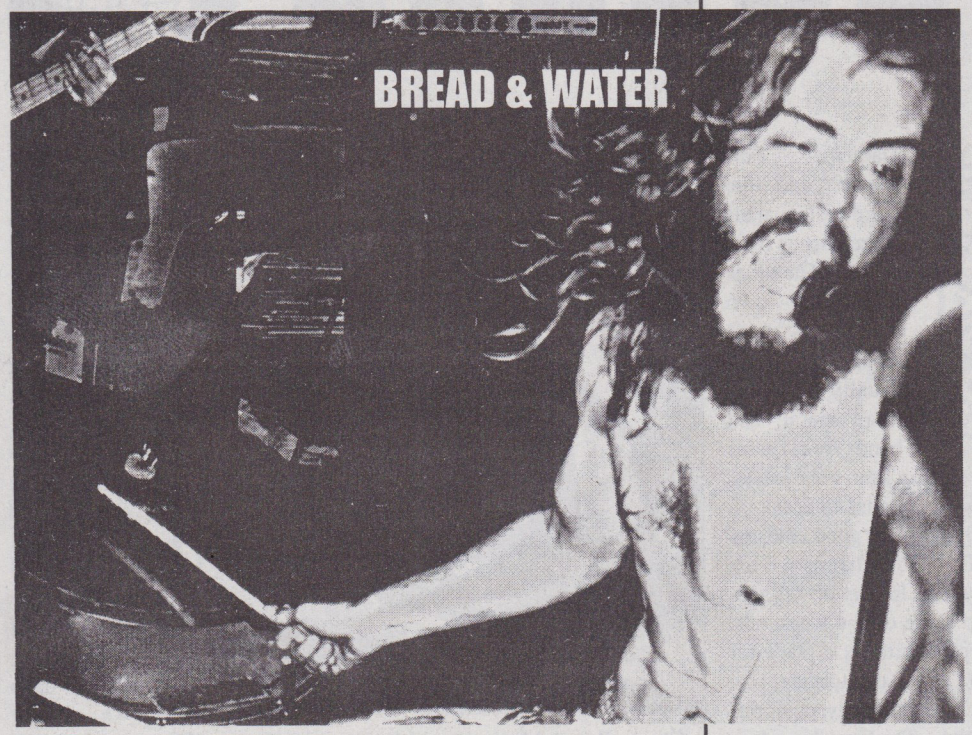
AKKOLYTE

Few locals are pressing records these days. We no longer have Selfless records, Scratched records, or Direct Hit records; these days we have Chode Brand Music out of Dallas, and Rescued From Life out of Haltom City. Chode has put out AKKOYLTE and Septic Tumor records, plus a couple of splits, while RFL has put out three 7"s, including the "Fear of Godstomper" split 7".

...OF DEATH

The DFW scene has produced some really solid bands in the last couple of years. A few of the standard local bands are SPAZM 151 (Dallas), LIKE FLIES ON FLESH (Fort Worth), BREAD AND WATER (Dallas), AKKOYLTE (Dallas), ...OF DEATH (Fort Worth), LEAGUE OF STRUGGLE (Haltom City), and GARUDA (Fort Worth). SPAZM 151 is probably the most widely known band from Dallas, with several records including a 7" on Havoc and a new LP on Mind Control. LIKE FLIES ON FLESH just had their first release, a

split LP with Asunder (California). BREAD AND WATER has four releases to date (two 7"s and two split 7"s) and plans in the works for an LP on Burrito Records out of Florida. AKKOYLTE has a 7" and



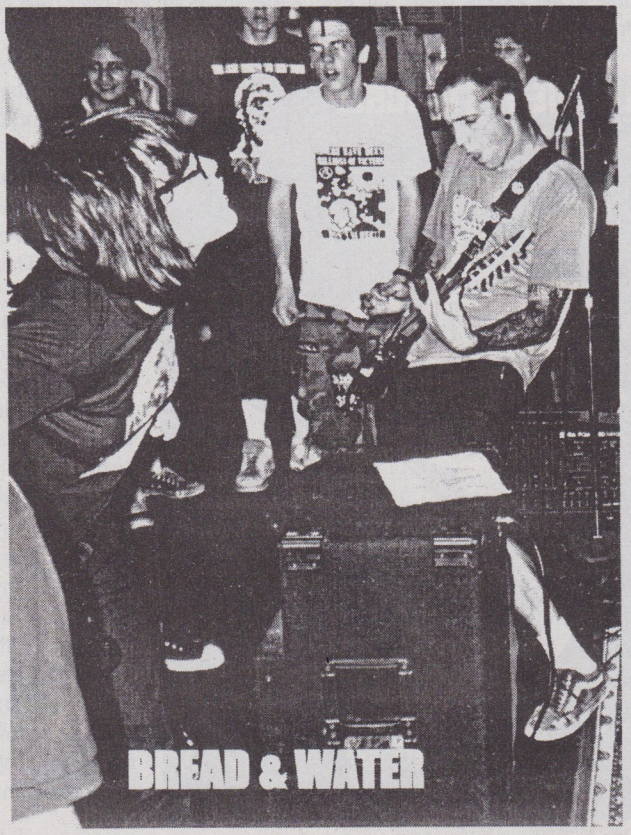
split 7" on Chode, and LEAGUE OF STRUGGLE recently released their first 7" on Puke-n-Vomit records. GARUDA, who has several members of the now defunct SLAVE ONE, has been offered to release a 10" with Scorched Earth Policy records.

With the number of punk bands growing in DFW, it's almost impossible to get them all. With that said, some of the bands you'll see these days in DFW include EL SALVADOR BIRTHDAY BASH (Fort Worth), UGOSQUASHNOW (Fort Worth), 10% EFFORT (Fort Worth/Denton), CARPE DIEM (Denton), VISITORS (Dallas), HELLIONS (Dallas, ex-singer from the long defunct Agitators), WHIPS AND FURS (Denton), RESIDUALS (Dallas), DAMAGE CASE (Dallas), GOVERNMENT CHEESE (Fort Worth), FRONTLINE ATTACK, and NUCLEAR ADDICTS and GENITALIA. GENITALIA (Fort Worth) is a semi-theatrical joke band that plays into the stereotype of macho asshole musicians out for nothing except money and sex. The shows are generally humorous and completely out-of-hand. Lastly, regardless of what the Bread and Water/Reason of Insanity 7" review in MRR said, Reason of Insanity is from Lafeyette, Louisiana, not Dallas.

Along with the punk/hardcore scene, political involvement is increasing. There are some good groups in Dallas that have a decent amount of punks working with them. Animal Liberation of Texas (ALT) and United People Resisting Oppression and Racism (UPROAR) are both becoming very involved in the community and both have long term actions going right now. You can find out information about those two groups at www.animalliberation.com and www.uproarnow.org. We also have two growing Food Not Bombs, one in Denton and one in Dallas, and a fledgling chapter of the IWW.

Last but not least, I'm going to include some of the vegan/vegetarian restaurants in the area. This should be the new section in BYOFL, it would be so god-damned helpful! Suma Veggie Café is probably the favorite in the metroplex. Suma (just north of Dallas) serves an entire menu of Chinese vegan cuisine using tofu and gluten products. They have an all-you-can-eat buffet daily from 11 to 2. The buffet is the most economical at $6, other meals start at $6 and go up to $12. Queen of Sheba (Dallas) is an Ethiopian/Italian restaurant that serves about eight vegan Ethiopian dishes. Cost is about $6, and is definitely worth trying. Thai Lotus (Dallas) is excellent Thai food that offers tofu with almost any dish. Mai's (Dallas) is a Vietnamese restaurant that serves about ten vegan entrée's. Bangkok City (Fort Worth) has several vegan dishes using tofu and gluten products, and hosts a nice vegan buffet every two weeks. Oddly enough, we don't really have anywhere to offer general vegan Mexican or Tex-mex, but do have the Hot Damn! Tamale Factory (Fort Worth) which offers one vegan tamale and two vegetarian tamale's. Macro Broccoli (north of Dallas) is macrobiotic vegan; good but a tad pricey. San Kofa (Dallas) is the newest edition of strictly vegetarian restaurants and serves vegan/vegetarian food in a basic American way (fake burgers and french fries). The prices are good and the food is good if you just don't feel like cooking for yourself.

Things are always changing in Dallas/Fort Worth (as in any punk scene), today Dallas has no clubs, tomorrow it might; but we can always find a show or a place for people to stay. The people most closely involved in those endeavors are Brian from GARUDA/BREAD AND WATER (817-927-8500) for Fort Worth, Stefan from AKKOLYTE for Dallas (grindmasterstef@hotmail.com), and Aaron from WHIPS AND FURS. for Denton.



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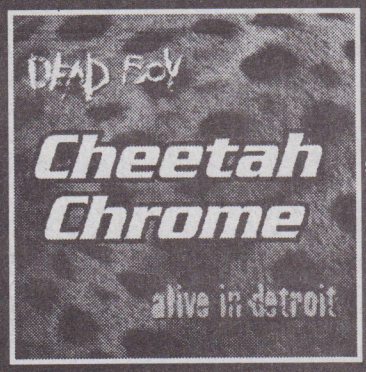

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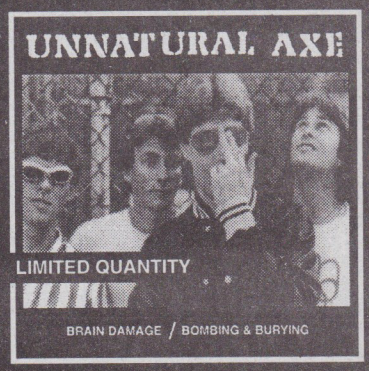

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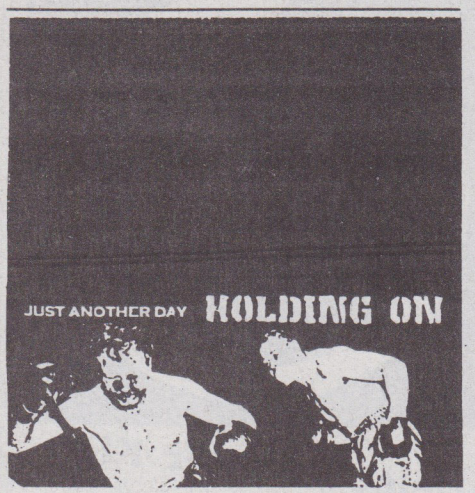

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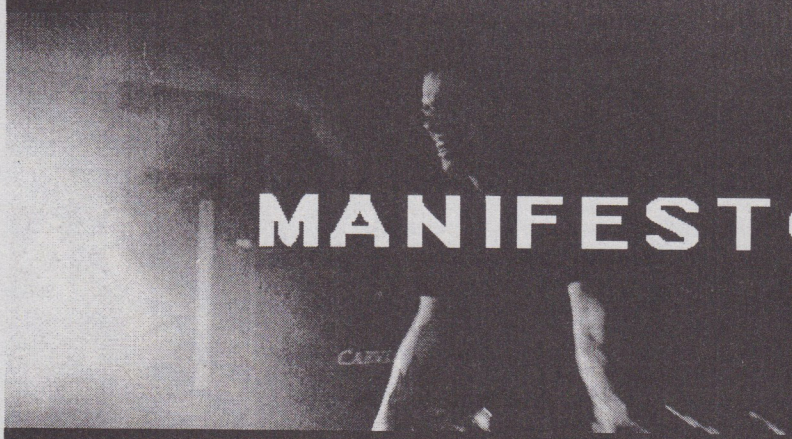
MANIFESTO JUKEBOX

HAVING ALREADY BEEN IN EXISTENCE FOR TWO YEARS, FINLAND'S MANIFESTO JUKEBOX FIRST CAME TO MY ATTENTION VIA THEIR DEBUT ALBUM, DESIRE, RELEASED HERE IN THE UK ON BOSS TUNEAGE RECORDS. THE ALBUM IS AN INCESSANT COCKTAIL MERGING THE URGENT INTENSITY OF EARLY HUSKER DU, WITH THE MUSICAL GRACE AND RHYTHMIC POTENCY OF HOT WATER MUSIC. WHAT FOLLOWS IS AN INTERVIEW - CONDUCTED VIA E-MAIL - WITH BASSIST JANI, DATED EARLY SEPTEMBER 2001. INTERVIEW BY STEVE SCANNER. PHOTOS BY KRISTOFER PASANEN.

MRR: As MANIFESTO JUKEBOX are a moderately new band to most readers, can we just do some history? When did you get together, how did you all meet, is it still the original line up, original influences, have you been in any bands previously that we may have heard about?



JANI: We've been together since January '99. I've been in bands with Antti since I got into punk and we had been seeing Jukka at gigs for years. I dunno if it's possible that you'd have heard of those bands – although some good people like Richard AWA have tried to distribute them in the UK... bands like Sharpeville (anarchopunk based monumental hardcore) and Aurinkokerho (female fronted punk rock).

When we started, I don't think anyone expected us to play music like this! Everyone thought Jukka and Antti only like fast and aggressive hardcore/punk but they were wrong, ha! It's good to shuffle the deck a bit. This was so different from what any of us had done before and we could not expect anything and everything was new and interesting...

Yes it's still the original line-up – but on our first gig it actually was not! Antti broke his arm just a few days before and we had to get a friend to play bass, I switched to guitar and Antti only sang!

MRR: Did the band have a set direction & definite ideals when you first formed? As in where you wanted to take the music, any set ideas about lyrical content, anything you wanted to achieve with this band that previous bands had failed to achieve? Did you have an original Manifesto that you abide by?

JANI: Yes, I think we had a pretty clear vision of the musical direction and the way we wanna do stuff, and luckily it has proven to work! We wanted to combine the hardcore energy with melodic guitar and vocal stuff and we wanted to do a lot of the record and gig stuff ourselves and do it well.

The lyrics were a big question mark when we started but then Jukka turned out to be a productive young poet and he's written all the lyrics after the first 7", where there are songs from all of us. I'd love to write them but I just can't ! Jukka has this distinctive style that fits us well... we have been able to find kind of roles for everyone, although of course everyone's opinion is heard on all matters. But Jukka writes most of the lyrics, Antti most of the music and I do most of the other stuff like the record business, internet stuff, all that.

We have definitely been able to do a lot of stuff that our old bands never managed to do... maybe it helps that there are only 3 of us so schedules are easier to make. And we're all very motivated to do this, which has never been the case before. Now I can honestly say it really is way more than music to all of us!

MRR: You released your own debut 7" yeah? Was that because no labels were interested, or just a matter of it being the easiest way to get it out there? Did you enjoy the experience of releasing your own record? Was it easier to do-as in set up a label-than you expected? Have you still got any copies left? Is the label still an on-going project?

JANI: We released it ourselves 'cos we wanted to. We wanted to do as much as we can ourselves, and also we wanted to have something out soon so we didn't even ask anyone 'cos that would have taken too much time. We'd only practiced for like 3 months before we recorded that 7". But the releasing and distribution part was nothing new since I had already been running a small label of my own for years and also Jukka was running what at the time was maybe the most important punk distro in Finland, Fragments Of Hope. The only difficulty at first was that our contacts maybe expected more hardcore stuff... but now that people have actually heard the band itself and not just comparisons to Hüsker Dü and Leatherface, the response has been way better than I could ever have expected for a totally unknown band playing unexpected kind of music. It was sold out for a long time but my current label Combat Rock Industry just repressed it 'cos we still like the record and want to keep it available... it has now sold 1200 or something. The Desire LP/CD/MC has sold like a bit over 3000 or something like that if anyone's interested.

Releasing records of the bands I 've played in is what I've been doing right from the start. That's what my friends were doing when I got into punk so I started doing and learning by mistake myself too... I had never even asked anyone to release "my" record before the LP. When we wanted to do it we realized it's too big of a project to do just by ourselves, we simply did not have the resources to do it as well as we wanted. So we ended up thinking about European labels who we could ask and Nabate was the only one we came up with. And amazingly, when I asked he said yes! I could not believe it 'cos Nabate had been running

like 10 years and had not ever released a melodic record – yet still wanted to do it. And it worked!

Our recent 7" on Japan's Snuffy Smile is the first ever record I'm playing on (OK, compilations do not count) that I'm not involved with from a label perspective. He he, at first I was a bit nervous as I'm a bit of a control freak, how would it work, blah blah... 'cos this is so big part of my life and it's very personal so I don't wanna lose control. But I was worried for nothing, it's going very well! Snuffy Smile is a great label and everything has worked perfectly... and of course since he's in Japan we are distributing loads of the record in Europe ourselves.

MRR: Coming up to date a bit & your recent release 'Desire'. Are you happy with the way it came out? It's got an awesome sound. Are there any faults, or things you'd change in hindsight? Is the process of recording something the band enjoys?

JANI: At the time we did it I was happy but now I realize we made some bad decisions when we mixed it... I'm still very happy about the songs and that's what is most important. But the mixing is weird – the vocals were meant to be lower than usual to make the overall feeling a bit rougher than what's usual for this kind of music but they ended up being almost inaudible at parts... and we do not want that!

Recording is very important for this band. Since there's only 3 of us there's some stuff that's impossible to play live. Like on the record there are often 3 different guitar parts at the same time and what Antti plays live is a combination of those. I can't understand how he does it, the guy is the best guitarist I know! I like being in the studio although with our band it's over for me pretty soon. Me and Jukka play the basic tracks in a few hours and then Antti does his stuff for a few days! But I like thinking about the sound and mixing, the production part and I've often been in the studio with the bands on our label, just hanging out and telling my opinions if they are needed. Some people think it's somehow more punk to have crappy sound – in most cases that's bullshit, an excuse for not trying your best!

MRR: It seems to have been released on a whole bunch of assorted labels, including Belgium's Nabate. Were they the first label to pick you up? How did you get involved with them? And there's a Polish cassette version yeah? How did that come about? It's been released in Brazil too, yeah?

JANI: Yep... all this releasing stuff must sound very chaotic, which it is! The original CD pressing was released by ourselves and a bunch of Finnish friends. Then there's the Boss Tuneage repress in the UK and it will soon be released in Brazil by a local label. Nabate did the vinyl version and Trujaca Fala did the tape for Eastern Europe, which is very cool! Filip from the label saw us when he was in Finland with this Polish band Post Regiment and it grew from there. Eastern Europe is so cool! So enthusiastic and heartfelt, I love touring there! The kids don't have much money and that's why all the stuff has to be released on tape there and we're lucky 'cos Trujaca Fala is possibly the best label for this job!

MRR: It's been released over here by Aston & his Boss Tuneage label, you been happy with the support received from Boss Tuneage? How did you hook up with Aston for the release of this?

JANI: I'm happy, oh yeah! I haven't known him for a long time and have not met him personally which is why I originally was a bit nervous at first... but I can say all the surprises have been positive! I knew Boss Tuneage since we traded some copies of our 7" came out and he also distributed the Desire CD in the UK when it came out. Then in winter'00 he wrote he would love to release a mini CD or something like that for us but the timing was not right as we'd just agreed to do the 7" for Snuffy Smile.

However a bit later I realized we had a spring tour booked, Desire was almost sold out and we did not have money to repress it 'cos I had spent it on other bands' records... I was frustrated. But then I remembered Aston. I knew he works in a pressing plant so I asked if he could make some kind of a friendly deal about the price or payment time... and then he said he'd be interested in participating in the re-release. And he's been doing a great job – originally I only wanted to keep the album in print but on top of that we've gotten so much more, so we're very happy!

MRR: You seem to be a band who tour a lot–you obviously like being on the road yeah? How important is the live show in getting MANIFESTO JUKEBOX's message across? Any neat tour stories you wish to share?

JANI: Yeah touring is a crucial part of this in every way, it's a crucial part of how this underground network works and also the experience of traveling is very important for me personally. Touring is the combination of everything that I love! I like traveling, the feeling of going to some place and I love playing music. And of course I love free beer too, ha ha!
And I also do the record label and I don't think it would survive if we did not tour and do distro every night!

Tour stories... it's hard to pick just one and I can't write about all of them! But when we finally seriously decided we should try to start a band like this with Antti we were on tour with Sharpeville. We were sitting in a squat in Potsdam, Germany and the van the band had just bought before the tour had just burned after just 2 gigs! So we were stuck there, drank beer and had plenty of time to go though different ideas... most of which never happen but this one did and here we are!

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MRR: You've toured at home in Finland & abroad quite extensively. Do you find you are treated differently as a band when you play abroad? Do you have a preference between playing shows in Finland or abroad?

JANI: Every place is different, there are more differences inside the countries than between them.

MRR: What differences do you see between the audience reaction towards yourselves at shows abroad? Do you notice any great social or political differences when you are in other countries?

JANI: One thing that's a bit sad about touring... you know, many people assume we see a lot of things and know some stuff about places since we tour a lot–that's not true in most cases! Your life goes like this for weeks, starting from the morning: We wake up, have breakfast, load the van and start driving. Then we arrive to the next venue having seen a service station or two, or a record or tattoo shop if we're lucky! We carry the backline in, do the soundcheck, wait, wait and wait... set up the distro, eat and play. And get drunk somewhere in between. Go to sleep. Start over again.

MRR: Tell us a bit about the Punk Scene in Finland. Is it strong, many bands, venues etc? Is the Finnish scene still dominated by Dis/Crust bands that it always seemed to be?

JANI: I like it here. This is not a punk rock supermarket like America or even the UK or Germany but I think that's even good in a way.

MRR: . Do you feel that coming from somewhere like Finland–which isn't exactly a recognized hot spot of Punk Rock as far as most eyes go–has hindered your development? Or do you feel that it has allowed the band to grow at its own pace & not bow to any form of trend or market?

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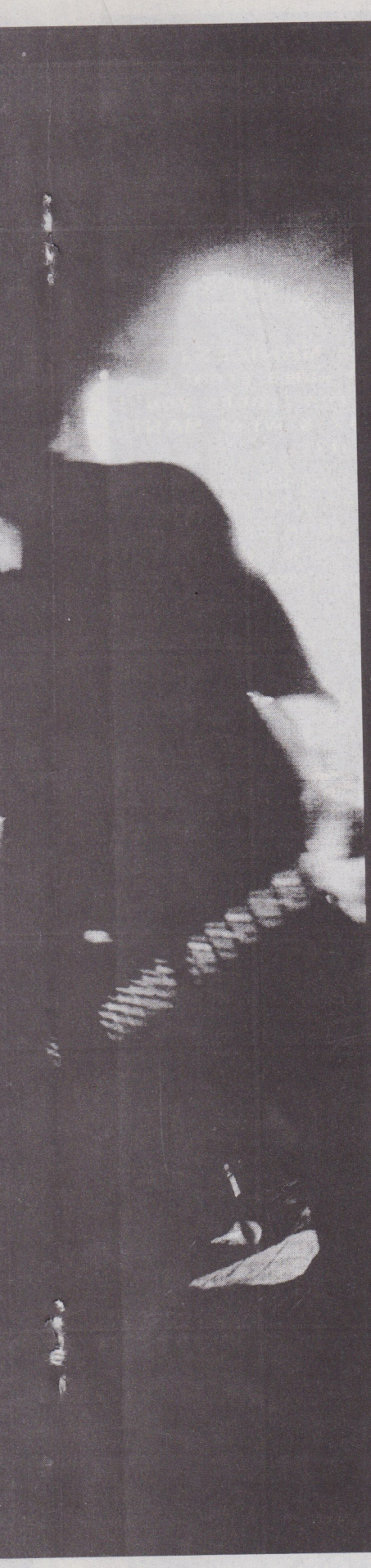

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MRR: I understand you are in some way involved with a distro there in Finland? Tell us a bit about that.

JANI: I run the label Combat Rock Industry together with the Endstand singer Janne. We had been doing labels of our own for years and wanted to do something new so last year we started this. It's been great, better than I could have imagined! The main thing is to release and support Finnish stuff that deserves to be heard. We distribute lots of great stuff from all around the world, we mainly trade it to our own releases. That's how this system works.

Now we're coming to a new phase, we can't just release Manifesto Jukebox, Endstand and Wasted records all the time so we are releasing some stuff from other areas too–but all of this new stuff still has a strong Finnish connection. We are releasing the Oi Polloi "Fuaim Catha" album on CD, that came about 'cos their singer Deek has been living in Finland for many months now. Then there's a beautiful hardcore punk photobook by this really talented guy Kristoffer Pasanen from Sweden, who's also been living in Finland for a long time. And then there's the crazy hot album from the notorious Umlaut. Nobody knows who they are but they mean business!!! I would love to write more about my label but I don't want to turn this into a total advertisement...if you're interested and wanna know more, our address is at the end of this story.

Like I told in the beginning, also Jukka has been doing a distro but now he's put it to ice as he works full time and this band is pretty time-consuming. Antti is involved in a label called Pathetique, they release and distribute a bit darker and heavier stuff like Sharpeville, Unkind, Jeniger...and we are actually joining forces with them to release the aforementioned Umlaut record!

MRR: . I know you've recorded a BORN AGAINST cover, have you done any others? Do you do any live, or have any plans to do any more?

JANI: Ha ha, the first song we ever played together at our first practice was Real World by Hüsker Dü–not exactly a surprise?! Live we've also played Schwarzeneggar, Social Distortion, Crucifucks... and Black Flag once when we were drunk at a midsummer festival! But the Born Against one is the only we've recorded for a release. We were asked for this compilation a log time ago and we promised but when the deadline was, we wanted to save the new songs we had for the next LP so we thought we'd do the cover of "Shroud," we thought it would be good ''cos not so many people know Born Against in Finland. But then when we played it on tour, really a lot of people were going wild! It was a nice surprise in a way... but on the other hand we try to change the covers we play pretty often, it sucks if people start expecting us to play a certain cover... we're not a jukebox, ha! But just this has now happened with the Born Against song and it's annoying but we can only blame ourselves...

MRR: I read on your web page that you refused to do Military service. Is that something everyone in Finland is expected to do-a national call up type deal?

JANI: Yeah, there's still conscription here.

Everyone has to do something if they are healthy. But Antti and Jukka went to the psychiatrist and pretended they have serious mental problems and they got away with it. This very common here. Most punks however do the "civil" service. But in my opinion it is not so civil, it's a part of the same system so I said I'd rather go to jail than support it – and surely enough, that's where I ended up!

MRR: You also spent time in prison yeah? Why was that? Was it to do with not joining any form of Military Service? What did you take away from your prison sentence?

JANI: I spent six and a half boring months there. It was not so bad all the time–i went to sauna and talked about tattoos with motorcycle gang guys every night, read and wrote a lot, played too much ping pong... it's ridiculous, why do they have to waste society's resources by putting us there? Finland is actually on Amnesty International's black list for doing this to conscientious objectors but nobody seems to care as long as the business is good, which it of course is. More and more people are going to jail every year and maybe, hopefully the system will have to change in a few years. Not just because of some punks and hippies going to jail but because of the whole concept of war and peace changing in this world of technology. I hope what we do will make some people notice a few things and maybe even tell their friends about them!

JANI: I am not in favor of the European Union in its current form, or the Euro money system the Finnish government chose to join.

MRR: So, what are the bands plans from here? Any tours lined up? You thought about the new album yet?

JANI: We have an UK tour booked but by the time you are reading this it's propably already history, what I can say now is that I'm really looking forward to it! As for next year, I have no idea... there has been talk of touring in Japan, the US / Canada, Brazil... hell, if even one of these actually happens I'm more than happy! We have most of the music for the next LP but we haven't decided on how to release it yet... we'll see.

MRR: Lastly, the name MANIFESTO JUKEBOX conjures up some great images. What are the ten tracks you'd have on your JUKEBOX & what MANIFESTOS would adorn it?

JANI: Ha ha, this is nice... the only manifestos I would have are "Trust your desires" or "Respect" or something like that... for the music, here's a list in no particul order – and hey dear readers please bear in mind that it is a jukebox, the most beautiful object American culture has ever produced... so punk does not necessarily fit in! I

MRR: Do you guys work at all, or is the band your main thing? Is there a lot of unemployment in Finland? What about the homeless? Is that a big situation in Finland? Surely the winter there must be a great problem to the homeless.

JANI: Jukka is working full time as an offset printer and he actually wants to do it, he's crazy! We are hoping we can slowly brainwash him but he's a tough nut to crack... Antti sometimes works at construction to get money to live a life like this, touring and putting out records. Me, I'm unemployed but it is not a problem for me... it's a lifestyle! I am actually doing a lot of things, I work for the label many hours every day, book tours and gigs, blah blah... I would not be able to do those if I worked some shitty useless job. See, I don't have education to any job, that's the price of rock & roll for me! I hope could pay the rent doing this (meaning the band and the label) some time in distant future... but maybe that's not possible and I will one day have to grow up and get a life. Oh fuck, don't want to see that happening! The social security is still very good here. There are not many homeless people and there would be room for most of them too if they could stop drinking.

MRR: What are your views on a United Europe? Are you in favor of the Euro?

mean, I get a certain feeling when I see a jukebox and then I'm not thinking of Discharge! It's OK to love good rock'n'roll too... and I do actually have a jukebox in my room! So the name of the band is not a total coincidence, I have a long history of jukebox obsession...

* THE CLASH 'London Calling'
* STRAY CATS 'Rumble In Brighton'
* ELVIS PRESLEY 'Burning Love'
* BILLY IDOL 'Rebel Yell'
* CHRIS ISAAK 'Wicked Game'
* JOHNNY CASH 'Ring Of Fire'

MRR: Anything you wish to add?

JANI: ...phew! I think that this thing is the longest interview I've ever typed. This will have to do... but feel free to contact us directly if you have any questions, want to tell us how you're doing, send 7"s for my jukebox, healthy vegan recipes for Jukka, blah blah... we can be found at:

PO Box 813, 13501 HML, Finland.

www.combatrockindustry.com/manifestojukebox
manifestojukebox@hotmail.com

GOOD RIDDANCE

MRR: You've been a band for around 13 years now and you've stated in previous interviews you've done that you remember the angst of the Reagan/Bush era. That is a lot of what inspired you early on, but what has kept you going?

Russ: A lot of it is seeing the process of my eyes being opened, my mind being opened, my life being touched by bands I listened to when I was younger and still do today. Realizing that music that my band makes is doing the same thing to other kids and feeling overwhelmed that what happened to me is happening to other kids because of the music I make. It's like a big circle. I want to keep doing this and keep going, and as we keep going the response that we get is so awesome, that it sort of spurs us on. Also, because the injustice of the world didn't end with Reagan. We don't have to worry about nuclear war tonight, like we did back then, but I believe there is still a place for a social commentary in music and that is the environment that this music offers.

MRR: Do you still see punk as a vehicle of social change?

Russ: I do. Because it is a way to spread a message and to spread enthusiasm and ideals. What attracted me to punk is because I was upset and angry, and I felt like I was powerless. What punk did is empower me and affirm what I believed and what I thought was not only OK, but was shared by lots of other people. This in turned spurned me to action, that made me think, maybe by myself I can't do much, but with all these other people I can. At the same time, expressing that as an *individual* you can do things. That is even more apparent now than when I got into punk, because it has been made so obvious that people can make a big difference in things such as being a conscientous consumer, and through what they put in their bodies, and that eventually the corporations that control our lives are sort of held accountable by the dollars we spend. I think that if people get better information and put it to use, it can affect changes. If I didn't believe that, I wouldn't keep doing this.

MRR: As far the being the only lyricist in the band, do you feel a certain obligation to point out the injustices that you see, or do you more have to pick and choose?

Russ: I don't really know if I ever think about it that way. I really want to stay away from singing about things that have been sung about a million times before, and I still fall victim to it. Playing this kind of music and choosing to be lyrically social/political in a way is a big challenge, because there are so many bands that have come before who have said it so eloquently, or more eloquently have pointed it out. So the challenge lies in writing an interesting song that has something to say that hasn't been said a million times before in the exact same words. I think there is enough going on that I think we have succeeded in bringing to life positive opinions and ideas and pointing out discrepancies in the way we were brought up and the way our society functions without

interview by Floyd

contact: www.good-riddance.com

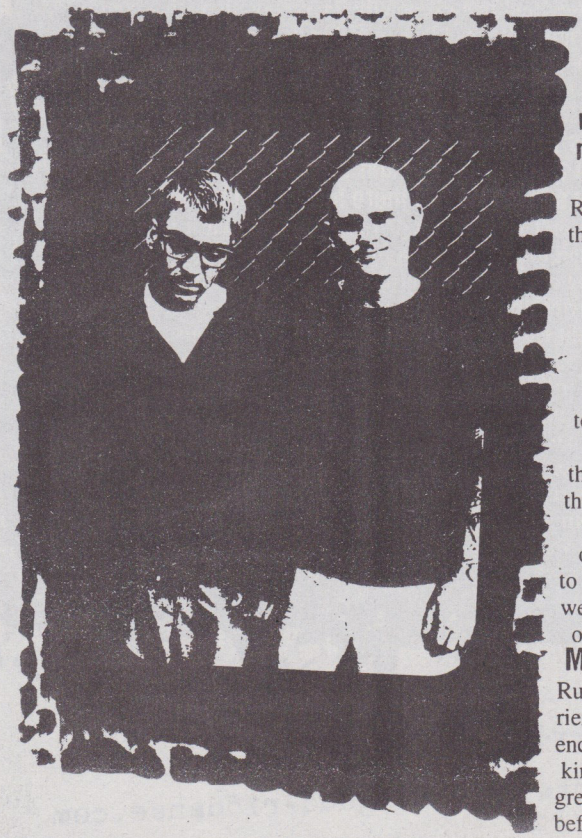
going, "this is bad, bad, bad," and offering no solutions. It is a real thin line of bringing things to light and putting my thoughts and opinion into it, and also trying to offer a solution.

MRR: Switching subjects now. Good Riddance is a band that has spent a good portion of the last five years on the road, but now you are a band that has two members engaged and one who is married. Have you found yourselves having to cut back your tour schedule?

Russ: I don't know if that has been a direct cause of touring cutting back. Just in general getting old, we can't hack it anymore. I mean we can hack it, it just takes a toll on the human body doing what we did for so many years. The combination of that and once we became established like we sort of are, we're not aspiring to get to some other next level. Not that we ever were—we sell X amount of records every time we put out a record and we have people who like our band and maybe they will tell some friends about us. We have a pretty good amount of people at our shows most of the time. When we were a new band we felt like we couldn't say no to anybody. Any band that offered us a tour, we would jump on it, even if we had just gotten home from one. Any time we had a chance to play anywhere we did it, because we were afraid of what would happen if we didn't. Now we can sort of pick our spots a little more, even if it sounds appealing we can turn it down without feeling like we are going to lose face or take a step backwards. We can pick our spots a little better without being run into the ground. When we don't play for a while it's fresher for us and if people don't see us for a while they are more stoked to see us when we do play. It works good that way.

MRR: How has having a drummer who lives on the East Coast affected the band?

Russ: It hasn't affected us as drastically as you might think. It works because we started seeing a lot of bands we knew working that way. It did drastically affect the way we wrote the new record, because we couldn't casually practice for five months and write a record. The record had to be written beforehand, song structure-wise. Luke and I had to write all the music, go record it on a four track with a drum machine, and then send David tapes so he would have an idea of the songs, and I had to be on the ball lyrically. Lots of time the band is waiting for me to write lyrics until the very end. Basically, Dave flew out and we had one month to learn the record before going into the studio, and so I couldn't afford not to have lyrics. Actually it worked out for the better, I just had to be more confident that I had to write lyrics and songs. Other than that it hasn't affected us that much.



MRR: *Symptoms Of A Leveling Spirit* is not nearly as hardcore a record as *Operation Phoenix* was. Did you make a conscious effort to make one hardcore record with *Operation Phoenix*, or were you just angrier then?

Russ: I would hesitate to use the term hardcore, only because it means different things to different people. I know what you are saying—when I got into punk if you listened to the Dead Kennedys and Black Flag you were hardcore. If you played that stuff today for some kid who listens to Earth Crisis, he'd call Earth Crisis hardcore. So it changes all the time, and probably always will. I think *Operation Phoenix* by far is our most aggressive, angry, pissed off record. We were sort of sick of melody, sick of the music that was all around us, and we wanted to write a record that sounded like the records that we grew up listening to—the records that inspired us to play this type of music in the first place, which we felt that was sorely lacking from our previous material, so we wanted something different. Also it was a really dark time. I wasn't a really happy guy. Reading those lyrics are painful now because I don't really want to go back there. It is effective for the purpose it served and it is a great record, I think. There was also a lot of ferment in the band and it all sort of culminated in that record. We didn't intend to make it that gnarly—it just sort of worked out that way. It's a great record and we are all really proud of it, but in the musical scheme of Good Riddance it is sort of an aberration.

MRR: Warp Tour, good or bad?

Russ: It's both. After much thinking about it, we did it last summer. I left the experience thinking that was good, but that was also bad. Getting the chance to experience so many different bands with so many different things to offer, as well as all kinds of organizations with free literature and whatnot, I think is good. It was a great opportunity for me to meet with bands that we might have played with once before but live in other parts of the country, so I don't get to see them a lot and get

to be friends with them and bring them together. I got to sing "Code Blue" with TSOL which is a boyhood dream of mine. Regarding TSOL, they were sort of a breath of fresh air on that tour, because they sort harken back to a time when punk wasn't safe and commercially viable, prepackaged for a half-hour slot. Watching them play made me wonder what the hell is going on today, what has this turned into—it's really weird, like Woodstock or something. I don't know if it's a good or bad thing; it's like I said, a little bit of both. I think there are lots of opportunities for kids to be exposed to different kind of bands, different kind of music, meet new people, and be exposed to really cool organizations which may have social/political implications that could be empowering. At the same time, it is just a huge corporate schmooze fest and it lacks any of the personality that comes with playing a club show. It is really really, sterile to play.

MRR: When you did your last interview with MRR six years ago, your final parting comment was "Go Vegan." It seems like one of the only ideas to take hold in the punk community and then spread more to the mainstream community. What are your thoughts on the whole thing?

Russ: I think awareness is growing all the time about that stuff in this society, in general. Go to a chain supermarket now and you can find products there that you wouldn't have found ten years ago. Even in really rural parts of this country, where once being vegetarian was really weird, most everybody has tried it, or ordered something without meat just to try it, or knows somebody who is vegetarian or whose friend is. It's not so much of a freakish thing as it once was. And that alone takes a lot of the threat out of it and makes it even more appealing. *Diet For A New America* didn't sell as many copies as it sold because no one read it. People are going to avail themselves to that information, and I really believe most human beings are intelligent, compassionate people. And I believe that when faced with all the facts—after being brought up and lied to, which we were—that most people would make different choices. If not going completely vegan, then at least doing something different. Cutting down their meat intake, or stopping buying leather, or doing something. When you get information it is tough not to act on it, especially when it is so crucial. So I think that has a lot to do with it too, that there are some books out there that are really informative that enable people to arm themselves with more knowledge and then make informed decisions that they wouldn't have made before.

One thing that I really proud of, as far as the punk/hardcore community, is that I feel we can take a lot of the credit of the awareness that has grown out of it. Bands, people who go to shows, do zines and all that stuff, veganism and animal rights have always been hovering around our scene. Maybe not always, but for the last ten years or so. So if you're from outside and you go to your first punk show and start buying punk records and going to these shows and hanging out with these people, you are going to be exposed to it a lot more than you would out there in the world. To the degree that you are exposed to it, you are going to expose those around you to it: your family, your friends at school, people that you meet. That is a way the punk and hardcore can take credit for vegetarian awareness growing so rapidly. Just our band alone, we get so many letters. The majority of letters that we get are from kids that say because of literature they got at our show, or because of organizations that we support in our CDs, or the song "Waste" on our third record, they stopped eating meat. All of which just blows me away, which I think is really awesome. If we can touch anybody's life in what I feel is a positive way, then I think we are doing what we set out to do, which is to make a difference.

MRR: Part of the proceeds from each record you've done you give to charitable organizations. How do you choose them?

Russ: Just to amend that, we didn't donate anything from our first record. The idea hadn't dawned on us yet. Generally, I just pick them. Things that I hear about. Initially it started with wanting to do things in Santa Cruz. Then there were things like PETA, which doesn't need our money at all, but have really well put-together pamphlets. It's really friendly for the new person who doesn't know anything about it to run it by them; their stuff is really accessible, and they are able to ship us really large quantities whenever we are on tour. So our relationship with PETA is based on more what they can do for us, though a lot of kids have contacted them directly from getting things at our shows. That was based more on the fact they could give us a lot of really cool literature for free. We have a merchandise table on tour and kids can just grab it. It's free and it looks good and the kids just put it in their pocket, maybe a few days later they will read it and open it up and contact them. Then there is the Santa Cruz AIDS project, which is woefully underfunded, like a lot of social programs are in this country. On the new record we donated to Second Harvest Food Bank—they gather up canned foods for soup kitchens and such. Also there is the Western Service Organization in Santa Cruz County, that basically provides shelter and warm clothes to people like migrant workers—people working full time but still living below the poverty line. David, our drummer, wanted to donate money to the Multiple Sclerosis Service Society of Pennsylvania, because he has a friend who has multiple sclerosis. So it was a really personal thing for him. For every two you pick, there are two hundred you could have. We've gotten blasted a few times because now that we are doing this, why aren't we doing more? I think this helps in two ways—it gives these organizations publicity, and legitimizes them in the eyes of a lot of kids who might not care or who think it is weird, all because of the fact that a band they like is endorsing it. In the case of Santa Cruz AIDS Project, or the Homeless Garden Project, it gives them money they would not get. The whole point of the matter is to get people to think about this music and the lyrics, but there is this other stuff. To foster an environment where kids can experience this music and not just go, "I went to the show, I danced, and that's it." That this can be more than entertainment, because even though it has become that in a lot of ways, for me it has always been more than that.

MRR: Just to wrap things up, after doing this for the last 15 or so years, can you see yourself doing it ten years down the road?

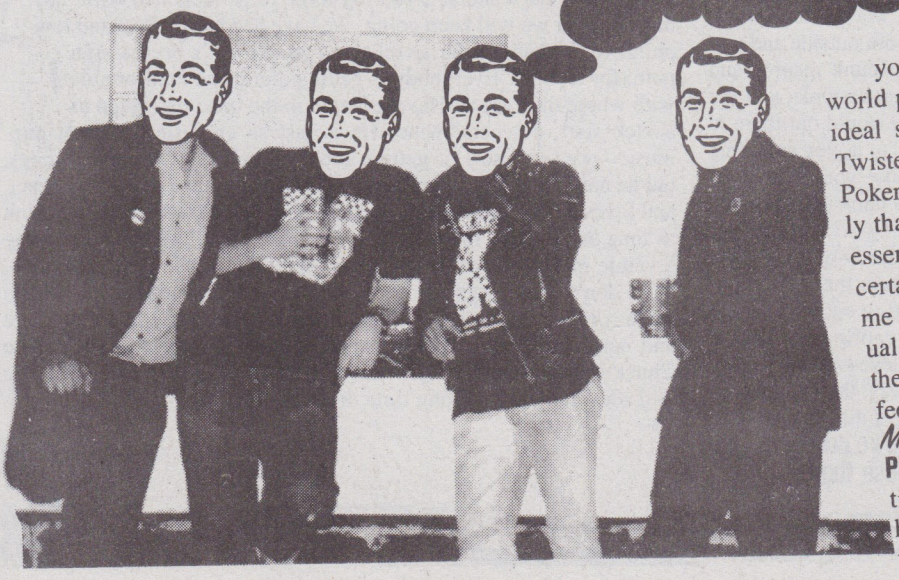
Russ: I can, but I don't what that will look like or in what shape and form. People keep waiting for me to outgrow it, friends and family, but I don't see any signs of it happening. I still get just as stoked when I put a Battalion Of Saints record as when I first bought it. I just don't see any sign of changing. I don't know about our band as a touring force to be reckoned with, how much longer we will keep going. We have had high points and low points in the band as far as relations go. Now it's been a high point for a while. Everybody is getting along and comfortable with where they are at. Having David in the band has given us a kick start, a second wind. He is just so enthusiastic about our music—we were sort of getting tired, especially of the older songs, but he has just given us new life. David is just such a spazz and hyper, and loves it, and that has just been invigorating for all of us. So I think as long as we don't run ourselves into the ground, we can keep being a viable music unit of people for a long time. Lots of band say this, but I don't want to get to the point were it's embarrassing to be on stage. Unfortunately, it's the kind of music where if you are up there and not going crazy, it looks bad on stage. So I don't know, maybe Chuck will be like Wesley Willis and sit in a chair with a casio. We will see—ten years is long time down the road.

The Pokers

There seems to be few bands from the British Isles cranking out amped up, snotty garage punk n roll–Fear not Maximum Rock N Rollers for the Lord hath unleashed the Pokers – kick as punk rock with the snot and snarl of the Dead Boys mixed up with the Rip Off fuzz...check em out.

(INTERVIEW VIA EMAIL BY TIM BROOKS)

MRR: Let's get the original questions out of the way first. You're a pretty new band. How long have you been together? Who's who and what garbage do you have for the kids to gobble up?
POKER: We've been gigging for about a year now. Rob sings, Blink plays guitar, Stef bass and Nick performs the drum duties.We put out a self financed 5-track CD on our own Ultra A.D. label, which Weird Records from Newark heard and liked and so, they put out the Ignite 7" in June 01. We also appear on a box set comp called International Punk Rock Box Set on Meathead Records.
MRR: Some would say you have a sound which is pretty American influenced with a raucous garage punk vibe – Are you mainly influenced by tunes from over the pond?
POKER: We do get influenced by a lot of American garage punk bands, but there are loads of European bands around as well. Like Peawees, The Hot Pockets, Metros and The Hives Etc...As for the UK, there just doesn't seem to be that many good bands around.



MRR: Would it be not more fitting that you sounded like The Varukers or Discharge being that you're from the Midlands, UK?
Poker: I did have a varuker (canker sore for all those stateside) once but it discharged a load of smelly brown puss – So I thought it wise not to talk about it.
MRR: Now I know that some of you have been around in the punk scene for some time (ages please) – Is this all of y'alls first band?
POKER: That's like a 'Jackie' magazine question. Ok, Rob is twenty something, Nick is thirty and Blink and Stef are thirty something, but we all have a mental age of about sixteen. Collectively The Pokers are Robs first band, the rest of us have whored around different line ups for years. But this band definately feels right, this time – The Pokers are my favourite band!!
MRR: Is 2001 a good year to be bashing out sloppy punk rock?
POKER: I think with all the great bands around now, 2001 is an optimum time for the Pokers to be beating off.
MRR: What UK bands have rang your chimes recently?
POKER: As I said before, there just ain't many good bands around in the UK right now – The X-Rays, Los Nachos, Agent Zero, Panic – There certainly isn't a UK garage punk scene worth shouting about.
MRR: Do you have any political leanings as the lyrics seem not to touch on politics at all – Is it possible to be apolitical in a punk band in this day and age? On a political note, where do you stand on the global protesting to the IMF and the G8 summit in Italy?
POKER: Right, on a political note, I think the G8 summit was a obscene waste of the tax pound – Just for a grand party on-board a ship for Lord Snooty and his mates, especially when you consider that they were there to discuss third world poverty and debt. Apparently their versions of ideal solutions had already been decided anyway! Twisted fuckers taking the piss! As for where the Pokers stand on politics – A mate said to me recently that he thought 'being in a rock'n' roll band was essentially about getting your cock sucked'. To a certain extent that sort of sums it up. Punk rock to me has always been about tolerance – Racial, sexual – whatever, just knowing you're smarter than the bigot wanker, because you know how you feel.
MRR: What kinds of things do you sing about?
POKER: Masturbation seems to be a sticky fixation for Pokers songs, that and felatio. Just healthy rock 'n' roll pastimes for the under privileged punker.

MRR: What is the song 'I'm in love with a Nazi' all about?

POKER: That is possibly our one and only political song and we've taken so much shit for it! I wrote it because I was sick of listening to so called sussed people having fascist views and using the 'politically correct' madness as their excuse. I didn't want it to be a political rant so I put the 'love' twist on it. It was supposed to make people sit up and notice – It fucking worked! It's for all the fascist fucks who think it's normal and OK to hate.

MRR: Why should people track down Pokers material when there are a bunch of bands across the globe cranking out similar style music, what makes you guys so special?

POKER: Everybody should buy themselves and their close friends Pokers records 'cos we're one of the few UK outfits doing it right – Punk Rock 'n' Roll to the Max!! What makes us so special is Blink! He has a heart the size of Hinckley and a belly the size of a prize bullock. He is a special bloke, I wouldn't bother without him!

MRR: What is Leicester like for all the people across the globe unlucky enough not to be there. How is the punk scene and how involved in the local scene are you guys?

POKER: The Leicester punk scene, I suppose is quite healthy. There are certainly a few good punk bands here: The 'Rong Uns, Cannon Fodder, Setback, Social Disorder and a few more but they're all like Punk/Oi bands, they would probably prefer C.J.D. variant than listen to a Dolls album or a Sonics track. Blink and Stef along with a few mates also promote gigs locally and do punk disco nights called Amphetamine Dummy. They also promote a 60's garage night called Thee Ultra A.D. Club where they will play anything that is cool from the last 40+ years.

MRR: You're caught with your pants down, the house is on fire, you have time to grab five vinyl discs as you flee the blaze – which ones are you gonna go for?

Stiff Poker: This is the easiest and hardest question to answer but: Dammed, Dammed, Dammed, The Ramones first LP, Dead Boys – Young, Loud and Snotty, The New York Dolls and 'Best dressed chicken in town' by Doctor Alimantado. However this would probably be completely different if you ask me in a months time – but you get the idea.

Blink Poker: Young Loud and Snotty-Dead Boys, L.A.M.F. - Heartbreakers, Clash first LP, No Fun comp - The Stooges and Rip-Offs - Got a record.

Nick Poker: Violators - Summer of 81 7", SUBHUMANS - EP-LP, Partisans first, Black Sabbath - Master of Reality and Sick on the Bus - Punk Police Rob

POKER: The Raydios - Original demo recordings, The Misfits - Walk Among Us, Swingin' Utters - S/T, Rip-Offs - Got a Record and Bad Religion - Into the Unknown.

MRR: I know some of you guys are punk rock record fiends. Where do you all stand on the whole Killed By Death phenomenon and the rocketing price of rare vinyl?

POKER: Personally I think KBD's are great. You get to hear some good punk from all over the world, which, after listening to it for twenty odd years, I'd never even heard a lot of it. I think the ridiculous prices have been brought about by a particular kind of vinyl retard and profiteering dealers. However on the plus side it has also spurned all of the semi or non-official re-issues which are great - Carbon copies for the price of a couple of beers and they piss off the dealers and anoraks to boot.

MRR: What's next for The Pokers? Any more releases in the pipeline?

POKER: We want to go back into the studio and record an albums worth of material and see if we can get it released. We also want to play loads of gigs and generally have a 'really cool time' as somebody once said.

MRR: This is your last chance, wanna get anything else off your collective chests?

POKER: Yeah we're wet and sticky, hot and ready so come on Greg Lowery. Make The Pokers the first UK band on Rip Off Records, OR Else….

CONTACT: the pokers@bigfoot.com

VIIMEINEN KOLONNA

Friday night in an apartment in Helsinki. On the table: big empty whiskey bottle, opened Finlandia vodka bottle, many empty beer bottles, and some Satanist literature. Around the table: Pete (bass), Mika (guitar), Kaide (voice) from Viimeinen Kolonna, and Markku the Manager.

MRR: Who started the band and why?

Kaide: I guess it was me. I wanted to play something easy, whatever comes natural, something like that.

MRR: Where did you find the other guys?

Kaide: Mika was from my last band; Pete is from work.

Mika: I was a substitute.

Kaide: And Mika was found through Pete.

MRR: Did you just want to play something easy, or did you want to play just like this?

Kaide: Old Terveet Kadet style, that was where we started.

MRR: Was it the only influence?

Kaide: Yes, at that point, when we started to play.

MRR: What do you think; has it gone further than that?

Mika: Further? I can't say that.

Pete: I have to say that at first the band was called Kaide's TK-project; for a long time it was called that.

MRR: Where the name Viimeinen Kolonna came from?

Pete: It was a democratic decision.

Kaide: There were lots of names what we were thinking of.

Pete: I think I have to tell the whole voting thing, it was so funny. Everybody made up four names and wrote them down, and then we voted on what sounded best. But it was total fiasco, I don't know if the USA's presidential election had something to do with it; all that ridiculous voting circus–I think it somehow affected us.

Mika: There were three to four names and votes every time. Kaide found the name Viides Kolonna (the Fifth Column), a spy that operates behind the enemy lines, or something. And we uncivilized people didn't know that there already was a Finnish band with that name. Fuck it, Viimeinen Kolonna (the Last Column) then, that's it.

Pete: Those bastards.

Mika: And it took one month to get a name.

Pete: Half of all the practices was voting and making up the name.

MRR: So now you can actually play instead of vote?

Pete: Yes.

MRR: You all have or have had other bands: do have enough time for all that?

Pete: There's not enough time for anything anyhow.

Kaide: First the idea was to practice once a month, or when there's was something new. But we have practiced almost once a week.

Pete: I'm little bit worried about that.

Kaide: More with this band than with the others.

Mika: The others have so many bands that there's always somebody on a three-week tour. Except me.

Pete: I haven't practiced so regularly in decades.

MRR: Does that mean that the band is progressing quckly?

Pete: Hardly...

Mika: Progress is the wrong word.

Kaide: Not musical progression but...

Pete: If you can't play better than this after ten years, then we can't do much more than this.

Kaide: But new songs come all the time.

Pete: That's what we *can* call progress.

Kaide: We get new songs done, but it's not musical progress.

MRR: But the band works?

Pete: Yes, like a machine.

Kaide: Really good, without problems.

Pete: And it's not depressing to go to practice, because you know that everything works.

MRR: So you haven't had any big fights at practice?

Mika: Maybe two times a couple of guys have had bad hangovers.

Pete: Hangovers are the biggest enemy.

MRR: The lyrics are made by Kaide?

Kaide: Yes, except Mika made the lyrics for one song.

MRR: There are references to the Bible and religion; where are those coming from?

Kaide: Those are from the Bible... or... from the Apocalypse actually.

MRR: Why that? Interesting subject?

Kaide: It's great; I mean the Apocalypse, not the others.

Pete: Great metaphors.

MRR: You have more references to the Bible than to politics; have politics been left behind?

Kaide: But there are hidden political messages.

MRR: Yes, but is the Bible a more interesting subject than politics?

Kaide: The other Biblical parts don't interest us a bit, but the Apocalypse is a great story.

MRR: Which topic is more interesting: religion or politics?

Pete: Both are because those topics are connected together when you see things out there.

Kaide: Politics at least should be more interesting, though they might effect little in your own life.

Pete: Of course politics are interesting, but singing about them is maybe not.

Kaide: And those lyrics taken from Revelations are more like an end of the world thing.

MRR: So the politics of your lyrics are taken from the Bible?

Kaide: Yeah, political lyrics are ripped from the bible.

Pete: Which must be interpreted as political.

MRR: Why is the EP called *Onnellisuus ahdistaa* (*Happiness Is Distressing*)? Is happiness really distressing? Do you mean society? Is this a social criticism then?

Kaide: Other people's happiness is distressing: "everything is so great."

Pete: It's distressing when you know that now we are on crest of the wave and tomorrow it is not so great. The happiness lasts only for a certain time.

Kaide: At some point you come down quickly.

MRR: In these covers you have rubber clothes and other startling pics. Is there some meaning behind them?

Kaide: They are fucking nice art!

Pete: I wouldn't say there is some deeper meaning for them. Nice is nice. The beauty is in the eye of beholder. But if someone has some other vision out of them, it's...

Kaide: Personal affection.

MRR: You just did your first gig last Saturday, which is just six days before Spede Pasanen (a legendary Finnish comedian and producer) died. So how you think your gig went?

Pete: There was nervousness all right and we were out of tune and there was alcohol...

Kaide: Miikka said it went well..

Mika: There have been worse gigs, but also much better ones...

Pete: When you are playing you might not observe the same things as those watching among the crowd.

Kaide: And the crowd can't hear all the mistakes.

Pete: Especially if they are as wasted as the band.

Kaide: Only the band knows how the songs should be played...

MRR: At the some point bands start to go on tours and stuff. Do you have plans to tour?

Pete: Couple of gigs in Sweden and come back fast.

Kaide: At our age you just can't drink more than two days in a row...

MRR: So the touring is dependent upon that?

Pete: Pop in a gig in Cuba via airplane and back fast...

MRR: How about in Finland; are there any good gigs here anymore?

Pete: Nothing exiting. When you go somewhere to play, there are just three punks with mohawks watching the gig.

Mika: And two of them have passed out and the third one won't remember anything...

Pete: Well, there are expectations, like this last gig...

Kaide: There is no one setting up shows in Lahti or Turku. There have been less lately.

MRR: So what do you think why there are not many gigs anymore?

Pete: It is this period of depression again. Sometimes there is more and sometimes not. On the other hand it's okay if there are not many gigs, otherwise there is not as much of an audience at each gig. The less gigs, the more audience at each.

Kaide: There are quite a few gigs in Helsinki and the Factory (pub/venue in Helsinki) is always full. At least in Helsinki it seems that more people are showing up.

MRR: In the foreign fanzines it seems that those touring bands are boasting that Finland has a solid scene; do you think that is right?

Mika: The scene is solid just at time when the foreign band is here.

Kaide: Maybe it is more solid than elsewhere...

Pete: Elsewhere there are many more people, and people want to compartmentalize. Here

there are so few people, you almost *have* to be involved with each other if you want to get something done.

MRR: Do you think there are any good bands in Finland right now??

Mika: Aivol_vistys, it have to mentioned...

Pete: ...and Salmonella is fucking great! In fact, the whole thing is making me cry. Personally no band has no happy affection for me. At least with new ones.

Kaide: The new Riistetyt was pretty okay.

Pete: Average crust...

MRR: Pause is quite good...

Pete: It seems that the metallic stuff is now the big thing, which is a bit better. And now you get more and more bands with the same style. On this wagon you will find: Obsolete, Unkind, Absurd Attitude, Pause...

Kaide: Slower crust... Wasted is good and getting better all the time.

MRR: If the VK is HC, what do you think is true hardcore when you have this US-style hardcore, Finnish hardcore, etc.?

Mika: That kind of question should be stopped right here. There should not be any difference in my opinion. Everybody has their own point of view.

Pete: Many people think there is a difference.

MRR: Why does it matter?

Pete: If I go to a gig, I usually know what to expect. Some gigs are filled with mohawks and other filled with shaved-head people.

Mika: No wall-building attitudes...

Kaide: So where is the so-called hardcore? In the States or England?

Pete: There is this so-called "pit-hardcore" and then this hardcore punk: "shit punk."

Kaide: People used to dig all kind of stuff like Agnostic Front, Minor Threat, Discharge, GBH... Nowadays it's so divided; too many directions...

MRR: So there's too many punks nowadays, everybody wants their own punk-ghetto?

Kaide: Too many choices; there should be only those four bands.

MRR: You're not sixteen anymore, what's so great about this horrible noise and these filthy punk gigs; what keeps you involved in punk after all these years?

Pete: I don't know if it's so great, but I can't live without it.

Kaide: Can't be without it anymore, but sometimes I feel like...

Pete: ...what the fuck am I doing here?

Kaide: Now when we played at the Factory and the whole place was full; that keeps me going. And when new good bands are coming up.

Mika: If at some age you have had a really good feeling from something, maybe later you don't feel that again from something else.

Pete: Most friends are still in it and going to the same gigs. It wouldn't be easy to go somewhere else.

Kaide: Since I had my fifteenth birthday, after that all my friends have been from the punk scene. Then all "normal" friends were left behind.

MRR: So in this shitty world, is the best alternative still dirty punks who carry on?

Pete: It's not the best alternative, it just happens to be that I'm still hanging with the same scene as ten years ago.

MRR: What's a better alternative?

Pete: There isn't any... everybody has their own, you do what feels best. Once in a while it could be funny to go to a disco or something if you feel like it. See something other than drunks with mohawks. Then you realize that nothing makes any sense.

MRR: But it's the best alternative from those you have?

Pete: Not even then, I don't know what's best.

Kaide: Yes, it's the best, don't deny it.

MRR: What's the next step in the life of Viimeinen Kolonna?

Kaide: Split with Nailbiter (UK), and then our own EP... and one-minute VK art video.

Pete: Hold on, the Nailbiter split I can see but...

Kaide: There's too many songs already..

Pete: ...and more coming all the time, which is unusual.

Kaide: At all times, five to six songs ready and waiting.

MRR: Who will release the split?

Kaide: Looks like KSÿmSÿset Levyt and Fight Records again.

MRR: Have you considered releasing records yourself?

Pete: Yes, we paid for one-third of the first EP.

Kaide: We paid one part from first pressing.

MRR: How many records pressed all together?

Kaide: I think the first pressing was 500 and hopefully another 500. At least 1000 records must sold all together.

Pete: Otherwise even Jari Juho (Finnrecors) will laugh.

Kaide: Yes, promoting records.

MRR: Do you have tours planned or something more than weekends in Sweden?

Pete: All depends on how it is organized; it would be cool.

Kaide: If it could be organized well and everybody has free time at the same time.

MRR: How has George Bush affected your mental balance?

Kaide: He's even worse than the former president.

Mika: Straight from the start I missed Clinton, I couldn't never believe that one day I would miss him.

Pete: People will notice what they did.

Kaide: So Spede never got there.

Pete: Poor Spede, golf ball to the forehead. (He died on a golf course.)

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THE BLUEBLOODS

I cornered The Bluebloods on a hot July night at a small bar in Allston called Obrien's. Allston is the college section of Boston, and the sweaty room was packed on this particular night with a mixture of college kids and punks. The band had just come off stage after delivering a short and intense set to the enthusiastic crowd. Although the band members seemed angry and even violent onstage, when interviewed, they were a very approachable, nice group of regular guys. Interview by: Alice Genova

The Bluebloods are Tim• vocals; Roger Rock and Roll• drums; Goose • bass; T.J. • guitar

MRR: How did you guys come up with your name?

Goose: I was at a bar with Tim, and we were thinking up names. There were pictures on the walls of the Kennedy's.

MRR: It doesn't mean that you are privileged kids, does it?

Tim: No, it's a common expression, " *The* Boston Bluebloods"

Roger: Like the Bob Seger song where he says " the blue-blood streets of Boston"

MRR: What's a good description of your live show?

Goose: Usually Tim falls down, T.J. falls into his amp, knocking it over. Roger's snare bust. The vocals don't work. Everything breaks.

MRR: Why do fans keep coming back to see you play?

Goose: It's a live intensity, full blown, all out.

T.J.: I'd like to take this moment to thank all the diehard kids at our shows, especially fan #1, Sully

MRR: Do you see much of a future in punk rock?

Goose: Oh yeah. It's been around forever. Anybody can play it. It won't go away.

Tim: Exactly, nothing fancy to it

Roger: It doesn't take much skill to play good punk rock.

MRR: You guys are popular in Boston. Do you play many shows outside of the area?

T.J.: We would like to play New York, East Coast. Maybe a mini tour of the U.S. in the future.

MRR: Your first CD came out earlier this year, and was well received. The college radio station I work at got a copy, and that's how I found out about you. Are you working on a follow up? What direction are you heading musically?

Roger: It will sound like the Grateful Dead and Pink Floyd. We are experimenting. Profound spiritual lyrics.

T.J.: I'm going for that J. Giels guitar sound

Tim: All kidding aside, we are working on it now. It will be loud, fast, punk with integrity. Not unlike the first CD. It should be out in October.

MRR: Tim, is it possible to fit another tattoo on your body?

Tim: I got plenty of space.

MRR: Will you cross the line and go from your current short sleeve, to a full sleeve tattoo?

Tim: When I get a little older and I don't have to worry about money.

MRR: What are your songs about?

Tim: I write lyrics based on personal experience. Things and people in my life. No political agenda here.

MRR: How do you record your material?

T.J.: Our songs are very short and basic. Like '50s rock. It's all just rock and roll. We are a DIY band, in the true spirit of punk. Today's technology allows us to record a great sounding CD in my cellar, rather than spend $10,000 in some studio like band's had to do ten years ago. We try not to do many overdubs, and we stay away from effects. It seems to me that every CD that comes out on a label like Victory has a larger than life, heavily chorused guitar sound. That's not what we are going after. We like that classic hardcore sound found on albums like SSD *Get It Away* or Black Flag *Damaged*

What you hear on our CD is what you get live.

Roger: This ain't Godsmack or Stained here. Those guys suck.

Tim: We also put out CD's on our own label, Basement Records. We may be interested in releasing some other area bands on the label, but so far it's just us.

Goose: We have a homepage where you can listen to mp3's and order a CD. The address is WWW.THEBLUEBLOODS.COM. Also, if you want to book us for a gig, go to the site and email us.

Tim: I'd like to mention some great places for punk bands to play shows in New England. There's The Juice Bar in Orleans, down the Cape, Reflections in New Bedford. These places have a great scene with plenty of cool kids.

T.J.: A couple of clubs in Boston, Jimmy O'keef's downtown, Obrien's, TT the Bears. The Middle East used to be cool, but they are staying away from hardcore due to slam dancing problems.

MRR: How do you feel about Joey Ramone's death?

T.J.: He was a great guy. I had the good fortune of meeting him and interviewing him when I was in college radio. The Ramones invented punk rock, and he was active in the punk scene all his life. He was one of the nicest guys you could meet, and I'm sure he's in heaven, forming a punk band up there with Darby, Sid, and Johnny Thunders.

MRR: What are some of your influences?

Roger: The Misfits, Danzig…

Goose: Slapshot, Minor Threat, Social Distortion, Clash, Stiff Little Fingers…

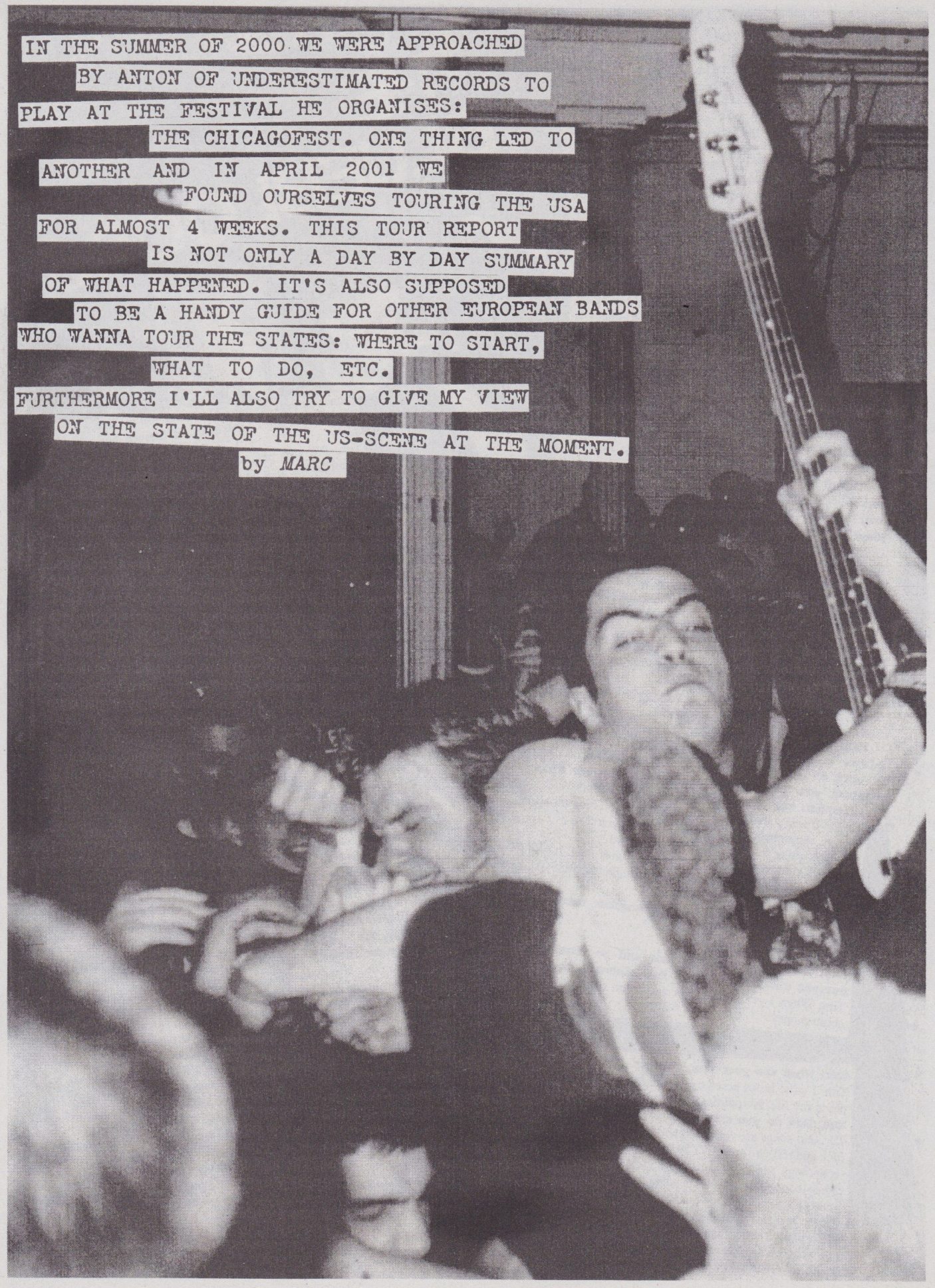
Tim: Black Flag, SSD, Dead Kennedys, Buzzcocks, Dropkick Murphys, Sham 69, H2O, Bad Brains…

T.J.: Coltrane, Sun Ra, Steven Hawking, Paul Davies, Thomas Aquinas, "Love Stinks" by The J Giels Band…

MRR: T.J., you're and old guy. Have you seen many changes in punk music over the years?

T.J.: What the fuck! I'm only 35!! Yes, I started going to shows in the early '80s. Back then you could get 1500 kids at a Sunday VFW hall matinee to see Minor Threat with SSD and DYS. I would say, at least in Boston, things peaked back then. That was about the time that the *Boston Not L.A.* compilation came out with The FU's, Jerry's Kids, Gang Green, and The Freeze. After that, the scene was diluted with metal for a while. I actually played in a band with Al and Francoise from SSD for a while called Gage. Although not punk, they were and still are a great band. It was a good experience for me, and I want to give a shout out to them…back to the question, punk never really died. It stayed underground and has survived because it has maintained it's integrity by avoiding commercialism. It's still vibrant and very much alive. It's a tried and true musical form.

Roger: It's all about keeping it real.



IN THE SUMMER OF 2000 WE WERE APPROACHED BY ANTON OF UNDERESTIMATED RECORDS TO PLAY AT THE FESTIVAL HE ORGANISES: THE CHICAGOFEST. ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER AND IN APRIL 2001 WE FOUND OURSELVES TOURING THE USA FOR ALMOST 4 WEEKS. THIS TOUR REPORT IS NOT ONLY A DAY BY DAY SUMMARY OF WHAT HAPPENED. IT'S ALSO SUPPOSED TO BE A HANDY GUIDE FOR OTHER EUROPEAN BANDS WHO WANNA TOUR THE STATES: WHERE TO START, WHAT TO DO, ETC. FURTHERMORE I'LL ALSO TRY TO GIVE MY VIEW ON THE STATE OF THE US-SCENE AT THE MOMENT.

by *MARC*

VITAMIN X

USA 2001 TOUR REPORT

It's a well known fact that not a lot of European hardcore bands play in the States. While loads and loads of US-hardcore bands tour Europe every year, we (a hardcore band from Amsterdam) were only the second European sXe hardcore band, after Mainstrike, to tour the USA, ever! This is pretty strange considering that there are quite a lot of really good European hc bands. But while we were over there we didn't get the impression that the US hc scene doesn't wanna see Euro (or Japanese, or other foreign) bands. On the contrary, a lot of people were really psyched and enthousiastic to see a band all the way from Europe play. And on flyers and posters from our shows, a lot of times it was specifically mentioned that we came 'all the way from Europe so let's support them'. In fact, I spoke with a lot of people who'd never heard of us before, but just came to see us because of the fact that we were from Europe. So then why is the situation like it is? I'm gonna try to find some explanations.

First of all I think it's easier to set up a European tour, it doesn't matter if you're an American band or a European band. The distances are shorter so transportation is cheaper, faster and not so exhausting. On our US-tour driving 8-10 hours a day was pretty normal, sometimes we even drove for 16 hours, while in Europe it's more like 3-4 hours a day. Besides that, there are also more places to play in the States; you can do a proper Euro-tour in 3-4 weeks, while for the US a proper tour should be 7-8 weeks. This makes touring the US a lot harder, even for US bands themselves (I mean how the fuck can you ever get so much time off?).

Secondly I think some Euro bands look too much up to the States, the place where hardcore started. They think they don't stand a chance between all those 'good' American hc bands, and don't even try to get a US-tour. But didn't punk start in Europe? Besides that, the European bands that did tour the US, often came back with negative stories and destroyed a lot of bands' last hopes. I think the situation is changing, our tour, as well as the DS-13 tour, proved that!!

How it started: ANTON was already releasing our CD/LP 'See Thru Their Lies' in the US. When he asked us to play at Chifest 2001 we were really psyched, especially because so few Eurobands get the chance to ever play in the States. And though it felt like a dream come true, it seemed a little bit expensive/useless to come over to play just that one show. After asking him if we could maybe do some more shows, Anton suggested to book a whole Eastcoast-tour for us, although he didn't have a lot of experience witt booking tours. He did however, know a lot of people within the scene. While Anton was busy booking the tour, we looked, and found somebody with a van: FELIX HAVOC. Felix was putting out our newest 7" 'People That Bleed' on Havoc Records. We asked if he wanted to help us, and he agreed to do it, but only as our driver. To go on tour with us Felix skipped a $20.000 construction job!! We were supposed to do an Eastcoast-tour only, but when ERNIE, the singer from Lifes Halt, who was working on our Havoc 7" artwork, heard we were coming to the States, he offered us to arrange a Westcoast-tour. This seemed tempting but, at first sight, impossible because it would cost us a lot more to also fly out there. But Ernie was extremely enthusiastic and persuasive, so finally we said 'o.k, let's just go there'. In the end, by the way, the Westcoast-dates turned

out to be contributing as much as the Eastcoast-dates did, in making this tour a succes!

The planning/preparation: before you go on tour you always have to be prepared to lose - some - money, and also think of the tour as a sort of vacation. This will protect you from big disappointments. But of course you wanna make your tour a succes. Try to work with people who have a lot of experience and connections within the scene. And try to work with people who you know (how do you get to know them? Just write or email, and have regular contact!). Also really important: do as much as you can yourself, and be involved in the whole process. In our case, we had intensive e-mail and telephone contact with Anton for months, about where to play, when, with who, what kind of places, the merchandise, etc. Also with Felix we had a lot of contact. Marko, our singer, had met him personally a few years ago at a Code 13 show in Amsterdam and ever since we stayed in contact. Felix is a guy with a lot of touring experience, (Code 13 toured half the world, and Felix also booked the DS-13 US-tour) and although he was 'just' going to be our driver, he did give us and Anton a lot of great advice, and helped wherever he could.

How long to tour: we had previously done 3 European tours (and played in 16 countries), but they always lasted something like 2 weeks. Felix always advises 6-8 weeks to do a proper US-tour (in which he is right I think), but that was impossible for us due to work -and school obligations. On top of that, it was impossible for our drummer Geert-Jan to get off from school, so we had to find a temporarily replacement, somebody who was a good drummer, and who had the time. We found Ries, who used to play in Product X, and who immediately after the tour got asked to play in Reaching Forward.

The financial aspects: try to find the cheapest tickets. Look on the internet and visit several travel agencies. A lot of companies have special offers and the price differences are pretty big, you can save up to hundreds of $, especially when you book a few months in advance. We had to have a 3-way ticket: Amsterdam-Chicago, Chicago-LA, LA-Amsterdam, and we paid around $ 650 a person. Besides the door money, -which most of the times only covers your gasmoney/ rent of the van/ food-the merchandise is extremely important for making your tour financially succesful. Bring as much as you possibly can. We had hundreds of t-shirts (3 different designs), records (4 different 7"s), CD's, buttons, patches, and posters. To make some extra bucks we also recorded a tour 7" (with all new/unreleased shit) only to be sold at shows. Anton pressed 500 and only charged us for the production costs, the rest we could keep. We almost sold all of them!! (by the way,

due to a mistake of the printingcompany, all labels were blank, so during the whole tour I was drawing stuff on those labels in the back of the bus...).

How to bring your merch into the States?: of course you cannot arrive at US-customs with hundreds of merchstuff with you. We were fortunate enough that Anton and Felix, who released our records, are from the States. And Anton was also printing our t-shirts. Only our first 2 7"s (100 of each) on Commitment had to be shipped over to the States a few weeks before the tour. If you don't have a US-label, send all your stuff; it will cost you a lot, but it's worth it -of course you can also put some stuff in your luggage but not too much, and turn t-shirts inside out-.

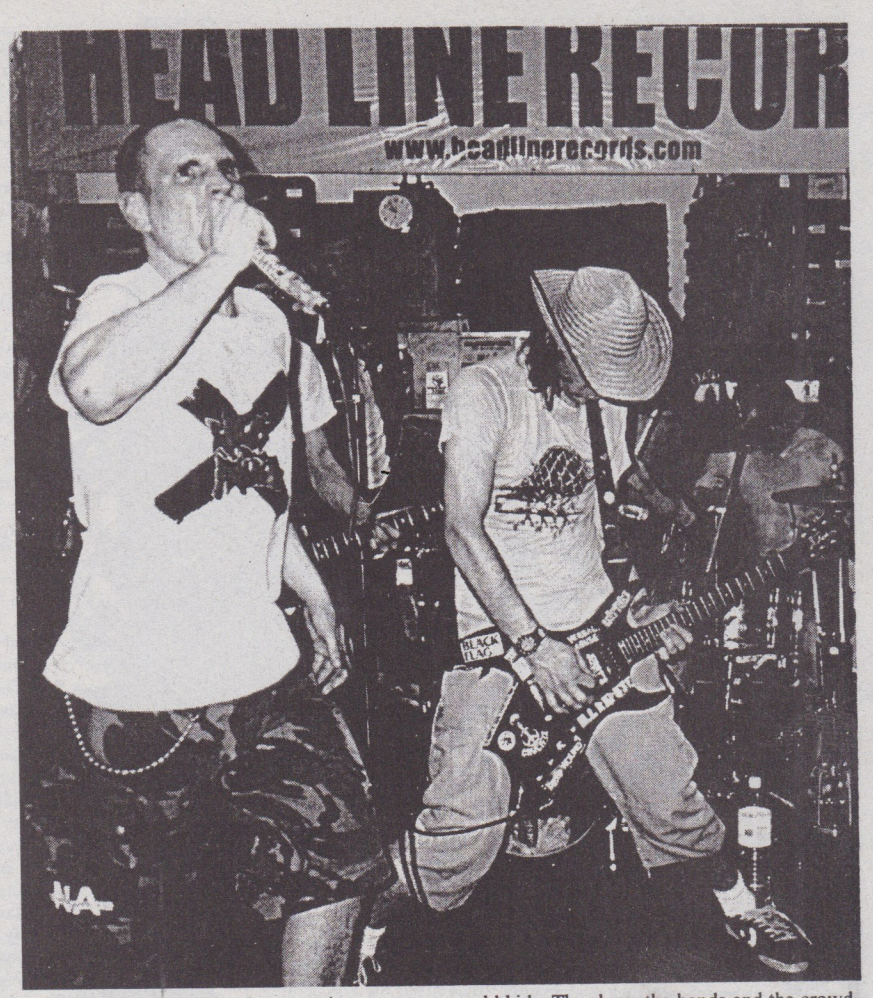
The promotion: always make sure people know you are playing. This may sound logical but while we were there, we actually met some people who had wanted to see Mainstrike back then, but they just didn't know about it. Anton and Felix both had our tourdates on their websites, and also put them on some messageboards and in some fanzines. Try to make sure that every show has a flyer/poster, and send band info/photo's to the places you're playing (don't think that everybody already knows who you are!)

How to enter the States?: some of you will maybe know what happened with Swedish band Intensity last year. They were refused entry into the US. The thing is that the US government doesn't want any foreign bands to make money without a workingpermit (as if DIY punk bands will make money...most of the them will only lose/spend money). The moment they think you're entering the States to play with a band, you'll be send back. We didn't want this to happen to us and did 2 things. First, we took a plane on different days; Marko first, then me and Ries, then Alex, our bass-player. Second: me and Alex didn't have our guitar and bass with us, we thought that was safer, and wanted to buy new instruments anyway (which are a lot cheaper in the States). So the only 'border problem' we had to deal with was Ries and his drumstuff (mainly cymbals). In case they would've stopped him he had a story ready (he was going to jam/record with a friend of him) but he didn't have any problems. Marko however, was stopped at the border by a security guard. When he found a *MRR* and a *Heartattack* in his bag, this guy, who was acting very friendly, strangely enough asked Marko if he was a punk, if he was sXe (yeah, really!), and if he was playing in a band. This guy appeared to be an ex-punk and when he found some of our 7"s he asked when and if we were gonna play in the States. Marko just played stupid, kept his mouth shut and entered without any further problems.

Marko arrived in Chicago on April the 3rd, and started, just like me and Ries 2 days later, immediately with helping Anton printing VX t-shirts. Friday the 6th, Felix arrived, as well as Alex. Most of our equipment was taken care of by Felix and Anton, but we still needed a guitarhead. A few hours before our first show we went to a musicstore to buy a guitar and a bass. I bought a nice metal-looking B.C.Rich, although some bandmembers said it was looking not punk enough. At the shop, one of the guys from the band Sin Orden was working, and he was nice enough to let us borrow his guitarhead for the East Coast part of the tour. That evening we played our first show, at the Fireside Bowl (which actually was a bowlingroom), with some local bands, but also Mike D (Beastie Boys) was playing with his new band. We played a little bit messy, due to problems with the sound and our new instruments, but still we got a great response from the crowd. Right after the show we loaded the van, ate something, and drove to the next show which was in Rochester.

Sat.7th: The drive to Rochester was really long, around 16 hours. Felix, the road warrior, drove all night straight without sleep and we arrived at 17.00 hours. Rochester is not such a big place but the club called 'The Bug Jar' was packed with people. The line up of bands was really cool, The Disaster (a local band) and especially The Control (from Buffalo, NY, featuring former members from Halfmast) kicked ass. Our set was way better than the day before despite problems with the guitarhead (which broke down and had to be fixed).

Sun.8th: Our next show was supposed to be in Western Mass. but that show got cancelled. After a bit of confusion, Anton and Felix made some phonecalls, while we were driving up there, and quickly had one or two options for a show. Then this guy from the band Melee (check these thrashers out!) called telling us he got us a show in Boston with Cops And Robbers and Last In Line. We literally started screaming and shouting because both bands are some of our



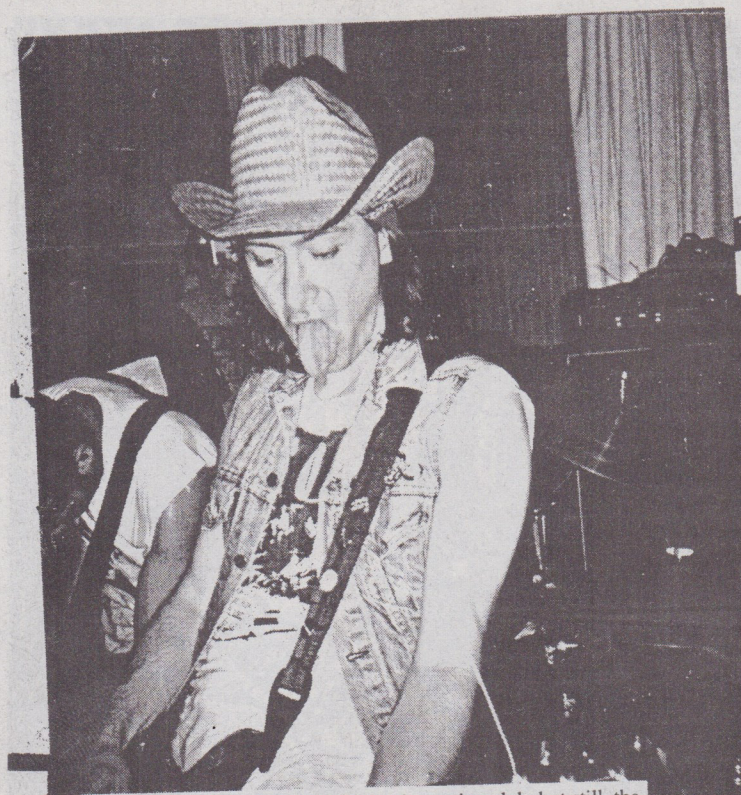
favorite new bands. The show was in a studenthouse, on University of Bostongrounds. The bands played in the living room, the merch and distros were set up next to the kitchen. They asked us to play first because there was a big chance the cops were going to stop the show. The place was packed and everybody went totally crazy; circlepits through 2 livingrooms, the hall, and the kitchen. Even Al Quint (*Suburban Voice*) was going wild in the pit (watch out for him!!). Ries destroyed his snaredrum but just played on, using his floortom as a snare! Last In Line and Cops And Robbers blew everybody away (these bands are fucking awesome!). That night we stayed at Chris'(Close Call/Last In Line) studentplace, and Anton got the idea of making a soup. A few days later we read on one of the messageboards the following story:'I experienced something really strange last night...At 3.30 in the morning I heard voices and went downstairs to find some funny-accent speaking Europeans making soup in my kitchen. They said the guy sleeping on the floor in the corner was Felix Havoc. They told me I could only eat from their 'crucial soup' if I was 'true till death'. I went upstairs, wondering if I was dreaming...'.

Mon.9th: Our fourth show was in New Jersey together with Tear It Up (from NJ, fucking great band, fucking great guys), Down In Flames (also NJ), and Blind Society. The war veterans place were we played was huge and, in the middle of nowhere. At first I thought nobody was gonna show up, but I was wrong; a few hours later the place was packed with around 200 people, a lot of them just 10-12 year old kids. The show, the bands and the crowd were totally great. After the show a lot of those kids were asking us for picks, signatures, etc, it was pretty strange -I've never experienced this in Europe- but we would experience this a lot more on the rest of our tour. It was surprising how many merchandise we already had sold, especially the tour 7" sold like crazy. The next 2 days we stayed at Dave's (Tear It Up) place.

Tue.10th: CBGB's, New York. Totally crazy line up: Last In Line, Tear It Up, Vitamin X, Death By Stereo, Kill Your Idols, and The Casualties. There was a very mixed crowd: punks, crusts, thrashers, youthcrew-kids, etc. It was totally sold out, more than 600 people. Felix told me he had never seen so many people at a CBGB's show before. It took me like 20 minutes to get from the entrance to the stage. Despite our nervousness, the show went really well, and the crowd was amazing, as well as all bands. Our set was taped by the CBGB's studio so maybe we'll release some of that show somewhere in the future. Needless to say we made some pictures of ourselves in front of CBGB's....

Wed.11th: On the way to our show in Baltimore we stopped at some record stores. During the tour we did this all the time. Not only to look for records ourselves, but even more so to sell some of our own stuff. If you're on tour, try to go to every punkrecordstore in every town you play, we sold a lot of our merch that way! Baltimore is a city close to Washington DC, the show was in a place called the 'Mosh Mansion', 'actually a livingroom. We played with great local bands Chernobyl Kids, Looks Like Rain and Trial By Fire. The crowd went nuts: stagediving from/on couches, throwing pillows, wearing stupid wrestling masks, etc.: it was fun!

Thu.12th: After some sightseeing in Wash.DC we headed out to Philadelphia. That same evening



Rocket From The Crypt was playing in another club, but still, the basement where we were playing was full of people. Shows in basements are cool and this was no exception. Only a pity that Rambo and Kill The Man Who Questions couldn't play that evening (but they're still great guys!).

Fri.13th, Sa.14th: This weekend we had to play at the Posinumbersfest, Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania. Friday was our first day off and we just went there to enjoy the bands and to sell our merch. Posifest was mainly oriented on the sXe/youthcrew-thing, with some exceptions. There were some great bands playing: Kill Your Idols, Carry On, Shark Attack, American Nightmare, Last In Line, Close Call, Think I Care, Count Me Out, Bane, etc. The fest was held at a huge hall and there were around 600 people. The reaction of the crowd when we played was really good. Our friends from Last In Line, and some other people who we had met earlier on the tour, went wild; a lot of stagedives, singalongs and a great atmosphere! Till then we were always paid pretty well; we always got at least a 100 bucks for a show, but most of the times more. On Posifest we also got $100, we asked for and got another $50. Felix was pretty upset by that, because even at small basement shows we got more (read Felix' *MRR*-column July 2001). Still, Posifest was loads of fun and we met a lot of nice people (Joe and Sean Youngblood, Eric Element, all the bands, all the kids...)

Sun.15th: This show was in Pittsburgh at a place called 'Mr. Roboto'. During our set I broke some strings and got to borrow the 'flying V'-guitar from the Crucial Unit guys (who were great by the way!). That evening we stayed at the house of the guys from Ausrotten, who made some really good spaghetti for us. A big difference touring the US is that most of the times you're eating in restaurants, while in Europe bands always get food/drinks at the shows, no matter how big or small the show is.

Mon.16th: We were supposed to play in Cleveland with Gordon Solie Motherfuckers/Nine Shocks Terror but that show got cancelled because GSMF were wanted by the cops or something and couldn't play shows in Cleveland anymore. So instead we had a basementshow in Detroit together with Life.Set.Struggle (great band from Toledo, Ohio) and Recension. There were not so many people but there was a really good atmosphere, and also a lot of people from Canada. Almost everybody at the show bought some of our stuff.

Tue.17th: The next show was in Columbus, Ohio. After some sightseeing and record/music store visits (where we met the Corrosion Of Conformity-guys who were also in town) we went to the club, a big place with a lot of grafitti on the walls. The line up was Bloodpact (but they cancelled) and Killed In Action (great fast hardcore from Ohio). The show was incredible, and the crowd, including a lot of bandana wearing thrash-punks, went nuts; there were huge circlepits (following the directions of the arrows on the floor!), pile-ons, and pillows flying through the air. Right after the show, the Columbus-guys gave us some huge bags of bagels, and we left for Madison, again, a long trip.

Wed.18th: Madison is a small collegetown between Chicago and Minneapolis, and a lot of bands are playing there because it's on the way. This show with local band Ruined In A Day, and Definite Choice (from Chicago, these kids rock!), was also in a basement. The crowd were mostly crusts/punks, a lot of them on drugs, probably something psychedelic because most of them were tripping. Although we're all straight edge, we don't have problems with other people using drugs, as long as they respect us being sXe. The crowd especially exploded when we played our pro-drug-legalisationsong 'First Step'. Again, as always, also here extremely nice and friendly people. By the way, Madison has one really cool recordstore where we (or should I say Felix?) bought some old rare records for reasonable prices.

Thu.19th: We were really exited to go to Minneapolis, hometown of Felix. It definitely has one of the best record-stores in the US: 'Extreme Noise'. Also Felix' house (or should I say 'bunker'?) made a big impression on us: camera's all around the house, a huge record collection, a gun/rifle-collection, and 2 doberman dogs. This show, at some metalclub, was with The Real Enemy (great political sXe hc from Minnesota, this was one of their last shows), Seasons Of Fire, and Definite Choice, and it was extremely hot. Although all bands could not play that long (I think we only played half a set) it still was a lot of fun. The bands and the crowd kicked ass!

Fri.20th/Sa.21st: Again we were going to play in Chicago, this time at the 'legendary' Chicagofest, which was situated at the University of Chicago, in a huge hall looking like a 19th century ballroom. It looked great, there were a lot of distros and labels selling their -limited edition- stuff, and around 600 people, coming from all over the States, and even from Europe. On friday we helped setting up the stage and watched some great bands: Definite Choice, Down In Flames, Sin Orden (from Chicago, pissed off hc, with spanish lyrics), Esperanza (from LA, fast, political hc), The Real Enemy and The Degenerics. Our friends Tear It Up were supposed to play last, around 23.00 hours, but they had problems with their van so it was not sure if they could make it on time. Anton, who organised Chifest, was a little bit in a panic, and asked me and What Happens Max 625 if we could maybe play some covers. While Max and I were discussing what to play, Tear It Up arrived. Straight out of the van, after a 12 hour trip, they went onstage and blew everybody away!

On Saturday, the show was divided in 2 sets, an afternoon, and an evening-set. We were playing in the afternoon, around 15.00 hours, together with an incredible line-up: Authority Abuse, Standfast, No Reply, Lifes Halt and Gordon Solie Motherfuckers. At a one dollar shop we had bought some crazy stuff we used at our show: Alex was dressed as a robot, Marko as a pirate, there was a lot of confetti and Marko was blowing condoms during our song 'Raincoat'. The crowd was really wild, and Matt from Tear It Up sang Black Flag's 'Gimmie, gimmie'. During our last song, 'Minor Threat', I smashed my guitar, I thought it would break after just one swing, but it took me like 4 times to actually break it! Right after our set Felix started selling the special Chicagofest-edition of our new 7" 'People That Bleed', an extremely strange/goodlooking version: clear vinyl between 2 printed thick plastic slabs. People were literally fighting to get a copy and within 2 minutes Felix sold out all 80 of them. After us No Reply (from LA, playing their last show), and Lifes Halt did their thing and totally destroyed! The guys from Lifes Halt were actually lucky to play at all: they got thrown off the plane (and had to find another company) for saying that they were hijackers who were carrying a bomb!!

Then GSMF entered the stage. We had already heard stories of their extreme stage performance but this was even more than we could have imagined! They started playing and the place actually exploded: fireworks everywhere, Tony Erba throwing chairs into the crowd, the crowd themselves throwing anything they could get ahold of (especially big dustbins), tearing the huge lamps off the ceiling...I even saw people bleeding but..everybody totally loved it! After a few songs peo-

Cross over cataclysm from Goleta

ple from the University came onstage telling the band/crowd to calm down but it was already too late: cops came in and ordered everybody to leave the building. While everybody left there was an incident between Felix Havoc and the cops. I'll tell the story from my perspective. Felix was really pissed that the show, which was great, got shut down. He had a discussion with the pigs, started calling them names, threw a chair at them and jumped through a closed window to escape, but got caught and was enprisoned. Anton tried to move the evening-set to another place, which also got shut down by the cops who also arrested Rich (from Esperanza) and Megan (Anton's girlfriend) for disorderly conduct.

This way a lot of great bands, who drove all the way to Chicago, didn't get to play at all: Life.Set.Struggle, Striking Distance, Caustic Christ, Close Call, Shark Attack, Ensign, 9 Shocks Terror,.and more...In the meantime we had a big problem: we had to be at the airport (together with all our stuff), for our flight to LA at 8 in the morning, but Felix, our driver, was in prison. We went to the nearest policestation, who send us to the other end of the city, arrived there and got send back to the first policestation (really 'funny' guys those US-pigs!). Finally, at 6 in the morning, we bailed Felix out, and went to the airport. We didn't get the chance to say goodbuy to Anton (who was in prison with his girlfriend), or to pick up all the records we had bought so far (a lot!); still to this day they lie in Anton's appartment:..

Sun.22nd: At the airport we said goodbuy to Felix, what can I say about him, this guy fucking rules!! Ernie and his girlfriend Rebecca, whom we had met at ChiFest for the first time, had given us the keys from their appartment, we went there and hung out with Charlie (guitarist Lifes Halt and an amazing skateboarder), went to Hollywood, ate Mexican food, etc.

Mon.23rd: Our first show on the Westcoast was in San Diego at the Che Cafe, a 3 hour drive from LA. Really good line-up: Over My Dead Body (playing to a homecrowd) and Lifes Halt. The Lifes Halt-guys are crazy MoFo's; words cannot describe their liveshow, you have to experience/see it. Our show was pretty wild too: Marko broke his rib!! (is THAT hardcore or not?)

Tue.24th: Back in LA, Marko and Alex spend 6 hours waiting in the hospital to get Marko's rib checked (note: in US-hospitals they only help you fast when you're: 1.about to die, or 2.bringing a lot of money). Me and Ries went to the beach together with Noel (drummer Lifes Halt/Holier Than Thou). That evening we played in LA at Headline Records with In Control (great Nardcore), and Youth Riot (another band Rich from Esperanza is in, they just learned how to play their instruments, great early 80's hc). Our show was really good but Marko was in a lot of pain, and couldn't jump as much as he normally does.

Wed.25th: Right in front of the Womens Club, Ojai, where we were playing, was a huge mountain. Again a supercool line-up with some of the best newest bands around: In Control, Whatever It Takes, Fields Of Fire, Lifes Halt, and Holier Than Thou. When we arrived at the club, Holier Than Thou had already played. Just like us they're big fans of RKL and we were really disappointed we had missed them. After we begged them to play again, they especially for us did 3 songs later that evening!! All bands kicked ass and the young crowd (a lot of them just kids) were really enthousiastic and making work-out moves. A few days later we heard a strange story: supposedly one of those kids had taken a drugoverdose and was brought to the hospital!

Thu.26th: Day off, hanging with Felix Reyes (bassist Lifes Halt), Ernie, Charlie, Rich, Wiley and Nick. In the evening we got the idea to start a US-Euro-projectband, we wrote some songs, which we were supposed to record on sunday, when Lifes Halt were recording their split with WHN.

Fri.27th: We were going to play in San Francisco but we had some problems with renting a car (they don't like foreigners renting a car, even if you have money). Ernie saved our ass and with Nick 'Sick' Nimic at the wheel we arrived at the SF University hall, just in time to see What Happens Next' punishing liveshow: they rule! Our set was loads of fun: too many people onstage accidently unplugging our instruments, people jumping IN the drumset, microphones not working (Marko sang a few songs without mic): it was a mess but a good mess!! After the show we ate with WHN at this veggie restaurant and Caroline (wife of Robert from WHN) paid all our food 'to do something back for all the times she'd gotten free food in Europe'!! Are these people friendly or what?!!

Sat.28th: Our last show of the tour was at the famous Gilman Street in Berkeley. Ben from Econochrist, at whose house we were staying, showed us around. We drove him crazy looking for thriftstores, and ended up at some demonstration in a park. Because 7 Seconds had cancelled at the last moment (their drummer had hurt his back) we thought a lot of people would not come to the show but we were wrong: the place still totally sold out, with more than 600 kids ready to mosh! Throwdown (from LA) and us were now playing last, and also Over My Dead Body and Breaker, Breaker were playing. All bands, although different musically, were sXe and set the place on fire, it was great! After the show 3 ten year old kids told me they were proud to be moshing for the first time in their lifes during our set. The clubowner told us bands this show was a big succes (we got a lot of money, around $435): the first ever sold out SE-show he said, and an incredibly positive evening without any fights or other trouble. A supercool way to end our tour!! After saying goodbuy to our friends from WHN and the other bands, we directly drove back to LA.

Sun.29th: Arriving at 9 in the morning, we crashed at Ernie's place. When we woke up we went to the studio where Lifes Halt was recording their split with WHN. Due to lack of time we didn't record the projectband-songs (maybe in the future?), we did do some funny backup vocals though!

Mon.30th/Tue.1st: Alex and Ries left mondaymorning, Marko and me stayed a few more days, met Lemmy of Motörhead, broke into a park in the Hollywood Hills at night and almost got caught by the cops, went out with some girlfriends of Rebecca (ask Ernie what happened), and -with pain in our hearts- flew back to Amsterdam.

State of the US-scene: After a month of touring in the States, in different areas, with different bands, and meeting a lot of people, I got a certain idea of the state of the US scene at the moment. According to Felix Havoc, this is the strongest scene there has been since 1984 or so, and, although I'm European, I have to admit: although not perfect, I didn't expect the scene to be this healthy. First of all there seem to be a lot of new, energetic, DIY, hc-bands who are dedicated, and not in it for the money but for the fun. These bands are coming from all over the country and not just from NY, Boston, or LA. Besides that, they all play different styles of hardcore, and not just 'youthcrew' or 'NYHC'. Along with the bands there seem to be a lot of new labels that have the same attitude. The US DIY-scene at the moment is pretty well organised. A lot of people (with 'different' hardcore/punk-backgrounds) know and help each other, and work together. When our gigs in West. Mass. and Cleveland got cancelled, Anton and Felix made some phonecalls and immediately had a great new show, with great bands. When we entered Boston, there were even posters from the show hanging in the city, while the show was only arranged a few hours before that!! Last, but not least, the audiences in the States (which are pretty mixed by the way, from crusts to youthcrewkids, aged from 10 to 40+, and also more women than in Europe) seem to pretty supportive of the whole 'new' scene; they're buying loads of stuff, go crazy at shows, and are aware of all the old early 80's bands. Also: no matter what kind of crowd, they were always open for us -stupid- Europeans, and also listened to our political message onstage.

In summing up: our tour went beter than we ever could've hoped for. We had good turnouts, no cancelled shows, no van breakdowns, nothing was stolen, and no fights at gigs. We got decent to good door money and sold a lot of merchandise. For those you who wanna know how many merch. to bring to the States: we played 20 shows and sold around 230 t-shirts (could've sold more but this was all we had), 425 tour 7"s, 200 Commitment 7"s, 400 Havoc 7"s (not including the special ChiFest edition), 150 CD's, 200 buttons, and 100 patches. This tour was totally DIY, but still we broke even, and also had some money left to pay our studiobills. It's possible to tour the US, our tour, and also the DS-13 tour, proved that. The kids in the States definitely wanna see more European bands play. All in all I think this is the right moment for Euro hc bands to make that step: so get off your asses and start your own US-tour!

We wanna thank ALL people that booked us, gave us places to stay, food, or helped us in any way: you're the ones who made this tour a succes. Also thanks to ALL bands we played with, also those we forgot to mention, you were all really nice to us and a lot of you played for free/gasmoney, or gave your share of the doormoney to us as we had come from abroad. Finally thanks to all people who went to our shows, talked with us, or bought stuff: you rule!! Special thanks goes out to Anton, Felix and Ernie. We're gonna do a longer US tour around next april, so if you want us to play your town, just write us or Anton. For all you crazy Europeans: there's maybe gonna be a big Lifes Halt/Vitamin X European tour next year, after the summer, so be warned!! Also watch out for our new LP, on Havoc/UnderEstimated, early 2002. Oh yeah, if you have videorecordings or photo's of us, or you just wanna contact us: xvitaminxx@yahoo.com

ART BY JASON PUNELL

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THE FLAKES

FLAKES FOR BREAKFAST

By Penelope Christmas Paisley

Have you heard the news? Rock is Dead . . . again. The latest obituaries come from top sources– Newsweek, National Geographic, Highlights For Children, Modern Maturity, etc. So, it's gotta be true this time, right? Right? Right! Fortunately, the Flakes can't read. They can't swim either. Tying their shoelaces is also a big chore. But that doesn't sway these uncouth Noodnicks, who've been stupefying the good people of San Francisco for the past few years. Peepin' John McDonald and Brett Stillo wasted their youth in the Count Backwards. Greg Fenwick was a Loose Lip. J.T. Turner was in a band, but refuses to discuss the sordid details. Then there's a promising newcomer by the name of Russell Keith Quan. The rest of the band expects great things from him in the future. Earlier this year they released their debut 7" single, Bip, Bam, Boom, on justaddwater records followed by a smashing second single, Wanna' Meet The Flakes? on Lipstick records that just came out this Summer. The following conversation took place one Saturday morning at a pancake house somewhere in Millbrae, California.

MRR: SO WHY ARE YOU FLAKES?

John: We kept missing practice.

Greg: Every week, somebody would bail. It took us two or three months before we finally had our first rehearsal.

John: Our first drummer got fed up and quit. He said: "You guys ain't nothin' but a band of Flakes!"

Greg: And here we are.

MRR: YOUR SOUND IS SORT OF A CROSS BETWEEN THE BEST OF 60'S AND 70'S PUNK.

J.T.: The 1870's. Ever heard Grover Cleveland's version of "Boss Hoss"? Fuckin' awesome!

Brett: Stephan Foster rocks like a motherfucker.

John: Like a shitfucker!

MRR: A WHAT?

John: We're a very politically correct sort of band. We don't call anyone a motherfucker.

J.T.: It ain't nice. Mothers are nice people.

Russell: Shitfuckers aren't nice. They smell like butt.

MRR: UMMM . . OKAY. BUT YOU'VE GOT THIS 70'S SOUND. DMZ, THE REAL KIDS, THE DOLLS...

Greg: John and I were definitely listening to a lot of stuff like that when we put this together.

John: It grew from there. Russell brought in some R&B songs. He was in the Count Backwurds with me and Brett, so I asked him to play

drums. Russell: Asked! Hell, I was drafted. John: Anyway we started messing with stuff by James Brown, Joe Tex, Sam and Dave. Something clicked.

Greg: We just took it back to the basics; we all listen to what other bands had listened to when they started out. The MC5 cut their teeth on 60's Soul...

Brett: ...the Dolls were into street corner Doo Wop as much as Mascara.

J.T.: Leiber and Stoller.

Brett: Replace all the horns with guitars and there you go.

MRR: SO YOU'RE TAKEN AN OLD R&B SOUND AND GIVEN IT A HARDER EDGE?

Russell: Yes. Like the edge of a coffee table.

Greg: If that's what you wanna call it.

John: I cracked my head open on the edge of a coffee table when I was a kid.

Russell: Heck I used to do that all the time when I was a kid. Kinda stings, don't it? **MRR: UMMM, SO ANYWAY . . .**

John: Yeah. Anyway, we're basically just this noisy little rocknroll band. Pure and simple.

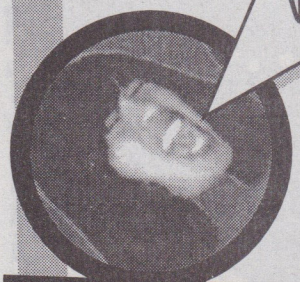
Greg: I hate it when people try to classify everything. "This band's got a '66 sound" - "That band is '77" People seem to be afraid to simply call it rocknroll and leave it at that.

Russell: I hate those people! They need to take a long drive off a short cliff!

John: Yeah. I don't see us as being part of any certain era or scene. We all listen to 50's stuff as much as '60s or '70s.

J.T. There were folks recording some kick ass shit in the '50s.

> We're a very politically correct sort of band. We don't call anyone a motherfucker.



- Take Little Richard for instance - that guy was insane! Way ahead of his time.

Russell: You like punk rawk? Little Richard is as punk as they come. He's from Mars - that ain't hair on his head!

Brett: One scream from Little Richard is worth a whole row of Marshall stacks.

MRR: I HEAR YOU GUYS ARE REALLY INTO BUYING OLD RECORDS.

Russell: Not anymore. I just buy Beanie Babies!

Brett: Enough small talk. It's time you asked us about the Hypstrz.

Russell: YESSS!

MRR: WHO ARE THE HYPSTRZ?

Brett: Oh you foolish child.

John: The Hypstrz! Yeah! The Batson Brothers! Incredible.

Russell: Johnny Haga! Randy Weiss! Rockin' Minneapolis since '78! Brett: Best live band I've ever seen. They played stuff like "Action Woman" and "Let's Talk About Girls" at about a thousand miles an hour. We got to play with them about a year ago.

Russell: One of the rockinest bands ever. Almost every band I played in stole from the Hypstrz on a regular basis.

MRR: DIDN'T BOMP! PUT OUT A RECORD BY THEM?

Brett: Yeah. BOMP! should put out a new Hypstrz record. And re-release the older stuff.

MRR: WHO EXACTLY IS THIS MR. FRUBACHER I KEEP HEARING ABOUT?

John: He's our manager. If it weren't for him we wouldn't be where we are today...nowhere!

Brett: Even though we can't really understand a word he says, due to his near fatal car(nival) accident, he calls all the shots as far as the band goes. He only takes 80% of the band's merchandise and ticket sales, yet he still manages to get us at least one gig every two months.

Greg: Usually in the more "classy" joints around the area.

John: Not an easy task!

MRR: ANY FUTURE PLANS?

J.T. I'm hoping to finish my waffles before Russell and John knock them to the floor.

Russell: They taste better that way.

Greg: We just wanna keep it going. Put out a few more records. Hopefully, a full album next year.

Frubacher - I think he has a Siberian tour set up for us next year.

THE FLAKES

Assembly
of God

FAST
TIMES

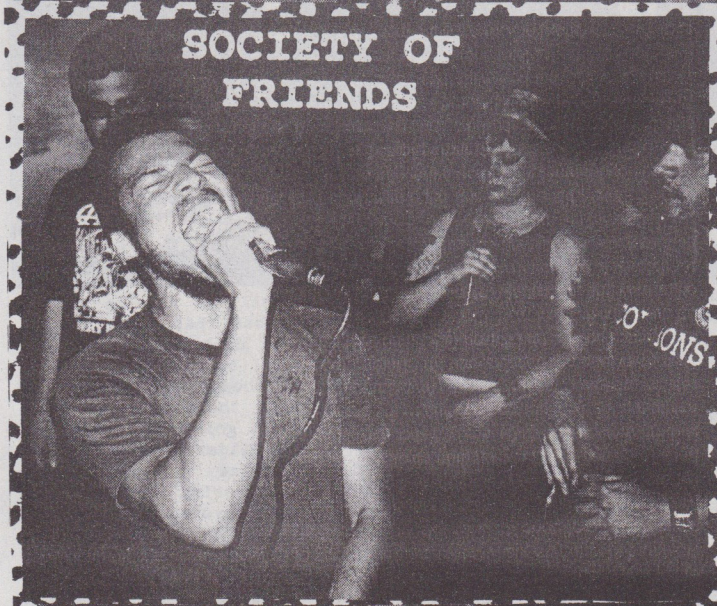
E-150

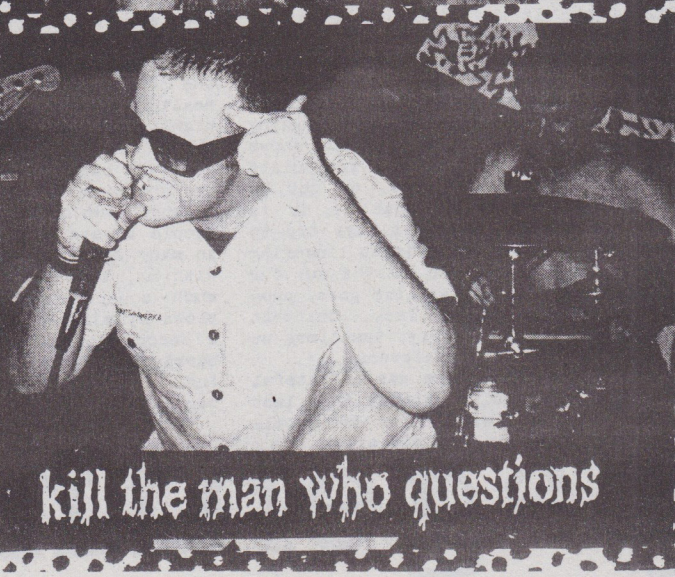
THE PHANTOM LIMBS

LIFES
HALT!

Kalmex
and the
Riffmerchants

ALL PHOTOS BY SUSAN SEGER





love your friends...die laughing.

MRR: First and foremost, I think a question that a lot of people might have is what is the meaning behind the name "Pg99?"

Pg99: Ha ha, I didn't know that that was such a burning question on people's minds, but it means absolutely nothing, just reference to a good page in a good book.

MRR: I think one of the funnier descriptions I've heard of you all is that Pg99 is the Wu-Tang of punk rock. Does having so many band members create problems or confusion with the band... both live and behind the scenes?

Pg99: Yes, it definitely creates its problems, people always ask how we do it, and that they can't even keep up with 3 or 4 members sometimes, but yes, when touring it creates the most problems; getting to places on time, making stops at gas stations. Playing shows and practicing must be an articulate process of give and take, we get by though. The basis of what we do is about friendship, so we always try to keep that in mind or at least lingering somewhere back in the depths of our aching heads. As far as live goes, people say we take a long time... but that depends on the day really. Sometimes we set up really fast. Whatever...

MRR: I heard that there was a Grateful Dead-ish thing going on with this last summer's tour, with like 25 people traveling together with you all at one point. How did that manage to happen and what was it like?

Pg99: Yeah, it was something we really wanted to do and feel more people should do, for us it somehow raises the awareness that things like punk rock are going on, and that it isn't just a few people, thus traveling in some big pack of people somehow might get the point across that millions of kids out there do the same thing: love and enjoy playing music and traveling. Trying to push the envelope on what people are used to is personally very important to me, by my definition it somehow coins the term "making punk rock a threat" by having 9 members in a band and then traveling in groups that range up into the 30s makes sense to do when you are dealing with punk rock, it can somehow highlight the sense of community I think punk rock should have. And be it good or bad, just having an overall overwhelming impression when we come through town or meet new people. I know people always pick on us about having so many members, having so many people with us, blowing out power, having so much equipment, and to me... it just blows my mind that we even bother with a second thought on not breaking the barriers. Make it loud, make it annoying... it's all about doing what you want. Now, what was it like? It was hectic and a little confusing... and maybe it didn't work out too well as far as having places to stay, but that doesn't mean that it can't be done in the future. Eventually it will be done with ease.

MRR: With all of those people traveling together at once there must've been some crazy stuff going on. Care to share any of the wilder tour stories?

Pg99: I'd like to say no, but I know that would be a boring answer to a curious question. Anyone who knows us on a personal level knows that when we travel it's always going to be crazy and there will always be stories to tell, now as far as actually expanding on what goes on, we always say what goes on tour stays on tour... but things like cops kicking us out of cities, vehicle troubles, alcohol, leaving members behind, roadies leaving us, and just anything you can imagine when people are put into the very extreme situation of having to spend every waking moment with nine or more other people. It gets mean but as does everything I reckon.

MRR: That's a pretty unique idea, "what goes on tour, stays on tour." Why do you all follow that?

Pg99: Because honestly, I can't help but to think that people might have a hard time stomaching the things we do having only text to read and not the real life "eye-to-eye" way to digest us as individuals.

MRR: That makes sense to me. So what's with all of the bizarre

pageninetynine

merchandise? Are you all trying to pull a Locust thing here with the mesh hats and key chains and what-not?

Pg99: Ha ha ha... hell fucking no!!!! The key chains were Mike Haley's idea and the hats were a fun thing we thought would result in people calling us more "Dixie Virginia." Notably these things are affordable and not out-the-fucking-ass prices used to turn punk rock into a dollar-sign commodity. If ever anyone wants these things while we are on tour and doesn't exactly have the money, we are always humbled that people are even interested and will give things to them for whatever. Fuck that inflated garbage... one dollar for a button... this and that for our belt buckles... blah blah... pish posh.

MRR: What about the large quantity of records you've recently had come out? How'd you manage to jump from "document #5" to "document #10" in a matter of weeks?

Pg99: Ha ha ha, well to explain all that... certain recordings for certain records had been done for a long while, "document #7" on Happy Couples was supposed to be a split with Love Lost and the Hareste and was taking so long that we eventually decided we couldn't wait any longer for it to come out, that our material was already outdated by more than a year. We could very well still be waiting if we just didn't decide to do it as a Pg99 CD, the material works better by itself we feel as well, although there's absolutely no hard feelings to either bands, just in the end we decided to do it that way. The split with Process is Dead was admittedly our fault, we sat on the DAT for a long while... after tour things are always on pause for us no matter what, so that's what happened. We recorded before tour then waited too long. And then documents 8, 9, and 10 were all just a couples months of writing. The City of Caterpillar split is from the same session as the 10 inch/CD and the Waifle split is live.

MRR: Also, what is the meaning or philosophy behind the "document" theme with your releases? And can you give us a breakdown of all of the different documents to date?

Pg99: Yeah, the whole thing with calling our records documents dates back to an old band we used to do called Nit Pic. When Nit Pic ended and finally broke up, we realized we barely had anything like pictures, records, tapes, or videos to even prove that we existed, so it was important to us in our new band that we document as much of that time in our lives as we could. Here is a breakdown of all the current documents:

document #1	demo tape
document #2	split 7" with Enemy Soil
document #3	split 7" with Reactor No. 7
document #4	tour 6"
document #5	CD on Reptilian
document #6	split 7" with Process is Dead
document #7	CDep on Happy Couples Never Last
document #8	CD/10" on Robodog/Electric Human Project
document #9	split 7" with City of Caterpillar
document #10	split live CD/LP with Waifle

MRR: What excites and pleases you about the music scene you all are involved in? What pisses you off?

Pg99: Jeez... I could ramble on for hours about this kinda stuff, but I'll try to sum it up as best as I can. What excites me is to see an incredible about of enthusiasm, people doing shows, playing music, cooking for kids, letting them stay at their house, because they absolutely love doing it... people who don't let anything dictate what they sincerely wish to do as a passion. I love it when people will do a show for anyone touring the country just because they want to help out, not because they've heard of the band and think they are popular, just because they love doing it. I like open communication and just generally kind and caring people. What I don't like is any sense of alienating people for who they really are, or putting on a front, be it with pretty clothes and make-up on the face... I just don't like people who make me feel like I'm back in fucking high school throwing quarters at cheerleaders during a pep rally!

MRR: Ha ha. So what does the foreseeable future hold for Pg99? More long tours and tons of new records?

Pg99: Yes! We are trying to go to Europe summer 2002 and do the states again, plus writing now for more records. We like to stay busy.

MRR: I guess that about sums it up. Do you have any final remarks?

Pg99: Yes, just one: "sleep well under the iron fist!"

Pg99 can be reached by writing to 203 E. Beech Road, Sterling VA 20164, USA

BLACK IS THE SHADE OF NEGATION

THE STORY OF KRONSTADT UPRISING

BY LANCE HAHN

"1982 it felt like we could take on the world... I remember when we used to play gigs in this period I'd get very fired up and want to kick over the statues and start the Revolution NOW!"
Steve Pegrum, Kronstadt Uprising

In the spring of 1921, four years after the October Revolution, an insurrection took place near Petrograd at the frozen Gulf of Finland. The lack of food and fuel created unrest in the workers and sailors at Kronstadt, a naval base 50 miles from Petrograd. Strikes throughout Petrograd were met with state violence culminating with gunfire at a meeting of 10,000 workers. The sailors at Kronstadt, who Trotsky had previously referred to as the "pride and glory of the Russian Revolution," had formed their own free commune outside the control of the totalitarian state. On March first of that year, they made demands including the end to privilege for certain political parties and the end of Red Army presence at factories and work places. They demanded an end to monopoly of power maintained by the Bolsheviks and their bureaucracy returning power to the Soviets. The Bolshevik leaders responded by labeling them "counter-revolutionaries" and "mutineers." Ironically, it was Trotsky who was in charge of repressing the rebellion. He oversaw the formation of a special attack force made necessary by the fact that many of the Red Army refused to fire on their comrades. On March 18th, Trotsky ordered an attack that ended with the slaughter of the "pride and glory of the Russian Revolution."

That often over-looked moment in the history of the Soviet Union was the inspiration behind the name of the band, Kronstadt Uprising. Formed at the end of 1981, the band became known for their track on the second *Bullshit Detector* compilation on Crass Records. But the band's roots go back a few years further.

In 1979, Steve Pegrum bought his first drum kit. Inspired by the DIY spirit of punk rock, he did it already with the intention of starting a band. A dedicated fan of pop music and its history, he had grown up around music and was immediately taken by punk rock upon his first introduction to it. Living in Southend-on-Sea would be no obstacle for him.

Steve, "I grew up in a very musical household... my mother played the piano, my uncle was a professional jazz drummer, and there were always parties with various people bringing instruments 'round and jamming. I remember at seven or eight years old thinking it was really cool. Then with the glam stuff in the early '70s... especially David Bowie and T-Rex... I started buying the records with my pocket money and formulating the idea of one day playing on a record myself. It took until 1982, with the release of 'Receiver Deceiver' on *Bullshit Detector 2*–and once I saw the Sex Pistols on 'So it Goes' and 'Top of the Pops,' within a few days I went straight to Seditionaries, and started ripping things up, and my life was beginning. In Southend in the '70s there was quite a thriving music scene: Dr Feelgood, Eddie and the Hot Rods, etc., but by the time the Kronstadt Uprising came to start gigging, the scene was a bit stale and needed shaking up a bit. All the old punk bands like the Machines, etc. had folded and a new breath of air was needed."

His first direct connection to the punk scene was through underground publications of the time. Fanzines in punk culture ranged from gossip and ranting, to high journalism. This casual approach to DIY struck a chord with Steve.

Steve, "I'd been reading fanzines since 1977… my favorite to this day is still Tony D's excellent *Ripped and Torn*… primarily because they represented the views of people like myself who felt largely dispossessed by the representation of our music by the national weeklies like *Sounds*, *NME*, etc. They also would often focus on key geographical areas that I found fascinating, and would give an insight into the local scene. For example, in my original home town of Southend-on-Sea there were several titles: The aforementioned *Necrology* etc., *Strange Stories*, and Graham Burnett's legendary *New Crimes*. The 'zines really did represent true freedom and the spirit of autonomy, and were the true embodiment of the punk DIY ethic."

Soon, he was getting involved himself, publishing his own homemade fanzine.

Steve, "My first fanzine was *Protégé* in 1978, which I then re-launched in 1979–1980, running parallel with my other fanzine *Slaughter* which ran from 1979–'80 also. They were mainly pictorially orientated with features on the bigger punk bands of the day. The main fanzine I put together which did quite well–Rough Trade really helped with the distribution–was *Necrology* which ran from 1981–1982. It was great fun to do, and concentrated on the newer scene, i.e. Crass, Poisons, etc., but in 1982 I was playing drums in the Kronstadt, playing drums in the Sinyx, and doing the fanzine, and couldn't do all three, so I stopped the fanzine to concentrate on the bands–and ultimately the Kronstadt Uprising."

Inspired by his uncle, Steve had been interested in drums. As a jazz fan, it also showed him that a bandleader didn't have to be the lead instrumentalist as was the case in most rock bands of the time. But it was seeing Paul Cook on television with the Sex Pistols that convinced him to take the plunge and get a kit and teach himself to play. Soon he was taking notice of other drummers in the punk scene.

Steve, "I'd seen my uncle playing the drums as a child and was very impressed with the sound and feel he generated. He has been a professional jazz drummer all his life and is still playing now at 70! Also, all of my family was into music... my dad was into the Big Bands, especially Gene Krupa, and his vibrancy and raw energy really struck a chord with me (I was fortunate to see Buddy Rich a couple of times in the Ô80s). Between the ages of 7–12, I'd regularly watch 'Top of the Pops' (in the '70s in the UK, the real must-see program for teenagers), and I was fortunate to be watching it when it had Alice Cooper, T-Rex, Slade, and the Sweet on there regularly. The Sweet and Alice Cooper I especially loved–in Alice Coopers case primarily for his drummer Neil Smith whom I thought was excellent. The thing that sealed it though was watching The Sex Pistols on 'Top of the Pops' performing 'Pretty Vacant' in 1977. This changed my life forever… and seeing Paul Cook pound out the rhythm, I knew that was what I wanted to do. Him, Rat Scabies, and Topper Headon really set me on my path."

By the spring of that year, under the pseudonym Cut Throat, he formed Cut Throat and the Razors. Formed with school friends, Chris Davies and Graham Godfrey on vocals and guitar respectively, they spent the next few months learning their craft. With a haphazard set made up mostly of punk rock cover versions, the band fell apart before the end of the year. But by playing with other people right away, Steve was able to move quickly in terms of skill and understanding of band dynamics.

At the beginning of 1980, Steve and Graham formed a new band with vocalist Nicholas Stocks. Appropriately punk, they decided on the name Bleeding Pyles. Focusing on a set of originals, the band were faced with the daunting task of making a name for themselves amongst the myriad of garage bands popping up around England at the time. Within a few months, this band, too, split leaving Steve to start again.

It was around this time that Steve met Spencer Blake during one of the Easter Bank Holiday Weekend Riots between punks and teddy boys. Spencer was a fellow Southend punk fanatic and the two began forming a band using the name Bleeding Pyles.

Settling on Lee Lobb on vocals and Mike Heddon who was known as Spiderman on bass, the band began putting together a set of originals at Dave's Rehearsal Studio in Southend and rehearsing quite regularly. But after having played only two gigs at the Focus Youth Centre between the summer of '80 and the spring of '81, this line-up also split with Lee and Spiderman losing commitment.

Determined to make the band work, Spencer switched to vocals and Bleeding Pyles recruited Paul Lawson to play guitar and Mick Grant for the bass duties. Rudimentary versions of later Kronstadt Uprising songs, as well as a few tracks lost in time, were developed. Song titles included "Receiver Deceiver," "Blind People," "Dealer of Death," "Necrology," "Nihilistic Vices," "Invasion," "Dreamers of Peace," "Violent Fear," and "Anthem for Doomed Youth." But by this point, the original members of the band were losing interest in the band's initial vision and their musical interests were progressing with the times, although on August 19th, 1981, this line-up made its debut at the Thorpedene Community Centre as the Bleeding Pyles.

Steve, "My first band of any note was Cut Throat and the Razors. We really couldn't play and just generated this noise that we enjoyed, with song titles like 'G.B.H.' and 'Boot Boys.' The Bleeding Pyles was an ongoing 'pure punk' project of mine, with various musicians going through its ranks constantly, until the final line up which became Kronstadt Uprising on 1981."

In 1981, Steve, Spencer and Paul saw the punk scene as being divided into two factions. On the one side was the Oi movement, which they found to be "repugnant" and wanted little to do with. The other scene was the anarcho scene started with Crass and Flux Of Pink Indians, but brought to Southend by local band, the Sinyx.

Steve, "In 1979 I was buying records like the *Feeding of the 5,000* 12" by Crass, the Fatal Microbes, etc., and its intense minimalism appealed to me. By now I'd been into punk for a couple of years, and a lot of the original bands were starting to fragment, as was the scene itself, and I began to be aware in the fanzines, *Sounds*, etc., of the rise of Crass and began to pay attention. In 1980–1981 I remember myself, along with many other disillusioned punks of the original school found a real home in the Crass, Poison Girls, Flux, Sinyx, Mob scene. They seemed to encapsulate the original spirit we'd seen in the Sex Pistols and the Clash, and given it a new, articulate update and twist.

"It's hard to describe now, how revolutionary Crass and the Poisons sounded back in '79–'80. It was like nothing we'd heard before. I remember a few of us used to have these 'Sunday Morning Sessions' at Spencer Blake's house, where we would blast out all the singles we'd brought the previous afternoon on his folks' stereo. I vividly remember how awesome the *Bloody Revolutions* EP was. Truly astonishing. Ditto the first time you heard 'Tube Disasters' by Flux. Live the song had been great, but on record it really seemed to explode. There was definitely a sense that something was changing. The paradigm shift in consciousness was occurring."

Inspired by this new scene (new to them at least), the three re-grouped at Dave's. Mick Grant had converted to Christianity and that certainly didn't jive with the band's new interest in anarchist politics. They recruited would-be goth, Andy Fisher on bass. More interested in the Sisters Of Mercy and Bauhaus, he helped expand the bands sound from the standard three chord fair. October 2nd, 1981, this line-up made its debut at the Maritime Rooms as The Bleeding Pyles for the last

time. Ironically, owing to "girlfriend problems," Spencer Blake couldn't make the gig, and Steve's friend Gary Smith (and future Kronstadt singer) sat in with the band just for the night. Quite a portent of things to come.

Steve, "When Spencer, myself, Paul, and Mick put the final line up of the 'Pyles together in 1981, it seemed like the band had come full circle, as by now we could vaguely play and were slowly starting to move away from the old 'pure punk' style, and wanted a name that reflected our new approach. Also, when Mick left and Andy Fisher came in on bass, that's when we really started to discuss a name change, and after much deliberation and with a suggestion by Graham Burnett, decided to call ourselves Kronstadt Uprising. It perfectly encompassed what we were about."

Drawn to the political element of the anarcho scene as a conduit for the DIY elements of punk that first piqued their interest, the new direction was more than musical. It was through this new interest in anarchist politics that Steve learned about the Kronstadt rebellion.

Steve, "Personally, between '81–83 I was quite entrenched in the politics of the time, and still retain some of those ideals to this day... much like the original wave punk ideals... pro-creation, anti-ignorance... I think these ideas are still valid. I remember reading a small amount about the Kronstadt Uprising in Russia at school, and then buying a book about it at an anarchist bookshop in Brixton, London. It really inspired me and I certainly felt kinship with their struggle. Around this time, Graham Burnett of *New Crimes* said it would be a good name for a band, and so after some discussion with the other members, the name was chosen."

The newly christened Kronstadt Uprising worked feverishly at writing a new set of material driven by their excitement of their new musical/ideological direction. Their new set included the songs "Act of Destruction," "Charron's Hordes," "Crucifying Anarchists," "Divide and Rule," "Dehumanization," "End of Part One," "False Leaders," "Xenophobia," and a cover version of "Holocaust" originally by Crisis.

Steve, "Crisis had always been one of my favorite punk bands at the time, and Spencer and Paul also really liked them. One day for fun we started messing around with 'Holocaust,' and it sounded quite good, till ultimately we started playing it live. People used to love the song, and I'd like to think we helped turn a lot of people on to Crisis. I didn't know them personally, and as for Death in June, I was so into Crisis, I didn't want to know what they sounded like really in case it was a let down. Various goth friends over the years always seem to highly praise Death In June, but I have to plead ignorance."

By November of that year, the band decided to record the songs they had and went up to Elephant Studios at Wapping, London and recorded nine tracks. At the time, overwhelmed by their first recording experience, the band later felt disappointed with the recording feeling that it didn't at all capture the band's live energy. Putting it behind them, the band played their first gig as Kronstadt Uprising on December 7th at the Focus Youth Centre.

1982 turned out to be one of the band's most active years starting off with a slew of gigs earning them a large following in their area. At the insistence of their friends, the Sinyx, the band sent the Elephant Studios recording to Crass. The Sinyx had been featured on the original *Bullshit Detector* compilation, and Kronstadt Uprising were picked to be on the second one, released in September of that year.

Steve, "I'd been in touch with Crass through the fanzine/gig scene, and my friends from the Sinyx had been on *Volume One*, and suggested I send Crass a copy of the demo that the Kronstadt Uprising had just done. I wasn't that happy with the recording, but gave it to them anyway, and the rest, as they say, is history. 'Receiver Deceiver' started life as a Bleeding Pyles song in early 1981, written by Paul Lawson and myself. Although the first time we ever went to a recording studio was just after we'd changed our name to Kronstadt, so it is an official Kronstadt Uprising track."

The constant gigging helped them build a following. Southend had developed its own anarcho community thanks to Kronstadt Uprising and the Sinyx.

Steve, "There was quite a good anarcho scene in Southend at the time... I personally prefer the term 'punk' scene if one has to call it something, but anyway. Between '77–'87 there were some great bands: the Vicars (featuring a young Allison Moyet who, believe it or not, was a belting punk singer), Machines, Eddie and the Hot Rods, and the Psychopaths, who collectively were the best of the '77–'79 class, and then from '79–'82 you had the Kronstadt Uprising, the Sinyx, the Icons, Autumn Poison, Allegiance to No One, and then '82–'87 you had the Prey, Burning Idols, Anorexic Dread, and the Armless Teddies. I absolutely loved the Sinyx and Icons (I joined the Sinyx for a while in 1982, and Filf the guitarist with the Icons/Sinyx played in the Kronstadt Uprising in 1983). Also the Burning Idols and the Prey, whom the KU played with a lot, as well as Allegiance and Autumn Poison."

But despite the momentum, or perhaps because of it, singer Spencer Blake found himself unable to commit to the band. As the band got busier, he decided he needed to leave. Rather than finding a replacement, they decided to carry on as a three-piece with Paul doubling as guitarist and singer. Their debut as a three piece was at Heroes in Chelmsford, Essex on June 26th. Though the band lost a few fans over the new vocal style, inertia was on their side. The band had been asked to record a record for Spiderleg Records (owned by Flux Of Pink Indians).

Steve, "If I remember correctly, Penny from Crass put us on to Spiderleg because he knew Derek Birkett (MD of Spiderleg) was looking to get some new bands on the label... again we kind of knew them through the scene anyway, and thus in '82 with the help of Colin and Derek (Flux) and John Loder at Southern Studios, where all the Crass stuff was done, we recorded our first EP."

The resulting record was *Unknown Revolution*. In tune with the music of their inspirations in Crass and Flux Of Pink Indians, the EP is a varied collection of punk songs. The music is raw despite (or maybe because of) big production at Southern Studios. The upbeat songs had hidden elements of melody reminiscent of songs like "I Ain't Thick, It's Just A Trick" or even very early Stiff Little Fingers. Lyrically, the record was also in tune with the times reflecting the nuclear paranoia at the time of Greenham Common and Cruise missiles:

Nuclear deterrent, ha what a joke
It makes me sick and I wanna choke
Take it away I don't believe my ears
The only thing that has kept peace for 40 years
Fight for power fight for yourself
Don't let them put you on the shelf
Ban the bomb they all cry out
So that millions won't have to die
Do they really understand what they've said?
Are there any real thoughts inside their heads?

Other tracks dealt with the topics of corporate greed and cultural alienation:

All the filling is pure offal too
Your rotten flesh not eaten by you
We taste your lies from day to day
Why not go back to the USA?

Auschwitz/Belsen/Dachau/Death
Screaming anarchy on my final breath
Mai Lai/Dresden/Witch Hunts/Death
Screaming rejection on my final breath

The lyrics at this point were as important as the music. Punk rock, for them, had become a way of expressing very simple, but very direct ideas.

Steve, "I'd say between '81–84 they were very important and came as one with the music. I don't like extremely didactic lyrics or at the other end of the spectrum banal ones, there's a fine line to get it just right. Some of our best lyrics are on 'Xenophobia,' and the song 'Twilight of Your Idols' (not released). In the '84–87 era, it was a completely different entity, going back to our punk roots, i.e. the Iggy/Thunders, etc., influence–and the lyrics were still important, but in a different way. I was very nihilistic at the time and loved the dumb minimalism of the Stooges and in the reverberation of songs like 'Dirt' felt that it captured the beat of the universe."

The liner notes also included some of the band's political "agenda" and identity:

"In Search of the Black Rose"

The black rose was used as the symbol for freedom during the many peasant uprisings in the middle ages. The black rose does not exist in nature, and the anti-authoritarian peasant rebels symbolized their pursuit of it in much the same way the Christian pursued the Holy Grail. Mankind has yet to find freedom, and when we do we have found the beautiful black rose."

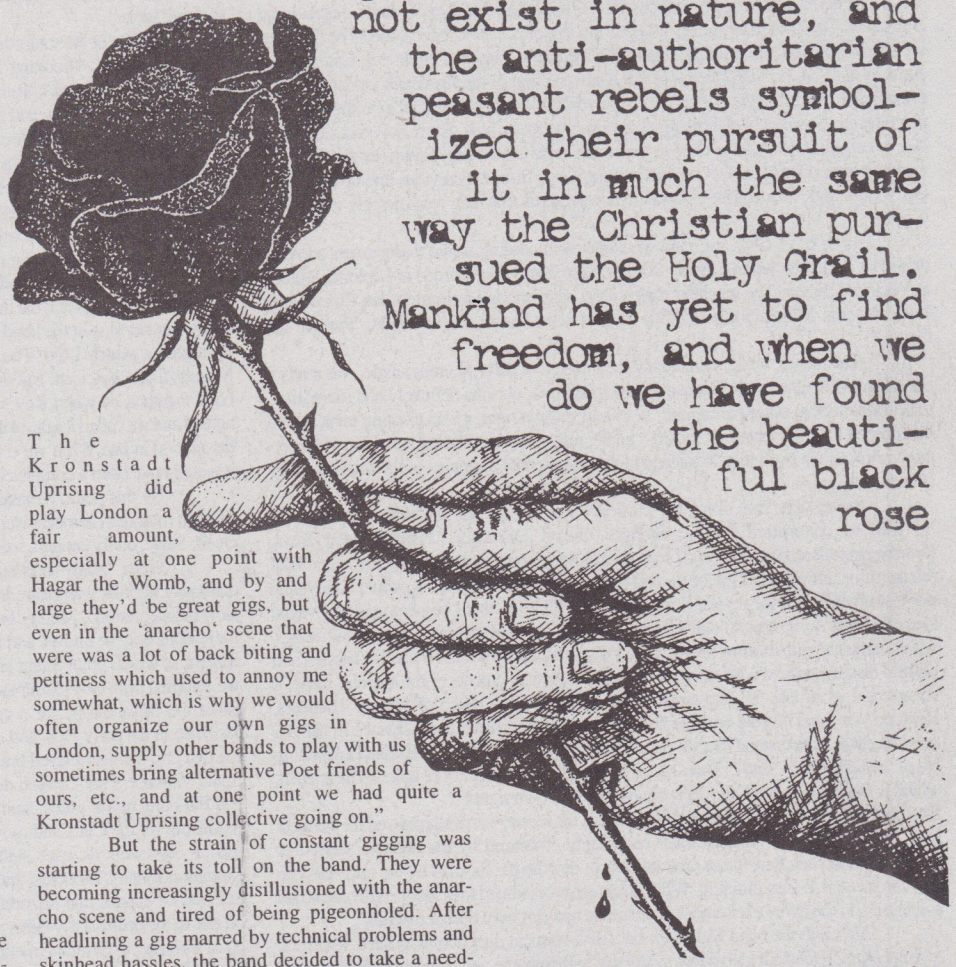
Though no recording credits are listed on the record, it was recorded under the supervision of John Loder at the 24-track studio, Southern.

Steve, "I remember being very nervous as it was an awesome studio, and my drumming at this stage was somewhat 'rudimentary' to say the least, but I think the finished result came out okay. For just a three-piece, it sounds quite powerful (Filf hadn't played on the record, and although he joined just after, he left before it was released, although Andy thought we should put his name on the sleeve anyway). 'Blind People' was one of the very first songs we ever played together, and we often used to open up a gig with that number, so we put that on first. 'Dreamers of Peace' was again an early song we liked, although with Derek and John Loder's help we did re-arrange it a bit in the studio. 'Xenophobia' and 'End of Part One' were more recent and again firm live favorites, and they all seemed to gel well as an EP."

The EP also showcased the great detail and interest the band had in their artwork. Not wanting it to be any sort of a throwaway or an afterthought, they got artists outside of the band involved in creating the cover art.

Steve, "The packaging was very important, as I always believed in presenting a total full-on Kronstadt Uprising, one which you'd always be aware of, through subliminal design/overt design, logos, our banner on stage, badges, flyers, etc. My girlfriend of '83–'88 (Veda Pond) did a lot of the later Kronstadt Uprising artwork which was brilliant, Ian Hayes-Fry did quite a lot over both eras and did the banner for us, and Celia Biscoe, Kev Hunter from the Flux's partner, did the actual designs for the EP. Andy Fisher loved the black rose so much Celia had drawn, he had a brilliant tattoo made up of it."

The black rose was used as the symbol for freedom during the many peasant uprisings in the middle ages. The black rose does not exist in nature, and the anti-authoritarian peasant rebels symbolized their pursuit of it in much the same way the Christian pursued the Holy Grail. Mankind has yet to find freedom, and when we do we have found the beautiful black rose



The record was practically a love letter to the anarcho punk scene. It was a great time capsule of what was happening in young, radical England in the early '80s.

Steve, "I'd say '81–'84 we definitely were part of the scene, consciously so between, in my opinion, the scenes peak of '81–'83. We would regularly correspond with, play gigs with and generally believe in the whole essence of this period. In 1982 it felt like we could take on the world... I remember when we used to play gigs in this period I'd get very fired up and want to kick over the statues and start the Revolution *now*! A highpoint for us was recording the *Unknown Revolution* EP."

Unfortunately, it would be a year before that record would see the light of day. It was in the middle of all this that *Bullshit Detector 2* was released. In many ways the most well received of the three *Bullshit Detector* comps, it prominently featured Kronstadt Uprising's "Receiver Deceiver" on the first side.

While a throwback to the band's first line-up, the track was an upbeat punk number with a memorable chorus. Despite the band's objection to the production value of the track, it became their most well known and a live favorite. The song itself was a simple condemnation of police violence and it's cover up in the media:

Guilty copper on the TV screen
He tells lies because the truth is so obscene
Can't put his dominant reputation at stake
That's why this program is a fake
Brixton riots, Southall too
It's their fault, but they'll blame you
They all get together for a mass debate
On how to protect their precious state

A double record set costing roughly $5, the compilation sold in the tens of thousands. The success of the record allowed the band to expand its base of activity and focus on gigs outside of their area, in particularly setting their sites on London. They were soon getting requests for tapes and fanzine interviews from people around the world. Steve, "The response to our being on *Bullshit Detector 2* was staggering... we were getting mail form all over the world, fanzines were tripping over themselves to speak to us, hear other tracks, etc.... it really had a far-reaching affect. It's ironic really because it was our first ever recording, Paul the guitarist's distortion pedal wasn't working, Andy had been in the band about three days, so technically it's far from us at our best, but I guess it does represent something and people seemed to like it."

The release of this compilation further reinforced the connection between scenes. The Southend anarcho scene now felt validated and it created a new momentum in the scene.

At the beginning of 1983, the band filled out their line-up adding Filf (Nick Robinson late of the Icons and the Sinyx) on second guitar. Steve had also been busy moonlighting with the Sinyx on drums.

Steve, "A load of us from Southend, in 1981–1984, would regularly go to all the Crass, Poison, Flux, Subhumans, and Mob gigs in London. London was only 30 miles away from Southend so it was easy to get there. I remember the Zigzag club squatted gig of 1983 being a high point of the scene... in one day seeing The Mob, Amebix, Flux, Poisons, and Crass. Also the Centro Iberico was really cool and it felt like we'd all achieved something.

The Kronstadt Uprising did play London a fair amount, especially at one point with Hagar the Womb, and by and large they'd be great gigs, but even in the 'anarcho' scene that were was a lot of back biting and pettiness which used to annoy me somewhat, which is why we would often organize our own gigs in London, supply other bands to play with us sometimes bring alternative Poet friends of ours, etc., and at one point we had quite a Kronstadt Uprising collective going on."

But the strain of constant gigging was starting to take its toll on the band. They were becoming increasingly disillusioned with the anarcho scene and tired of being pigeonholed. After headlining a gig marred by technical problems and skinhead hassles, the band decided to take a needed vacation to reassess their situation.

Steve, "In terms of being labeled an 'anarcho' punk band, I was quite unhappy because it seemed to the easy option for people in the mass media to compartmentalize us and simultaneously try to limit the movement by defining it, which I was against. To me the core nexus was always punk–pure and simple. Initially we always wore all black, in order to reflect our nihilism and to present a strong unified visual force. Latterly, with goth-glam influences, this obviously had an effect too, and led to a strong but different image also."

During this time period Filf split the band, as did Paul for a short time. But eventually he rejoined returning the band to their three-piece line-up. By the end of the year, they were playing together again, though this time determined to play the type of punk rock they had loved from the start. Rediscovering their love for The Heartbreakers, the Lords of the New Church, and Hanoi Rocks, the band created a raunchy punk rock 'n' roll style despite the September release of *Unknown Revolution*.

Steve, "The first single, although recorded in 1982, owing to various label problems, wasn't issued until 1983, by which time we'd moved on and didn't really take advantage of the publicity. We were more concerned with writing new songs and recording them... songs from this period (late '83... early '84) would be 'The Knife,' 'The Day After,' 'New Age,' and 'Battlecry,' etc. Some out of town gigs were great for us... especially in the New Towns like Harlow and Basildon, London was always good... although some places we were met with complete incomprehension and indifference."

Other songs from that line-up included "Insurrection," "Soldiers of Fortune," "Complacency Kills (Parts One and Two)," "Final Solution," "Decadence," "Animal Liberation," "Strings of Falsehood," "What Price," "Twilight of the Idols," "Live for Today," "I Don't Wanna Live Your Way Today," and "The White Room."

This new direction for the band caught more than a few folks off guard. Expecting the standard peace punk fair of "Receiver Deceiver," some audiences were left bewildered at their live gigs.

Steve, "Around late '83 when we began to move away a bit from the *Unknown Revolution* EP sound, I think some people weren't sure about the newer material and would still expect us to play 'Receiver Deceiver' all the time. So yes, it was a bit hard at first, but then people began to slowly accept it, and by the time of the second single with the new line up, it was almost an entirely different audience. The second single had appalling distribution, and thus didn't get very far, so fifteen years later it's good to get it out on CD with better distribution at last. (Note: one of my personal Kronstadt Uprising favorite songs, 'Live for Today,' was recorded at that session for the single but was never issued until the aforementioned CD)."

By 1984, the band had a new sound and a new set of songs. They decided to get back in the studio early that year. They recorded a full set of material at their rehearsal space and made two trips

to Pet Sounds studio in London. By the time they had finished recording, the band felt that they had reached their creative limitations in that format. Besides, Steve was getting ready for his "A" Levels, Paul was about to marry, and Andy wanted to do some traveling without the benefit of a band in tow. On the 5th of March in 1984, they played their last gig together with the Lost Cherees at the Old Queens Head in Stockwell, London.

For the next year, Steve focused on finishing his "A" Levels, starting up a dance club called The Taste Experience, and playing in a psychedelic band called The Children Of The Revolution. But soon he regained his desire to play in a punk rock band. By the summer of 1984, he had pulled together a new version of the Kronstadt Uprising featuring original vocalist Spencer Blake back on vocals along with Spencer's brother, Murray, on guitar and Steve's college friend, Stuart Emmerton, on bass. Soon, however, Spencer's lack of commitment again led him to be quickly replaced by Gary Smith (ex-the Get), and the band proceeded to build a new set mixing songs from the previous line-up like "Live For Today" and "The Knife" along with new material that they were fiercely working at writing.

In April of 1985, the band went into the recording studio to document some of what they had been writing. Away from London, the band recorded at Diploma Studios in Wickford, Essex. The resulting three songs were enough to impress Ian Cox of Dog Rock Records. Mutually financed, the result was the band's second single, "Part Of The Game."

The record, while maintaining the rawness of their previous single, was really a completely different entity. The band's new punk rock persona definitely had more structural similarities to blues-based rock 'n' roll. In its own right, it's an exciting punk record that needed to be respected: to record a totally raw guitar based punk record in 1985 certainly showed the band had no interest in the commercial trappings of the musical mainstream of the time.

Steve, "The love of my life musically was always that real blistering punk/rock 'n' roll, as epitomized by the Stooges, Social Distortion, Pistols, Dead Boys, Heartbreakers, Ramones, etc., and original Kronstadt Uprising members Spencer and Paul felt the same. However, at the beginning of the Kronstadt Uprising, we could barely play our instruments, and for myself I'd say it wasn't till 1985 that I began to get any vague idea of what to do, so it wasn't till then that musically I could translate my ideas into songs, which came out with that raw sound. Also I'd say that after various let downs, hassles, and general disillusionment with some of the more didactic elements of the anarcho scene, it encouraged us in late '83 and early '84 to see the reemergence of Johnny Thunders, Ramones, etc., and this did bring us back to our roots and simultaneously take us off in a new direction. I understand that for people who only like the '81–'82 Kronstadt Uprising era of 'Blind People,' 'End of Part One,' that the latter stuff may not be quite up their street, which is fair enough, but I do feel it stands up in it's own right."

Despite these concerns and abysmal distribution, the record was well received for the most part. The fact that the record wasn't completely embraced by the anarcho scene that embraced *Unknown Revolution* probably has to do with the fact that by the mid-'80s, the anarcho scene was very different. While some areas continued to develop, other areas had collapsed and the initial excitement of the scene had certainly been tempered.

Although the band had taken on a new musical direction associated with rock 'n' roll excess, Kronstadt Uprising was still true to their name and operated under the same value system as they had since the start.

Steve, "In terms of our original punk-inspired DIY ideals, absolutely. The second single was independent financed, most of our gigs were self organized; we'd go out of our way to help other bands, so yes we certainly lived that ethos. Lyrically it did evolve/change as I mentioned earlier... and some members of the later line up were not so politically motivated, so obviously this had an effect, but overall, I'd pretty much say that in terms of core ideals we stuck to our beliefs, although again I'd understand that anyone seeing pictures of us now might find it incongruous seeing this glam-punk image with biting lyrics... but hey that's what we were about!"

The release of the single garnered the band more positive press and opened even more doors for them.

Steve, "In Southend we would get excellent press, even nationally sometimes in Sounds and NME, although the best press would be in the fanzines of the time, like *Final Curtain* and *Obituary*. Once *Bullshit Detector* came out, we started to get featured in magazines all over the world, do radio features in Europe, etc. The *Unknown Revolution* EP consolidated this. I moved to London in 1985, and Stuart the bass player did likewise in 1986, and consequently we featured in a lot more publications at the time. In Southend people seemed to regard us as some kind of seminal punk band, and right up until the split audiences there would always encourage us. The area had always had an active music scene, and if its known for nothing else it should be respected for giving Dr Feelgood a forum and helping them establish a fertile land that sowed the seed for the Pistols, et al."

The band celebrated the release of this record by playing their first gig on May 3rd at the Basildon Roundacre. By now, the supporters of the band had time to let the new style sink in and were more in tune with what the band were doing. This new sound also led to a new audience of like-minded music fans attracted to the style of the Heartbreakers and the Dead Boys.

Shortly after the gig, the band recruited guitarist Kevin De Groot into their ranks from an ad in a local music store. Influenced by both Hendrix and a lot of goth, he added a new dimension with his more technical solo work. Again, the band rushed out to document this new direction for the band and recorded a new demo, this time at Real Time in London. The new five-piece line-up made its debut at the Monico in Canvey Island, Essex on September 10th. The band spent the rest of the year in a more rigorous schedule of live dates.

Steve, "The first era of the band ('81–'84) only really played gigs we either organized ourselves or were with sympathetic punk bands, like Fallout (ex-Six Minute War), Hagar the Womb, Lost Cherees, Nightmare, etc. The second era would play with different bands such as the Bollock Brothers or Malice, but again we'd often try and play with various friends bands and present a unified front, like when we'd play with the Burning Idols."

Some of the songs they were playing at that point included "Suicide," "What Are You Gonna Do," "Looking For You," "Hold Me Back," "Stay Free," "Watch Me," "Something Going On," "Running," "Chasing My Angel," and "Vietnam Blues."

The band now had a steady flow of gigs and was working hard to expand its musical palette. But with Steve now living in London, it was getting harder and harder to practice. With no prospect of a label to release any more recordings, the band began to disintegrate. The first to split the band was rhythm guitarist Murray Blake in the summer of '86. He was soon followed by vocalist Gary Smith that fall. After spending a year auditioning new singers and occasionally rhythm guitar player, Kevin left the band effectively ending Kronstadt Uprising for good.

Steve, "I was the only original member throughout the second line up... I so believed in the songs and the things we were writing especially in '84, that when Paul and Andy wanted to split the band in '84, I was determined to carry it on and put a new line up together, which I did. The second line up was pretty constant, from '84–'86, until Murray, then Gary Left, and then in '87 I'd had enough of trying to constantly hold the band together, so when Kev said he'd had enough after us not finding a new singer, I agreed and we called it a day. I think, after Gary Smith left in late '86 and through the bands dissolution in late '87, if we'd found a new singer we would have changed the name, as it would have been a completely different band."

By this point, Kronstadt Uprising had been through five line-ups in five years. Though many ex-members went on to other musical projects, the list still looks like a body count. Steve, oddly enough, seems to be the only one to come through mostly un-scathed.

Steve, "Andy and Paul spilt the first line-up of the band... there was some slight animosity but that was cleared up fairly soon afterwards. The second line up split was a slow disintegration... Murray left in 1986 due to a bad drugs problem, Gary in late 1986 for reasons only he knows, and finally Kev left in 1987 after a fruitless year of looking for singers, at which point Stuart and I said enough is enough and stopped too. A year later we returned with neo-glam/punk band the Ghosts of Lovers. Kev went solo under the name the Misanthrope for a couple of years. Murray went on to play bass in Sonic Violence in the early '90s, and did quite well with them. Gary didn't do anything. From the first era, Spencer played briefly in a couple of rehearsal only bands and helped form Sonic Violence, Paul Lawson didn't really do anything, Mick Grant became a Christian, and Filf hung up his guitar. Andy Fisher played guitar in Anorexic Dread for a bit before roadie-ing for the Cure, and moving to the States, where he now lives in Cincinnati. I'm still as obsessed as ever with raw, burning rock 'n' roll/punk, still love Social Distortion/Johnny Thunders, and Stiv Bators, and so after the KU I played in the Ghosts of Lovers, Nicotine and Razorblades, and the Hearts of Darkness. After a three-year lay-off due to the death of my father and my close friend Guy Bourseau, and a protracted period of traveling in Central America, I am now writing songs again, and in February 2001, for the first time in twelve years, I began recording a few demos, with the help of Kevin de Groot, the KU second-era guitarist. Once I get a line-up together for my new band, we'll start playing immediately."

Years later, Steve still happily reflects back on the band. The few regrets or missed opportunities are minor in the long run.

Steve, "Overall I'm fairly pleased with what we achieved. I do wish we'd been able to play outside of the UK, and maybe released an album at the time of *Unknown Revolution* EP quality of some of our 'lost' songs such as 'Insurrection,' 'Act of Destruction,' etc., but hey–with the release on Overground last year of the KU retrospective, 'Insurrection,' at least a few things are out there. It's mainly demos on the CD, but at least there is a record of some of our experiments. Some highs would be: the first gig, playing on a stage, people listening to us and giving us respect, *Bullshit Detector* (my copy arrived on my 17th birthday), the *Unknown Revolution* EP, the London gigs in 1982, and the final farewell Southend gig in 1986. Most of all I'm pleased with any sense of inspiration that we left, and the sense that anyone could do it, just get up there and kick out the jams!

"I think that Crass, etc., certainly contributed to the reemergence of serious protest in the '80s, i.e. CND/Animal Aid, etc., as well as encouraging the traveling lifestyle and the sense of self-empowerment. I think most of the best bands of this period provided a much needed forum for debate, and acted as a cipher for the anger felt against an anachronistic old world order, as personified in the Thatcher-Reagan years. Finally, yes, I would be the first to admit that some of the music was a bit naive in places, however, it shouldn't be forgotten how *great* the following records, and many others of the period, actually were: Crass *Feeding of the 5,000*; Poison Girls *Where's the Pleasure?*; Flux/Epileptics, everything till 1983; Mob *Let the tribe Increase*; Sinyx, everything till 1983."

"Because in 1000 years times, as artifacts of an era, I think these will stand up far more so than whatever the mainstream had to offer. All power to the imagination!"

DISCOGRAPHY:

"Receiver Deceiver" on *Bullshit Detector 2* (Crass Records)
Unknown Revolution 7" (Spiderleg Records)
Part Of The Game 7" (Dog Rock Records)
Insurrection CD retrospective (Overground Records)

SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA

SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA are from the Milwaukee, Wisconsin area. They are a great band, a total blistering display of complete honesty and gut-wrenching emotion live; amazing people who inspire everyone they come in contact with, totally underrated, and most importantly they will most likely be obliterating a basement near you within the next six months or so as they tour a lot. This interview was done a while ago. The original version seems to be lost in the mail somewhere. Since this interview was done over e-mail (thinking I could get it done quicker), some things have changed. The split LP with SINCE BY MAN is out and on Harmless. They also did a three-song tour 7", on my label (four.tee.gee, check distros for availability or check reviews), which I was proud to have been part of. I have found it's impossible to find someone who hates them and their band as even if you aren't a fan of the music, they are such great kids it doesn't matter. Here's what they had to say when thrown some questions:

Interview by Tony • SDOS represented by Dave and Matt

Jeremy Dyer

The punk/hardcore community has done great things and there are greater things to come, but its not perfect. There is still violence, sexism, racism, ageism, and tons of other flaws that need to be addressed and corrected before we can achieve anything that we've set out to attain.

Sam Mecon

Ryan Greensboro

Jeff

MRR: You guys often get lumped by reviewers into that black hole category of "emotional hardcore," which is this gray area where a lot of bands lay. How do you guys feel about the tag? Do you find it fitting?

Dave: I don't really mind being called an "emotional hardcore" band. The term isn't very useful as a description because it has been used to label numerous bands that sound completely different. As far as reviews go, who really cares? Some people like us, some don't. In my old band, we used to live for bad reviews. The fact that some people can get so angry just because they don't like a piece of music is amazing. That shows the true power of music.

Matt: I used to read record reviews all the time. And I would base my impressions of tons of bands on these reviews before I even heard them. I think a lot of kids do that. But everybody has different opinions about music, and everybody uses different words to describe music, so I think it's really hard to tell what a band actually sounds like from a review. In other words, reviews can't be trusted–they are deceiving. Bad reviews don't really affect us at all. They usually just make me laugh more than anything. Even a lot of the good reviews that we get just seem to be really off-base to me.

MRR:Do you think the indie press/hardcore scene has developed an indifference to the style due to a glut of bands playing it (ie when every band who played fast hardcore was "power violence" and is now "thrash")?

Dave: I don't think there's an indifference to the style because enough people seem to be into what we and other bands who fall into the category do. As far as pigeonholing goes–whatever. Label us if you want, but don't be upset if we don't fit into your mold. Music can't and shouldn't be so classified.

MRR: Out of the tons of emotional social commentary-type, personal politics-type bands: what separates you from the pack?

Dave: I don't know what separates us from other bands. I'm not too convinced anything does. We're just four guys who like to have fun. Maybe that's what separates us from other bands. We do like to have fun. We're not worried about how much money were going to make, or what the reviewers are going to think, or how our hair looks–we're just doing what we do and we leave it at that. Another thing that might separate us is the fact that we get along. No matter how long we're trapped in the van, we rarely even argue. If VH1 were to ever do a behind the music about SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA (which we are totally interested in doing), it would be the most boring thing on earth.

Matt: What separates us from all the other bands? I'm not sure that there really is much that separates us from all the other "emotional hardcore" bands. We're just 4 guys who love to write and play music together, and who love to be stuck in a van for months with each other. SEVEN DAYS is just really special to each of us. I'm doing what I love with three of my best friends. It's amazing.

MRR: Your lyrics are more social, or even more so personal politics-type lyrics, rather than the more common grand statements associated with political hardcore. Why?

Dave: I feel that the way you live your life, and the way you interact with others is just as important as any political issue you can address. I pretty much write lyrics based on what I see and think about every day, and I'd be lying to myself and to everyone who supports us if I were to do otherwise.

MRR: One of my favorite things about the band is your commentary on some issues not always touched upon or not touched upon from a personal viewpoint. What makes you address the things you do in your lyrics?

Dave: We address issues that affect us day in and day out. Some topics that are reflected in our songs are sexual assault, evils and limitations of technology, different aspects of animal rights, religion and its place in the public school system, and numerous songs about different aspects of the punk/hardcore community. Some may say that writing songs that deal with punk/hardcore is a waste because there are more important issues that we could be writing about, but as much as I agree with them, I also believe that punk/hardcore, as musical genres and as a community, play a huge role in my life, and so I am going to write about it. The punk/hardcore community has done great things and there are greater things to come, but its not perfect. There is still violence, sexism, racism, ageism, and tons of other flaws that need to be addressed and corrected before we can achieve anything that we've set out to attain.

MRR: Your shows have become semi-legendary within the Midwest and beyond. What are your thoughts on playing live vs recordings?

Dave: Semi-legendary? Thanks, but I'm not so sure. We like playing live, so that's what we do. I don't think we've recorded anything that captures what's going on when we're playing a show, and I'm not so sure we ever could. I really enjoy human interaction and shows are our chance to interact. You can't talk to someone through a record or a web page or a lyric sheet, but in that basement... the possibilities are endless.

Matt: If our live show is what we're known for, then that's great, because I think that live performances define a band much more than any recording can. Playing live is what we love to do most–that's why we tour and play shows as much as we possibly can. It's always said that musicians go on tour to support their album. With us, it's kind of the other way around. We put out records so we can go on tour. Not to say that our records aren't important to us–actually, one of my biggest goals for this band was to have our own full length out, and I'm extremely excited for that to happen. But I think that playing shows and touring always seems to be number one on our agenda *(Wait a minute–did I really just say that we have an agenda?).*

MRR: Do you think people place more emphasis on the music over the message and if so, how do you feel about it as a fairly message-driven band?

Dave: Like it or not, music is entertainment. No one wants to watch a band that just stands there and appears completely indifferent to their music and what's going on around them. If bands want to enhance their performance with light shows, costumes, fake blood, fire... so be it. Just have fun.

MRR At a show you played at a pretty well-known and unliked teen nightclub you made a statement about a previous band complaining about the venue. Saying something to the effect that they were being crybabies since some kid had to bust his ass to set the gig up and promote it, and that while the conditions weren't perfect that you were gonna rock anyway. Talk about playing clubs vs basements.

Dave: I don't like it, but sometimes it's the only option. I'd rather be in a cramped basement with sweat dripping from the ceilings and walls as opposed to being up there on a three-foot stage with the blinding lights and rude sound guy, but what can you do? Our newest record (if it ever sees the light of day), is a split LP with SINCE BY MAN entitled "Burn The Fucking Rock Club To The Fucking Ground." Maybe that's a bit of an overstatement or a contradiction to my statements that night, but oh well. We're all guilty of that. We're all hypocrites on some level.

MRR:When DS-13 played a show in Detroit in Chad's basement (RIP: Chad's Christmas Light & All You Can Eat Spaghetti Emporium), they made a statement that they didn't have this sort of a network set up in their country and that they were amazed by the network of basement gigs and DIY type spaces.

Dave: As far as DS-13 goes, those guys fucking rule! I know your question was about venues, but shit—DS-13! We were lucky enough to play with them four times this summer when they were over here and... wow. That's all that can really be said. Support foreign hardcore!

MRR: You have a song regarding new kids coming into the scene and the ridicule they sometimes face. The song really made me think a lot about some of my past actions and reconsider my place in hardcore as I get a bit older as far as sharing with new kids coming in. Share some of your thoughts on the topic.

Dave: We have all been the new kid at one time or another in our life, and it's never easy. Be it a new school or your first punk rock show. The other people there have a huge effect on what you'll think of the event as a whole. When I started going to shows and some kids laughed at me or did whatever they did behind my back, it hurt, but whatever. That was then and this is now. Even though some kids were less than positive, there were amazing things about that show that I saw and knew I had to come back. There were some awesome kids there and I made some great friends that I have kept to this day, so whatever. That new kid could turn out to be a good friend four years down the road if you give him a chance. As far as you go, you've never really come off that way to me. You gave us a chance before we had done anything. Shit, we had barely played 10 shows by the time we were booking that first tour and you helped us out. Thanks for that and for everything else you've ever done for us. it means a lot!

Matt: I love to see younger kids involved in the scene. And I think it's important that we welcome young kids into the scene instead of making them feel uncomfortable by looking down on them or alienating them. For a while in Milwaukee, there weren't many younger kids that would come out to shows, but now there's a lot and I think it's great. If we don't make them feel welcome, they'll just go away, and then the scene would just consist of old people like you and Dave. That would suck!

MRR:I know Dave is in another pretty well-known band (KUNG FU RICK) Do you ever feel it over shadows your efforts as SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA?

Dave: As far as my "other band" goes, no. I don't think it has overshadowed us at all. I think that this interview will be the first time that most people ever even think about it. I was in SEVEN DAYS before I joined KUNG FU RICK and what we do is completely separate from what KFR does. Sometimes while were on tour, we run into the "members of KUNG FU RICK" thing on a flyer or whatever, but the same thing happened to KUNG FU RICK last summer. There was a flyer for a show out east that described us as "from Chicago featuring Dave from SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA."

Matt: No, I don't think SEVEN DAYS has been overshadowed by KUNG FU RICK at all. Yeah, we get the "member of KFR" thing sometimes, but none of us mind that. Obviously, KUNG FU RICK is an amazing band, but luckily Dave is a full time hardcore kid, so he has time for both bands.

MRR: Before we go, please try to describe your sound in your own words and let off your last words of course.

Dave: You said it yourself, Tony: we're an emotional hardcore band.

Dave: We had a six song CD, but that went out of print. We may repress it, but who knows (ed note: THEY DID). Aside from that, there are two split 7"s: one with COBRA KAI and one with AKARSO. Soon there will be a split LP with SINCE BY MAN. We are also working on a full length at the moment. All of these records are available from us, or from punk rock kids throughout the world. You can contact us at 6900 N Glen Shore Dr Milwaukee WI 53209 or www.angelfire.com/WI/sevendaysofsamsara or mailto:skaisdumb@aol.com

Ryan Greensboro

Sam Mecon

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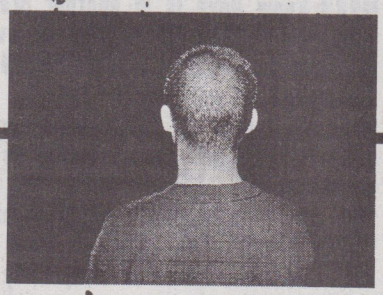
AHIRO



Interviewed by Machi (notsuperstitiousrecords), and Josh (Short Tale Devils); answered by Takahiro Nakamura (Guitar), Takuma Satomi (Bass) and Hirohmi Takagi (Drums).

MRR: Tell me about the members. Where did you meet? What other bands have you been in? Are you in now?

(Takahiro) We met in the junior high school and high school. I have been in Sxxxx Rxxx, Yxxxx Pxxxx, and Snotty. The first two bands are on major labels now. After I quit. I am also in some bands now: Jason Adams, Short Tale Devils, and the band that does not have a name yet. These bands are all different styles, but they all are loud. So I can play aggressive.

(Takuma) I am in the Capslock too.

(Hirohmi) I have been in Blunt Head and A-Quick, which is like Gorilla Biscuits and 7 Seconds.

MRR: Does Ahiro have any meaning? Is it the same as Aho (Japanese for stupid)?

(Takahiro) That's pretty close.

MRR: Who writes the songs/lyrics in the band?

(Takahiro) Aho does.

MRR: From start to finish how long did it take to write/record this 7"?

(Takahiro) Totally, it took two night sessions. This was recorded where I used to work part- time, and I mixed with my 8-track MTR, so we were lucky to record it for free. It is usually difficult to make a low cost record in Japan.

MRR: If you could tour the US with any American band, who would it be?

(Takahiro) It is a difficult question... If possible, personally, I 'd like to play with 7 Seconds.

(Takuma) I 'd like to play with Dillinger Four!

MRR: American music has had great impact upon the Japanese music scene, but many Americans don't know about some of the great Japanese bands around. Can you tell us about a few Japanese bands whose records we MUST have?

(Takahiro) I like Breakfast so much. And also Exclaim, Jellyrollrockheads, Nice View are great. Razors Edge, Manfriday...

(Takuma) And we all are influenced by School Jackets!

MRR: Would you describe Ahiro as "Curry Rice" or "Beef Bowl?"

(Takahiro) Ha ha ha, what do you think? I guess we were curry rice because singer loves *kokoichi*.

MRR: If you were going to die today, what would be the last record you would want to hear before lights out?

(Hirohmi) Duck Missile *Nonstop Train* LP.

(Takahiro) The Wildhearts *If Life is like a Love Bank...*/Geordiein *Wonderland* 10".

(Takuma) Chiharu Matsuyama *Koi*.

MRR: Why do you think that in Japan the punk scene is much more supportive of new bands than in the U.S.?

(Takahiro) How do you feel it's much more supportive? Well, I think Japanese punk scene has "supportive" side and "unsupportive" side. For example, I feel it's supportive when in a show the audience doesn't leave until last band's playing finished and with no violence. But I feel unsupportive when the band practices in the studio, and plays in live houses. Bands pay to play here, and with weekly studio time, it gets really expensive. Especially if you are in more than one band. I don't know the cost in US exactly, but I guess it has never been more expensive than in Japan.

PS (Takahiro) There are lots of exciting band in Japan, so if you have a chance, check them out.

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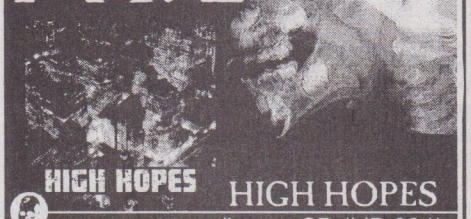

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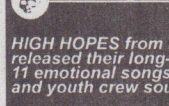

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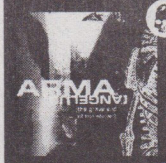

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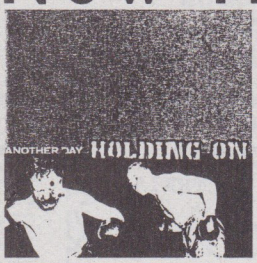

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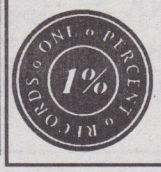

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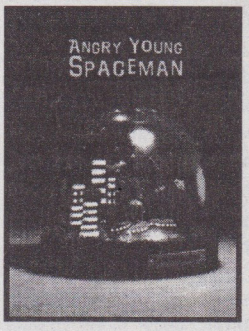


Science Fiction is a fairly conservative literary form. Beyond just the politics of its authors (which have ranged from the John Birchers, to the Civil Libertarian, to the revolutionary Marxist) the form itself has only met with slight revision since its Golden Age.

Which is not to say that the content of SF is static—nothing but laser guns, and alien princesses. SF has consistently refreshed its way of examining the future from speculative to extrapolative. The best SF takes you on a journey where everything is brought into question or a good tale is told, the worst slaps on light sabers and penny-store philosophy and calls itself speculative fiction.

Angry Young Spaceman was written by an all-too-modern urbanite who can tell the difference (I imagine) between the black bloc and Global Exchange. Which means, in the telling of *Angry Young Spaceman*, that a liberal anti-colonialist politic threads itself through the story. There is nothing worse than a story written with its moral in mind.

The story is a basic "fish out of water" tale with a disgruntled counter-cultural protagonist leaving Earth to go teach English on another planet. During his training he meets a host of oddball characters who, while all coming from disparate cultural origins, take up a friendship as freshman translators. Sam (the protagonist) ends up on a water planet populated by a humanoid species with tentacles (an octopoid species?) without his translating device, and without knowing the language he is supposed to teach.

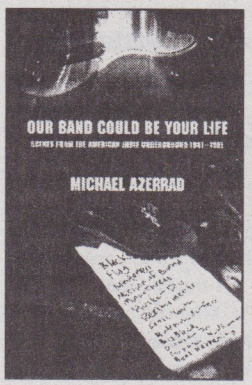
Which is fine, as Sam quickly finds that he finally believes in something (cynicism is for the young) and has an aptitude for the native language. All the while he laments the colonial frontier role that he is playing, but never stops playing it. As a matter of fact, he takes private students and expands his own skill in the local language to the point that he threatens the sovereignty of the local culture.

The only real conflict throughout this tale is the protagonists' fascination with the host species physiology. The sexual tension and fascination is both predictable and irritating.

The book's conclusion is reached in a fairly surreal turn of events that serve only to confuse and, thankfully, to end the book.

Which brings me to thinking about the audience for this book. This book has clearly not been written for the SF audience, the themes have been played out fifty years ago, and the cost of the book ($20 for a perfect-bound trade) is unreasonable. Which means that the audience is the well-heeled independent book consumer. While they may appreciate the flavor of a self-referential tale of post-graduation adventure, they will not generally appreciate the aesthetic. If this tale were set where it should have been, it would have been in late 20th-century America. The protagonist would have gone into the Peace Corp or into the inner city to teach kids, would have been puzzled (and been intrigued) by the cultural differences met and the audience would have been just as entertained and possibly more satisfied. —Aragorn!

Our Band Could Be Your Life: Scenes from the American Indie Underground, 1981-1991
Michael Azerrad
525 pages • $25.95
Little, Brown & Company • 1271 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY • 10020



Time marches inexorably forward: the leaves turn and fall from the trees, and my waist measurement steadily expands, inch by inch. My mind wheels back to my formative years when I spent my meager allowance on punk rock LPs at the local Record Factory, hacked at my hair with dull scissors, and read and memorized punk rock fanzines that found their way to my mailbox from America's urban centers—among them, *FlipSide*, *Ink Disease*, *Leading Edge*, *xXx*, and even *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* (when it cost a buck and was composed entirely with typewriter, glue and razor blades). Bands were a lot easier for me to worship in those naive days, back before I understood that the driving motivation behind their craft is often little more than the desire to get laid and impress their skating buddies. For me, the 1980s were the decade of gutter-level punk rock, all-ages shows held in barns, and frequent haircuts and dye-jobs. For others, they were the decade of J. Mascis' flowing locks, Steve Albini's lyrical torment, the major-label sellout of Candy Apple Grey, and Thurston Moore and Lee Renaldo's dueling guitars. The '80s were such a decade for one Michael Azerrad, which led to the hardcover monster that is *Our Band Could Be Your Life*.

Our Band Could Be Your Life borrows its title from a Minutemen lyric, who are also one of the groups featured in its pages...other subjects for analysis and interview include hardcore stalwarts Black Flag, Boston's Mission of Burma, perennial favorites Minor Threat, Husker Du, the Replacements, Sonic Youth, Butthole Surfers, Big Black and their drum machine, hellspawn Dinosaur Jr., Fugazi, Mudhoney, and Beat Happening, who were beloved by some and offensive to others. All of these artists were very popular subjects for rock critics from 1985 onward, and recipient of many, many pages of spilled ink during their existence. They were also the standouts in a scene that were able to make a comfortable living from record sales, unlike the thousands of other acts that vied for the same spotlight at a time when media outlets were less than accommodating.

Nirvana's Nevermind is credited as the watershed that neatly ended the dominance of the rock "underground" that spawned the likes of Thurston Moore, Henry Rollins and the collected works of Mark Arm, and rightly so: the lines that were once neatly drawn between the inevitable us and them were hopelessly blurred when "Smells Like Teen Spirit" reached once-per-ten-hour rotation on MTV. The irony is, of course, that a monolith like that network would never have touched a Minutemen or Black Flag when both bands were in their prime, even though they're now hailed as Rock and Roll Royalty by the current generation of musical literati.

Of course, the case could be argued that these bands, as "overground" as they are, are the most worthy of inclusion in a volume like this. They were the acts able to rise to the top of what was, after all, a highly

competitive group of talent with only a limited amount of available attention space. All the same, Our Band is more of an overview of the "indie" (to use the term in its original meaning) scene than a deep, probing analysis of the economic, social and cultural factors that led to a Minor Threat or Negative Approach. It's more of a journalistic take on what's soon to be 20-year-old news. No wonder the trail has cooled appreciably, even if the bands' music hasn't.

Author Michael Azarrad is responsible for one of the earliest cultural documents of what regrettably came to be labeled in the media as "grunge rock"—Come As You Are, the critical analysis of Nirvana and the rest of the Pacific Northwest/Seattle axis. His powers as an author are suited for the task at hand...essentially recounting band histories, distilling old Option interviews into prose, and putting the same spin on the subject matter that I've heard many times. Perhaps this is a subject still too near to me, even so far after the fact, but I still don't want to hear, watch, or read about Dinosaur Jr., Gibby Haynes' rampant drug delirium, or the major label path that Husker Du followed after SST records had exhausted its possibilities. Jaded? Would you imagine? —Jeff A. Heermann

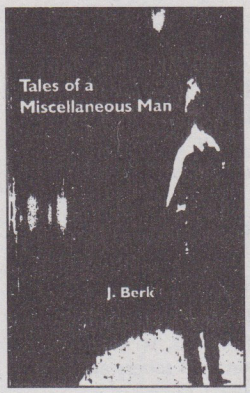
Moving Forward: Program For a Participatory Economy • Michael Albert
160 pages • $11.95
AK Press • PO Box 40682 • San Francisco, CA • 94140

Economics is kind of where the rubber hits the road. It's also the point when eyes start to glaze over, people get fidgety, and conversations bog down. As a "science," economics is a dismal failure, as there appears to be no consensus amongst the "experts," and you can count on people presenting you with opposing viewpoints on the same things, with the same data, not to mention that most of it is involved with terms and ideas that we know little about. At the same time, it's the crux of everything. Against globalization? The Empire? Well, punk, what should we be doing? This book takes on the whole shebang, and spells out its vision of what it is we need. Don't be scared, this is an easy-reading, broad overview that allows us to formulate some general ideas, and get a better handle on what we are talking about. Just because it's a difficult subject doesn't mean we can't have a position, and this book says: We need to do this, here's a start.

The mechanics of a Participatory Economy (parecon) are fairly simple: small, locally-organized and -owned collectives make all decisions and regulate themselves. Even at a brief 160 pages, this is a fairly in-depth look at how this would be organized, how to distribute responsibility, compensation, "shitwork," as well as how this could be viable. Comparisons are made to current systems and arguments made as to why it would be better. Many pitfalls and obvious social problems are looked at, and I was surprised to find that most of the questions that came up in my head were at least partially addressed at some point in the book. Very calm, very thorough (considering), this is a serious step towards a problem that means so much but usually getting the short end of the stick in progressive circles.

The other point that makes this so readable is that it manages to stake out territory that is completely revolutionary (the end of capitalism in its entirety) yet talk about it within the context of everyday life and acknowledging that work must be done through existing institutions (unions, etc.). It's not easy to incorporate the two without losing sight of the fact that while these organizations play an important role in teaching and providing movement (as well as dealing with immediate help for people in their lives) in the end, they are as much a part of the system we wish to leave, and must be seen as such. This book knows what it's saying, and says it. Definitely one of the better books on economics that I've ever seen, AK Press and Michael Albert (founder of South End Press and *Z Magazine*) have created another addition to our understanding of what it is we are fighting for. This is the real shit, and these folks are keeping it real, you should check them out and be fucking glad they're around, I am. —Gardner Fusuhara

Tales of a Miscellaneous Man • J. Berk
183 pages • $10.95
Craphouse Press • P.O. Box 2691
Lancaster, PA • 17608



I was not initially drawn to *Tales of a Miscellaneous Man* as its back cover features one of my least favorite tropes of punk literature—a photo of the author with middle finger raised. My thinking on it is this: if you feel sheepish about having an author photograph taken, don't get one taken. But if you do go for an author photo, what possible advantages are there to giving your incipient reader the finger? Perusing the book on a train, I felt bad having it propped in front of me because my innocent fellow passengers, including wee children, were being flipped off by Mr. Berk. Luckily this book is of the photocopied-spiral bound-cardstock-cover variety and I was able to whip out a pen and change J. Berk from a smirking young man flipping the bird to a lovely woman with a perm, fanning herself with a hand full of long painted nails.

Perhaps part of the pleasure I derived from this Sharpie makeover came from the fact that Berk's autobiographical tales did not particularly appeal to me in their portrayal of women. The stories are of the anecdotal punk dude variety—doomed road trip, drunken tour, doomed, drunken night followed by hungover day at work in Dad's office, etc. Doomed road trip features such innovative female characters as the hot stripper, the hot small-town waitress, and the hot but unfriendly "Asian Massage" providers. A later episode in our hero's career finds him at a production of Hamlet wherin his friend Balls—yes, Balls—is playing Polonius. Now I think it's great to support your friends' creative endeavors, whether or not said friends are named after testicles. And I like Shakespeare as much as the next gal. Possibly more. But I was not exactly wowed to learn that Mr. Berk's main incentive for attending his friend's cast party was the "chick who played Ophelia," who apparently was "an absolute cock-stiffener." This followed by unironic use of the words "tail" and "poon." Yikes.

Berk's saving grace is that beneath his dudeliness and midsummer nights' wet dreams there is humor and humility. As much as he tries to get the girl, be she cock-stiffening waitress, actress, or masseuse, he always loses. Or he wins, but he gets caught by his mom, who starts spanking him before his lady love's eyes. (Not in a sexy way, let me make that clear.) His musings are endearingly sincere yet goofy. "All kidding aside, you have some crazy kind of thoughts when you have long, slow hours of nothing to do but walk among the trees... Maybe monks are on to something. They slow life down and maybe to them it feels like they live to be 200 years old, and isn't that what everyone wants? Yes, but everyone also wants to have fun, which as we know makes time pass quickly. I guess it's another one of those basic ironies that make human existence such a pain in the ass."

Berk's self-deprecating humor is definitely the best part of the book, and there's plenty of it: "Alas, I don't know if it was my anti-monar-

chist politics or my lack of spatial reasoning or the simple fact that I'm a dumbass, but I still couldn't get chess...You know how Kasparov beat that supercomputer? I would lose at chess to a photocopier."

The book is also unintentionally funny at times due to malapropisms and typos. I found it amusing to read of Berk's "reflexive moods" and accompany him down streets strewn with "crack viles." Page three contains the confusing sentence "I saddled up to the bar and saw him, the bartender, my friend, standing there swathing a dirty glass.." Um, do you mean you sidled up to the bar where your pal was swabbing a glass? Also confusing to me is a description of a friend making a phone call. The friend is "concentrating on finding out about the car like a poodle sizzling at flashpoint on a butterfly." Similes are intended to provide a better picture of the action, right? Well, I don't know if I've inhaled too many Sharpie fumes or what, but I can't for the life of me create a mental picture of a poodle sizzling at flashpoint on a butterfly. —Melissa Klein

Rash • Charles Romalotti
172 pages • $8
Layman Books • PO Box 4702 • Austin, TX • 78765-4702

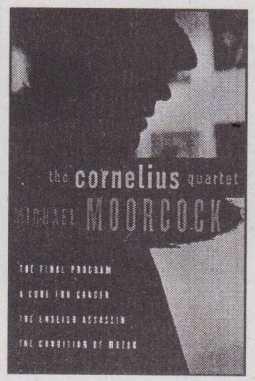
Finally, a novel featuring believable punk characters! And it's a totally gripping, creepy, and (at times) downright sick little story. Perfect for reading while huddled under the covers on a dark and stormy night.

Rash begins with a pair of transient crusty punk brothers traveling through the southwest. By the time they reach Austin, Texas, they have a giggly waif and a depressed goth girl for travel/street companions. These are not annoying, indulgent, stereotyped characters, however. The two boys/two girls setup does not result in the typical automatic hetero-coupling—one of many refreshing aspects of the writing. The character sketches are, in fact, one of this author's strong points. Though spare, they hold exactly the right detail and information to create a vivid portrayal. Romalotti has an excellent understanding of how nuances of personality betray inner motivations. The character descriptions alone were a treat to read.

But wait, there's more. A couple sleazy, power-hungry professors at the nearby university can't publish their results without someone to test their evil new potion on—hmm, who better than a dispensable street kid? From their sinister introduction onward, the suspense mounts...along with a sense of dread. The novel is very artfully crafted—the timing is great. If you are a fan of Stephen King (or any horror genre), you will not be disappointed. Hopefully you'll enjoy the departure from all those Hollywood-cliché characters as much as I did. I also liked the subversive element missing from current mainstream horror, those in positions of power are ultimately held accountable, and the reader's sympathies remain with the poor and shat-upon (though to be honest, they are not portrayed so victimized as that).

The only shortcoming is some of the dialogue. The manner of speaking does not seem to vary much with the character. In fact, there don't seem to be inflections of any sort, and the speaker comes across stiffly regardless of the setting. It's weird and unexpected, considering how good a sense you get of the characters otherwise. This is most obvious in longer, introspective dialogues—shorter repartée is a bit livelier. I'm hoping this will improve with experience, because I intend to keep reading this author—I'm definitely hooked. If you have a penchant for dark and macabre fiction, or if you just want a thrilling respite from those heavy political manifestos, look no further. I'm already itching for the sequel. —Nellie Nelson

The Cornelius Quartet • Michael Moorcock
885 pages • $22.00
Four Walls Eight Windows • 39 West 14th St., Rm. 503
New York, NY • 10011



Certain books (or series of) don't lend themselves easily to capsule reviews or easy critical analysis—I'm thinking of Balzac's career-spanning Comedy Humaine, the endless series of Star Trek novelizations, or the dense pages of Marcel Proust's In Search of Lost Time. There are too many words, too many characters, and too many twists and turns of plot to touch upon in a single sitting. Less of a casual read, they're more like a one-way scuba-diving trip. Remember to check your oxygen gauge before you jump.

The Cornelius Quartet isn't a book proper, but rather a collection of novels by British science-fiction author Michael Moorcock, published between 1965 and 1976 (The Final Programme, A Cure for Cancer, The English Assassin, and The Condition of Muzak) that all relate the exploits of a long-haired, counter-cultural, science-fictional anti-hero named Jerry Cornelius who has to stand as one of SF's hippest pre-cyberpunk creations. Early in the cycle Moorcock describes his character in a shorthand composed of 1960s Carnaby St. attire: "...he wore a black, double-breasted car coat and dark grey trousers. His tie was of black wool and his white shirt had a high collar. He was slim, with large, dark eyes and large, long-fingered hands..."

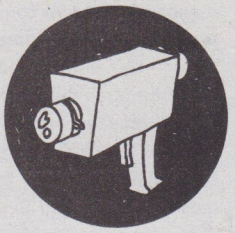
Michael Moorcock was the notorious author who penned the novels during the headiest excesses of counter-cultural activity in Britain and the peak of what came to be known as New Wave science fiction, which one could loosely define as science fiction that employed stylistic devices borrowed from avant-garde authors like William Burroughs. During his career as an author he created a sword-wielding albino, Elric of Melnibone, a high-minded rival of Conan the Barbarian and led him through a run of well-received paperbacks. He wrote a series of books that starred the pre-punk space-hippie combo Hawkwind as guitar-slinging superheroes (and even played flute on one of their albums). Never one to take the moral or intellectual high-road, he provided a working-class balance to the more "cultured" efforts of friend and collaborator J.G. Ballard, and together the two virtually defined British science fiction during the '60s and '70s.

The focal point of the series, Jerry Cornelius, is an idealized film noir hero jump-started into the near future and free of any compromising moral code apart from self-interest. He also serves as an idealized stand-in for how the reader would like to see himself: cool, aristocratic and sharp to a fault behind the wheel of his vintage 20th Century Duesenberg or at trigger of a gun that fires poison needles rather than bullets (in an ironic nod to IV drug usage). Cornelius is perfectly home in a hyper-charged future Britain that makes the excesses of Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* look weedy by comparison.

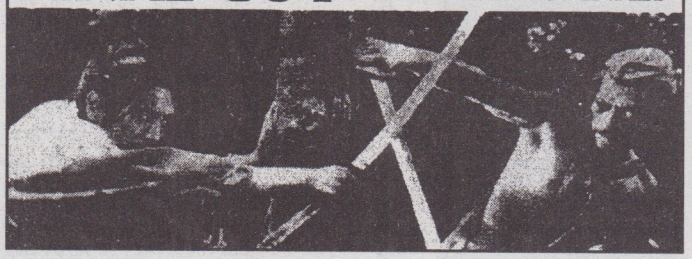
Moorcock's style combines low and highbrow, experimental and pulp, gun-play and philosophical waffling that makes it every bit a product of its 1960s milieu, and, best of all, a fine and fun hybrid that makes for a thrilling read. The *Cornelius Quartet* isn't for casual audiences but those with an appreciation of pulp and avant-garde genres will dig it.

A good, submersive read. —Jeff A. Heermann

MOVIES



FINAL CUT BY STEVEN SPINALI



SAN FRANCISCO UBER ALLES

The construction of George Lucas's new film facility in San Francisco's Presidio suggests something that locals have known for a while; that while the city may not have LA's showbiz glitz, in many ways it's still a movie town. Scott McGehee and David Siegel, the SF-based pair who directed the cerebral thriller *Suture* back in 1994, add credence to the idea with their big arthouse hit, **The Deep End.** The film is loosely based on a novel by Elizabeth Holding, which was published in serial form in *Ladies' Home Journal* back in 1947. When jittery housewife Margaret Hall (Tilda Swinton) drives through the sunbaked streets of Las Vegas, she parks in front of The Deep End (it's the name of a Reno gay bar). She advises a smarmy club habitue Darby (Josh Lucas) to stay clear of her teenage son, Beau (Jonathan Tucker). Beau is taciturn and still very much in the closet, but Darby has no intention of staying away.

Marge, Josh, a little daughter, and Dad (who's overseas) live in a swanky beachfront spread skirted by a dock and enough knotty pines to blanket the place in privacy. She'll need it. The very next morning, she discovers Darby. He's lying the front of her lakeside home, dead, an anchor through his gut. Marge is quick to realize that if the body's found, her son will probably be charged with the murder (if indeed it is a murder), but she has no time to worry about the details now. With a mother's love gone amok, she drags the corpse into a boat, anchors it so it will sink to the bottom, and hopes that in time the elements and an armada of Lake Tahoe baitfish will take care of her problem. Since it's one of the deepest lakes in the world, you'd think her problems would end there. Unfortunately, it's the first, but by no means the worst, of several hurdles for the hapless housewife. The thriller is quite a step forward from the filmmakers' debut; the black and white *Suture* had a brilliant opening, then sank slowly under the weight of its own gimmicks, but **The Deep End** is closer to a true character study, albeit laced with murder and deceit.

The film rests on Tilda Swinton's shoulders. Her performance is a veritable symphony of troubled glares and nervous tics. She plays Margaret as a tightly-wound but controlled housewife who doesn't quite have all the resources she needs to fend off danger. The worse the trouble Margaret is in, the better Tilda Swinton is. Her oblique performance puts the audience's suspicions in a constant state of flux as the killer's identity slowly emerges. For an intelligent, capable mother of three, she has the most amazing ability to dig herself into ever-deeper holes. After ditching the body (which is eventually found and identified), a shifty-eyed blackmailer (Goran Visnjic) drives by with a videotape. The tape is a video containing 40 hardcore minutes of her son doing it with Darby. If the cops ever saw it, the tape would all but guarantee her son's conviction. The video has a price of $50,000, and the blackmailers want the money—in cash—by the following afternoon.

When Margaret's father-in-law (SF veteran actor Peter Donat) suffers a near-fatal heart attack, it's the young blackmailer who helps administer CPR and bring him back. But after that, things can't be quite the same. Sympathy is a luxury no blackmailer can afford to have, but he's already been drawn too deep into the family routine to be an anonymous bystander. And strangely, despite his actions, Marge begins to think of him as someone who might be worthy of her trust. The paradox of the story is that the blackmailer is basically a decent man, uneasy with his role, and Marge a decent woman, struggling with her own brush with criminality.

The meat of the story is the uneasy relationship between criminal and victim, but the watery images the film relies on are for the most part a just metaphor for Margaret's being drawn ever-deeper into the pool of her own deceit. There's impressive filmcraft at play here, but its emotional depth is what really keeps it going. Compared to the higher octane thrillers it has to complete with, it may not seem as bright or flashy—no explosions, car chases, or grand set pieces will be found here. Shot for a little over $3 million, it's a well-controlled chamber piece that prides itself on its subtlety.

Also from the Bay Area, Josh Kornbluth fancies himself a "monologuist." Round, bald, and frizzy-haired, he's the image of an Occidental buddha, albeit with no chance of keeping his mouth shut long enough to achieve enlightenment. The writer and performer of *Ben Franklin - Unplugged* shows his roots in his debut film, **Haiku Tunnel**, which debuted on the SF stage back in 1990. If you were given to easy comparisons, this might be likened to a live-action version of *Dilbert*; there's the cartoon comedy humor, the neurotic atmosphere of office cubicle politics, and the same droll observations on corporate personalities. It's also very Jewish, nebbish, neurotic, and occasionally even laugh-out-loud funny. As Kornbluth says in the opening segment, the film is 100% fiction (even though he plays a character by his own name, talking about events he seems to know intimately). The fact that it all plays out in a lawyer's office, and he doesn't want to get sued, certainly has nothing to do with it.

So, he reminds us, his story is set in San Francisco, where Kornbluth is a temp from Uniforce. He feels that representing the big-sounding company gives him unbounded power, though there's little evidence that anyone else works for them. (This is a sly jibe at temp agencies that take such a huge cut that they could theoretically support themselves off a single employee.) His new assignment is for Schuyler & Mitchell (S&M) as a legal secretary, where he meets a spectral head secretary who can reach into the human soul, a small, quirky staff of fellow secretaries, and his boss Bob Shelby (Warren Keith), rumored by some to be Satan.

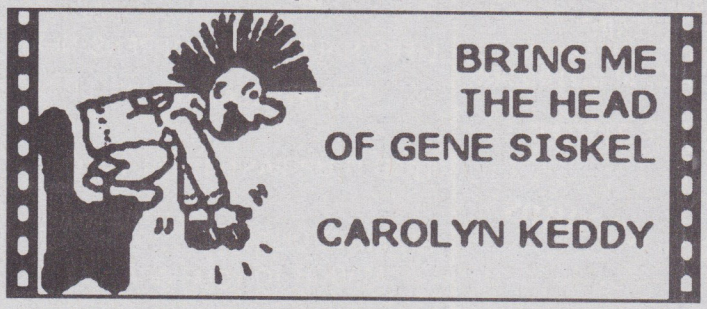
After one day of amazing productivity, the head secretary pops the question—does he want to work full time?—an offer he can't resist. (Insurance covers his psychotherapy.) But once he's on the payroll, his sleep schedule starts nudging into his work schedule. Still worse, there's a dictaphone tape of seventeen crucial letters that always manages to stay at the bottom of his in-file, like a sediment that won't scrape off.

Haiku Tunnel plays like a series of routines—some narrated, others filmed with breezily funny moments most any low-level office worker can identify with: orientation day (an excruciating day of changing copier toner and watching company videos), the embarrassments of showing up late (and getting caught), and ghastly sin being stung dumping company correspondence. In particular, he mentions his love affair with Uniball pens, which put out and put out until they just die: "the Carmine of pens."

The sharpest observations address the office caste system—always understood, but never enunciated. Late at night, when a systems administrator accidentally routes the seventeen letters to tax law division across town, Josh bumps into a numbingly sexy civil lawyer (Sarah Overman) in desperate need of tax advice, and who thinks he can provide it. She's blind to his geeky appearance and blaring Hawaiian shirts; it's as if she were a fish who'd discovered one of her own unique species in the corporate swamp. The spawning is enjoyed by both; but the next morning, she pops over to S&M, and suddenly his secretarial status changes him into a toad, or maybe a toadstool. Some of the best

moments are the throwaways, like when Kornbluth, bored at work, uses the dictaphone to make rap songs or discover unexpected messages in heavy metal songs when they're played backwards. ("Josh, get back to work..."). I hope Kornbluth keeps on putting out movies like Allen's early, funny ones.

Leave your comments or check out the reviews at my new website: http://home.earthlink.net/~sspinali/



AMERICA: OPEN FOR BUSINESS

I am doing my patriotic duty by going about my normal business. Everything's cool here. I'm just going to the movies as usual. Unfortunately, I don't ever see many war movies or I could sneak some political commentary into this column. Maybe next time.

This month I saw the funniest movie I've seen in a long time. **The Helper** is the debut film by Matthew Mumper. It is a short, only 26 minutes long, but Mumper packs it in. I could have watched it about twenty times that night. In fact, I want to see it again. I just have to get off my ass and order a copy (www.explodingfilms.com).

The Helper is the story of two people trying to find happiness. Inez Magnavox (Stacy Ross) is an actress who hates the people for whom she performs. She despises the idea that people are watching her, yet she can't resist the urge to act. Victor Fiske (Stephen Salmons) is the world's most calm man. He has been studied and tested to see what makes him so calm. Researchers and drug companies even monetarily compensate him so he does need to have a proper job. Victor biggest problem occurs at birthday parties. He imagines the birthday person and the other guests ostracizing him because he cannot show enthusiasm when singing "Happy Birthday".

Inez and Victor meet Lawrence (Charles F. Newton). Lawrence is a very silent guru who gets each to overcome the obstacle that is keeping them from happiness. He only asks for a small favor in return. Lawrence works with Inez to write and produce her own play, suggesting that she might start a new kind of theater. He helps Victor feel comfortable singing at birthday parties. He starts to feel accepted by others and gets invited to other parties.

Everything about **The Helper** is funny. I was laughing later on that night just thinking about it. I really enjoy that Lawrence never says a word throughout the film. He is the man both Inez and Victor credit with helping them achieve their goals, but the story is told from their points of view. It is their interpretation of what Lawrence has done for them. We see Lawrence silently listening while Inez chatters on or Victor tries to smile. Leaving it up to us to decide if Lawrence really helped them or if his presence alone was enough to help them realize what they needed to do. Either way, it's fantastic and Lawrence benefits too.

Along the same lines of self-help is **Vinyl**, a documentary by Alan Zweig. **Vinyl** is the director's attempt to figure out why he has no love life. The only thing he can figure he does differently from most people is that he collects records. He is sure that if he can somehow break loose from the trappings of record collecting, he will find happiness. Zweig's confessions and discussions with the audience are filmed while he is looking in a mirror decorated with different records in each shot. These are interspersed with interviews with his friends, fellow record collectors. Zweig holds nothing back. He attacks every person, trying to get to his or her inner being in order to make some sense of his situation.

The thing is I can relate to Zweig. I know lots of record collectors and I would probably be considered one myself. Every once in a while I go through that same need to get rid of some stuff so my house isn't so cluttered, but then I always have a hard time doing it. Zweig is definitely not the worst of the record collectors. I think that's why he torments himself. His apartment is relatively neat, with the exception of his mice problem, which he obsesses over.

Fortunately for Zweig, the other collectors in **Vinyl** make him look like a normal person. There are some characters. There is the guy who claims to have memorized every K-Tel record (although when quizzed he only gets one right). A guy who is trying to collect every record ever made. He really thinks he can do it. A guy who wanted to clean his records and figured the only way to do it was to play every one in alphabetical order and clean along the way. It took him four years. Most of them are just weird, but there was one guy who bedroom was so cluttered with records and CDs that he had to rearrange them each night so he could make it to the bathroom. Zweig is down right mean to this guy. He criticizes everything about his apartment and lifestyle, suggesting that if he got some shelving and got the records off the floor, he could have some people over to visit. When the guy says he doesn't want anyone coming over, it was kind of heartbreaking.

Zweig's self analysis in **Vinyl** is it's best aspect, but not the most entertaining. It's hard to say why I have 2,000 records and the guy next to me has 10, but it doesn't bother me that much. Plus it's much more fun to laugh at the crazy Elvis collector or that guy who after collecting all the records by his favorite artist, started trying to figure out every town he played in for the last 40 years. The worst is the guy who had to move and had no room in his new apartment for his records. Instead of giving them away, he throws them in a remote dumpster where he figured no one would find them before they were hauled off to the dump. I heard a few gasps. Zweig's record obsession still pops up, naming his most sought after record *Satan Is Real* by Louvin Brothers when he discovers someone he will be interviewing does. The guy next to me says, "That record isn't even that hard to find."

Looking for a different kind of scare, I'm off to see **Session 9**. The first film I've seen in the new wave of post-Blair Witch, leave-it-to-the-imagination horror movies. It is filmed in a deserted, very cool looking mental institution in Danvers, MA. In the first scene you get a tour and the history of the institution. The building has been declared a historic landmark so it cannot be torn down. That is why Gordon (Peter Mullan) and Phil (David Caruso) have been called in to make a bid on asbestos removal. They win the bid when Gordon promises to have the job done in a week.

The setting is perfect for a horror movie. There are lots of corridors, old psychiatric equipment and an air of foreboding since it was a mental institution. I enjoy the slow pace of the men working, a fuse blows then one person goes into the basement alone to fix, but nothing happens. A great feeling like when that happens to you at home. Something might be there so your heart races, but then you are safely back upstairs. Bill (Paul Guilfoyle) discovers some tapes from a psychiatric session. He starts sneaking away to listen to them. Hank (Josh Lucas) discovers some old coins and jewelry hidden in a wall and comes later that night to collect it (the crew was forbidden from being in the building at night).

All this build up should lead to something interesting. Yet, the thing that ruins **Session 9** is the ending. It goes from being a subtle ghost story enhanced by the imagination then quickly changes into a slasher film. The transformation takes away so much from the film. It makes it into your run of the mill horror film with all the ends nicely tied up.

Don't pass up your chance to see **Bande a part (Band of Outsiders)**, the hard to find film by Jean-Luc Godard. This film from 1964 is infamous mostly because it hasn't been shown in the US in years and because Quentin Tarantino pays tribute to it in **Pulp Fiction** by having Uma Thurman imitate the "Madison" dance sequence. Tarantino evens called his production company A Band Apart.

That aside, **Bande a part** is a great film. The story of a young woman Odile (Anna Karina) who discovers her aunt's tenant keeps a large pile of money in his room. When she tells her friend Frantz (Sami Frey), he enlists another friend Arthur (Claude Brasseur) to help steal the money. The plan isn't completely thought out and when the time comes to commit the crime the money has been moved. However, you discover that all along the planning and anticipation was more fun anyway.

There are many amazing and funny scenes. The robbery is being attempted by children basically, although they appear to be more in their twenties. There is an air of innocence. They take English classes and goof off like high schoolers. There is awkward love affair between Odile and Arthur that is both creepy and sweet. It's these little idiosynchracies combined with a bit of violence and some stupidity that make **Bande a part** such an enjoyable film. Don't miss it.

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send me a copy c/o MRR PO Box 406760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760.

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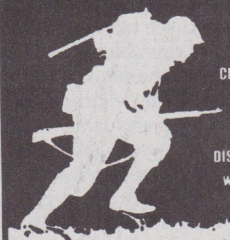

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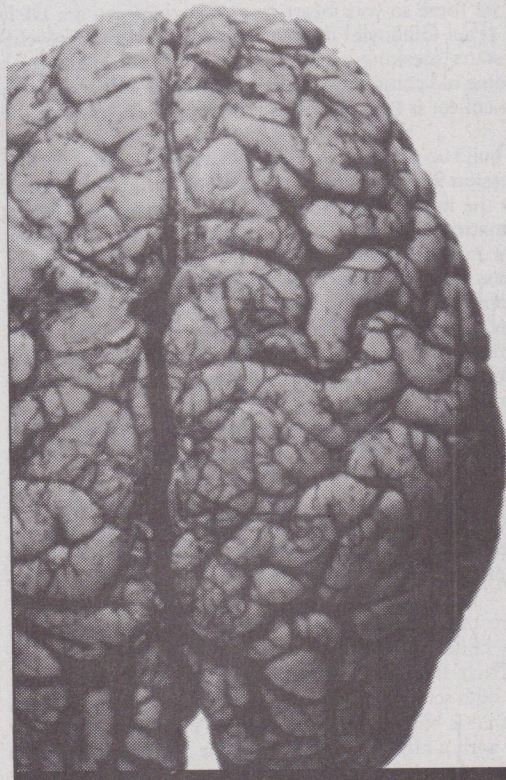

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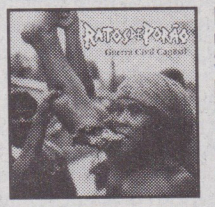

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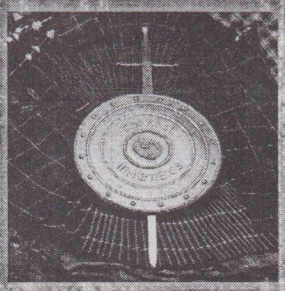

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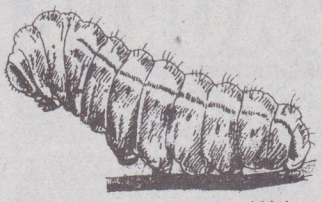

ヤママユガの幼虫

the shivering / funeral diner - split LP
(ex-amber inn, ribbon fix, vulgar pigeons, ex-portraits of past, nexus 6 respectively)

funeral diner / staircase - split LP
(two explosive half moon bay, CA bands. awesome release, awesome people)

the pine - s/t debut EP
(a more powerful evergreen. few remain)

under a dying sun -"when walls..." EP
(their 2nd EP. a total epic)

box the compass - s/t debut EP
(solid mid-tempo hardcore, SF style)

vulgar pigeons - "genetic" EP/CD
(cd also contains first EP and live tracks)

nexus six - s/t CD
(future funeral diner people)

theshivering - "behindbrokeneyes" CD
(debut CD. an oldy but a goody)

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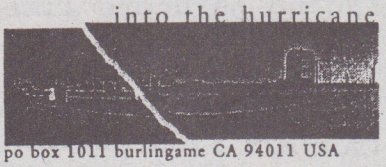

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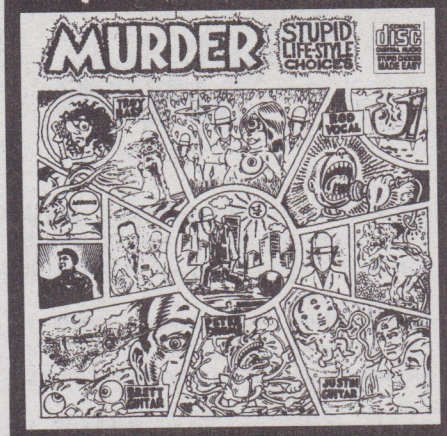

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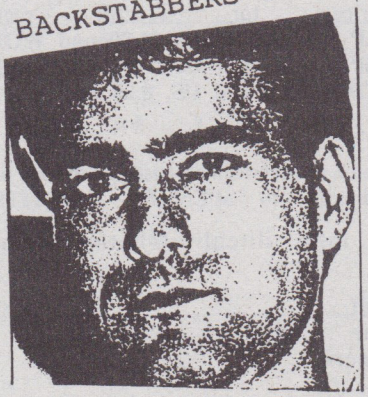

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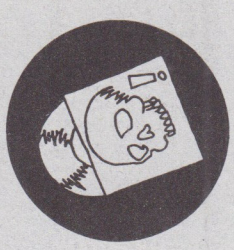

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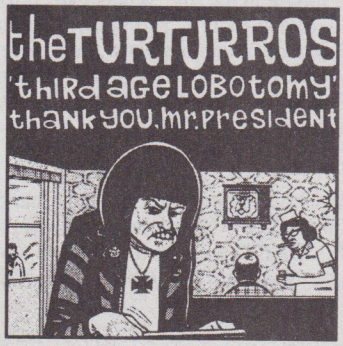
AÇÃO DIRETA - "Risotto Bombs - Live in Slovenija" CD

Twenty-nine live tracks from this Brazilian punk band's European tour. They do three covers: DOOM's "Phobia for Change", OLHO SECO's "Nada", and SEEIN' RED's "Repeat". Great passionate hardcore with tons of guitar and strong vocals. I'm not such a big fan of live recordings but this one sounds decent. (SR)
(Raspura, CP 15-CEP 09901 970 S.B. Campo, SP. BRASIL, fabiovalle@uol.com.br)

AÇÃO DIRETA - "Intervencao" LP

I would say that Brazil's AÇÃO DIRETA fall into similar circles as WHAT HAPPENS NEXT with their "'80s thrash revival" sound...but wait! AÇÃO DIRETA have been around for the past 14 years! Hardly being a "revival" act, these guys are the real deal, and from Brazil too! How awesome is that?! Compared to some of their earlier LPs, they have definitely gained a clear vision and more mature sound (attribute that to existing for so damn long) and begin to incorporate a wider variety of influences to make their sound a bit more unique. I believe they are touring Europe very soon, so do yourself a favor and support Brazilian hardcore! (SP)
(Broccoli, c/o Jorg Gneiting, Postfach 1612, 72606 Nurtingen, GERMANY, acaodireta.cjb.net)



LOS ACTIVOS/TURTURROS - "Third Age Lobotomy" EP

Two Italian bands share this vinyl platter. Both bands play in that *Boogada Boogada Boogada*-era SCREECHING WEASEL style, lo-fi RAMONES-esque pop punk. The LOS ACTIVOS side sounds so similar to the *Boogada Boogada* style that these songs could be slipped in between "Dingbat" and "This Ain't Hawaii," and folks wouldn't know the damn difference, I tell ya. Dig? (AS)
(Umberto D'Agostino, Via F. Rosazza 52, 00153, Rome, ITALY)

AGATHOCLES/DEPRESSOR - split EP

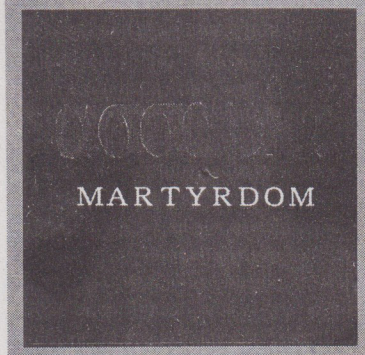
The Belgian dinosaurs return once again for what has got to be among their best releases yet. These three Mince-Core tracks were recorded in 1998, and who knows where they have been released before, but they shred, and are not victims of the horrific recordings that so often plague AGATHOCLES records. If AGATHOCLES always sounded this good, I might own more of their 8,495 releases. DEPRESSOR, the San Francisco grind band whom no one seems to know much about, deliver more quality crust/grind which improves on their stuff I have heard in the past (the hip hop track is a nice touch as well). A great rant about voting on their side too...not what I would have expected. I admittedly did not expect much from this record, and now I will sit down to eat my words. (WN)
(Dental, PO Box 31697, San Francisco, CA 94131-0697)

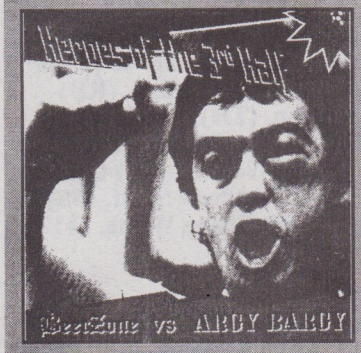
AMAZING TRANSPARENT MAN - "The Measure of All Things" CD

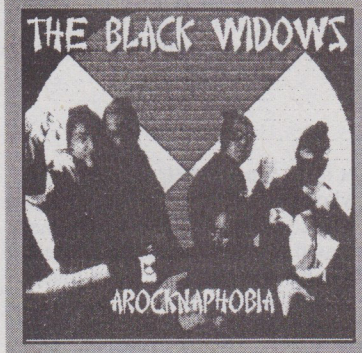
This sounds EXACTLY like BLINK 182. What the hell is the fucking point??? I thought the one redeeming quality would be the SMOKING POPES cover, but the bass is all wrong and it sounds like they got Mickey Mouse to sing. (WR)
(Springman, PO Box 2043, Cupertino, CA 95015-2043)

ASSAULT - "Martyrdom" EP

If you haven't heard Tokyo's ASSAULT yet, be forewarned....the perfect blend of traditional Japanese hardcore and modern heaviness. ASSAULT incorporates all the elements: wailing guitar







solos with feedback, screamed choruses, driving drum beats all laid above some great metallic riffs. Lyrics are pretty dark as well. See what you have been missing. (MW)
(Partners in Crime, 4507 N. Gantenbein, Portland, OR 97217)

BACKSTABBERS - "To Eleven" LP

Another great release from Dead Beat. The BACKSTABBERS have all the energy of TV KILLERS and the CATHETERS with a little of MC5 noodle and tambourine thrown in. I even detect a little SONIC'S RENDEZVOUS' "City Slang" in "Keep On." (DP)
(Dead Beat, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078, backstabbers@hotmail.com)

BEERZONE/ARGY BARGY - "Heroes of the 3rd Half" EP

A while back, my friend Johnny "fat ass" played me the BEERZONE LP over the phone. He was cracking jokes and laughing his big baloney tits off as to how bad it was. Granted, that record was, and is, an unfortunate reality. Here BEERZONE put forth two solid tracks that sound as if the BUSINESS had a bit of a new wave influence. Not bad. ARGY BARGY kinda just float amongst the many mediocre "street punk" bands. Nothing to write home about ya know. (NF)
(D.S.S. , PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA)

BIGWIG – "An Invitation to Tragedy" CD

I really liked this band's last CD and this kicks ass too. These guys rock with melodic hardcore in the early DAG NASTY vein. Mix in a little pop punkness and the anthemic chants of AGNOSTIC FRONT. Man, this is some tight riffing and drumming. I gotta catch these guys live—they recently passed through on a name band rock club show that scared me away for once. Maybe too hard for the pop punk softies but still a great powerful melodic band. (RL)
(Fearless, 13772 Goldenwest St. #545, Westminster, CA 92683, njbigwig.com)

THE BLACK HALOS - "Sell Out Love/It's Over for You" 45

.....lord-o-mighty, this here single sucks some serious dick cheese....bar rock.....boring as they come too....I hear hints of the DEAD BOYS, but the DEAD BOYS had style.....there is no style here....nothing strange happening at all....rock by the numbers....(SW)
(Safty Pin, Po Box 51241, 28080, Madrid, Spain; arrakises/-saftypin)

BLACK STAR BRIGADE - "Coming Thru the Airwaves" EP

Tuneful mix-up of pissed Rodent Popsicle-style Boston Punk and middle career SWINGIN' UTTERS. Maybe even a down-to-earth version of the good RANCID songs. The song writing occasionally gets a bit clumsy during the verses but the choruses kick down doors with anthemic fun. Fun...I seem to vaguely remember that. (TH)
($4ppd: Cutthroat, 8918 Greiner, Houston, TX 77080)

BLACK WIDOWS - "Arocknophobia" CD

I guess that's what became of the SATELLITERS' black hoods: they passed them on to the BLACK WIDOWS (who, to a man, dress like the RIP OFFS circa '94—are you listening, Shane?). Points lost for referencing that terrible early '90s Jeff Daniels movie in the title, points gained for their catchy and listener-friendly hybrid of '60s instro and frat soundtrack rock 'n' roll raunch. The tagline reads, simply, "all instrumental, all original, all evil", which is a neat summation of their three-point program. Extra, extra points gained for the song titles "My Least Favorite Martian", "Rasputin's Holiday" and "Fellini Raygun". Now, you'll have to excuse me—I'm off to a birthday party. (JH)
(Vital Gesture, PO Box 46100, Los Angeles, CA 90046, vitalgesture@hotmail.com)

BLITZKRIEG - "The Future Must Be Ours" CD

This appears to be a rerelease of this late-'80s / early-'90s English hardcore punk band. Yes, hardcore punk. Very aggressive and political, but never macho or without structure. The singer reminds of Duane Peters mixed with the singer from ANGER MEANS, with the music more along the lines of later BATTALION OF SAINTS. The result is some burly, albeit forgettable music. (RD)
(45 Revolutions, PO Box 2568, Decatur, GA 30031)

BLUE COLLAR SPECIAL - "Had Enough of You" EP

Destroy All Records from Los Angeles has a polished pop-punk five song EP for you happy-go-lucky young punkers. BLUE COLLAR SPECIAL has spunky vocals with sing-a-long parts for the band members that might appeal to the punk-rock-lite crowd that follows ONE MAN ARMY or RANCID. This is entertaining enough but leans too much to the safe melodic pop side for any real punk nastiness to emerge. (BR)
(Destroy All Music, 3818 Sunset Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90026)

BOMBS AWAY - "Into Darker Days" 12"

I started salivating (not literally) when Mike told me that both Will from TALK IS POISON and Dyanne from HARUM SCARUM are in this band. And...OH GOD!!! It rocks twice as hard as I thought it would. It actually sounds very similar to TALK IS POISON if they had the tumor that is HARUM SCARUM growing inside them, and if they had a different drummer who digs blast beats and all that good stuff. So just trust me that you will rock out to this. To be totally honest, the only thing that gets to me is that the lyrics are all about how fucked everything is. I don't have a problem with that, I just wonder what they think about besides the fact that everything is going to shit. (WR)
($6ppd: PO Box 11046, Portland, OR 97211)

BONES - "Six Feet Down and Two Fingers Up" 10"

These German punk rockers do a pretty good job of it. With a greaser DEVIL DOGS meets the MISFITS attitude and enthusiasm, the six songs here kind of kick ass. Nothing original but still quality. (RL)
(I Used To Fuck People Like You In Prison, Bruckstr, 42-44, 44135 Dortmund, GERMANY, info@peoplelikeyou.de)

BONES/DAYBREAK BOYS - split EP

If I said two Gearhead bands from Sweden and Germany on one record, you would probably skip straight ahead to the next review, but it seems that every time a Swedish band farts—it sounds better than when an American band farts. I should hate the BONES (I certainly would if they came from San Francisco solely based on their diabolical tattoos and hair-dos...) but they manage to completely miss the fairway that is crappy rockabilly shit and land squarely in the rough sounding "Tatty Seaside Town" MEMBRANES meets SOCIAL D. I know what you're thinking, but trust me they're good. The DAYBREAK BOYS are more what you would expect though still don't induce the dry-heaving like their fashionably challenged American brethren. Sweden 2, Germany 1. This is a surprisingly good sounding record on the charmingly named *I Used To Fuck People like You In Prison Records* (please, I beg of you—send me a shirt.) Now I gotta split, I have to go get my naked-chick-with-big-boobs-and-devil-horns tattoo finished and then work on my motorcycle some before picking up my girlfriend from the strip-joint. (AD)
(I Used To Fuck People Like You in Prison, Brueckstr, 42-44, 44135 Dortmund, GERMANY, info@peoplelikeyou.de, peoplelikeyou.de)

BORN DEAD ICONS - "Salvation on the Knees" LP

The two-guitar hardcore attack of these Montreal punks will have you on your knees pleading for salvation by the time the needle hits the second song. At times they remind me of SEEIN' RED—I think it's the vocals, because they don't really sound like them, although they are also well matched in sheer intensity—with two guitars, they get to explore different melodic territory. That sounds wanky now that I've typed it, but really, they use both guitars to add an extra layer of power, not just to embellish their songs with solos. They are brutal and catchy at the same time. Another band doing something creative with hardcore. Now go out and track this record down. (AM)
(Partners In Crime, 4507 N. Gantenbein, Portland, OR 97217, apt202@hotmail.com)

BUILDING ON FIRE - "Blueprint for a Space Romance" CD

A few years ago I would have gone apeshit for this disc. It's solid modern hardcore with all the predictable (almost death) metal parts, the fast hardcore parts, the head bobbing steady rock parts, the kinda emotional singing vocals every so often...you know the drill. It's dirtier than something you might find on Hydra Head, but you get the general idea. Don't get me wrong, this is a fucking good record and I heartily recommend it for fans of the style, it's just a style that I have heard an awful lot from lately, and the power of the music tends to get obscured by the desire to be "different." (WN)
(Hex , 201 Maple Lane, N. Syracuse, NY 13212)

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE - "Smash it Up" EP

At first glance, there was a lot for me not to like about this EP. Mostly, I thought it was completely ludicrous for him to be putting out new versions (Parts 1-4) of the classic DAMNED song, along with three others (including "Love Song"). Well, a quick look at the sleeve reveals that all these are not new versions; all the tracks were taken from CAPTAIN SENSIBLE's original reel-to-reel demos. So, having established that this isn't just some big fraud for the Captain to get some cash, is the product any good? I'm torn. These versions are not superior versions of these songs, but they are a little different. The real value, in my estimation, is nostalgic. Sound quality is good, for the most part. (KK)
(NDN, PO Box 131471, The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471)

CAPTURE THE FLAG - "Walking Away from Everything" CD

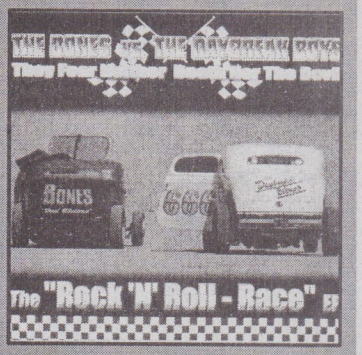
This was incredibly nice. Sugary sweet melodies played through chunky guitars with an earnest Jeff Ott ringer for a singer (heh, that rhymes). The music is FIFTEEN to a tee. (RD)
(Conquer the World, PO Box 40282, Redford, MI 48240)

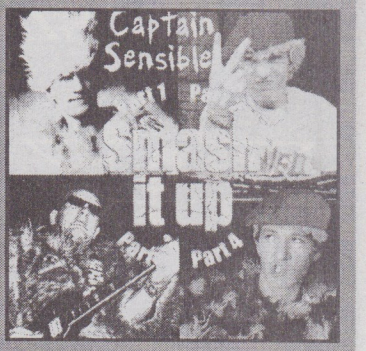
CAULFIELD - "...Sleep Tight, Ya Morons" CD

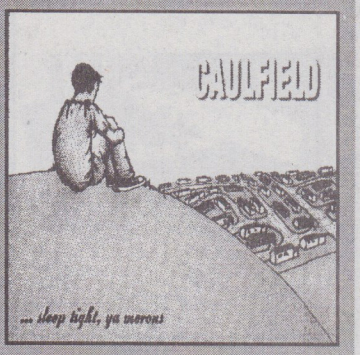
CAULFIELD is playing punk rock that is very very similar to what SCREECHING WEASEL would sound like if they were ripping off SCREECHING WEASEL. Except the singer of CAULFIELD's voice is smooth and mild, not like BEN WEASEL who had more charm and crazy good lyrics. This band is definitely one step above 95% of the SCREECHING WEASEL clones out there, but that isn't saying too much. Ow, this hurts. (WR)
(Storm, PO Box 151, Royal Oak, MI 48068)

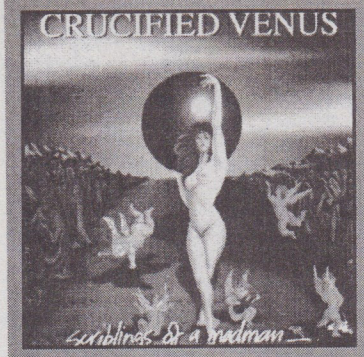
CHAOS LR - "You Might Already Be a Winner" EP

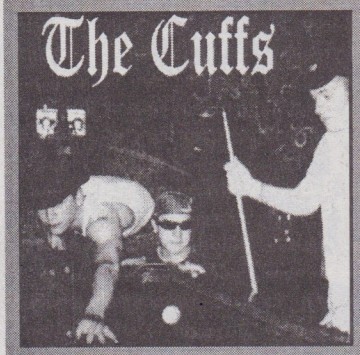
Well, first of all, I could never dislike anything that Iggy Scam takes part in. I think he is a national treasure. CHAOS LR is a punk rock band with a very bluesy-folk kind of feel, plenty of hooks, and gruff vocals. I could give SHOTWELL and the BLANK FIGHT as points of reference. This is another victory for Tennessee, for Matty Luv (who recorded this), for This Here Records (who has great records from JACK PALANCE BAND, HELLO SHITTY PEOPLE, and more), and for CHAOS LR. (WR)
(This Here!, PO Box 481, Chattanooga, TN 37401)

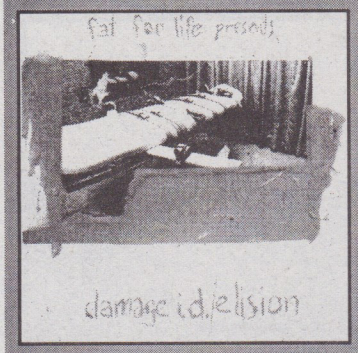












CRUCIFIED VENUS – "Scriblings of a Madman" CD

The only thing worse than their name is the cover art, which defies reason— an air-brushed depiction of a naked blue woman carrying a large orb of some sorts, a la '70s stoner van artwork. Then the misspelling in the title... this just had to get better once I put the disc in the stereo. Thankfully it did. Very rocking punk rock from Australia, upbeat and snotty, a little cheesy-guitar-wanky here and there but fun nonetheless. They appear to be influenced by old UK bands (there's a 4 SKINS cover) but I don't hear it—it sounds more like mid-late '80s American punk-metal crossover to me, weird. the lyrics are actually good and attack French nuclear testing in the Pacific (Indian?) Ocean, hunters, religion, and people who go to Bali on vacation (plus a there's strange song about seagulls). A little too rock for me. (AD)
($12 ppd Aus/$6 ppd US: 48 Gondola Rd, Narrabeen, 210 Sydney, NSW, AUSTRALIA)

THE CUFFS - "Cut Throat" EP

Melodic yet simple Oi!/street punk with a BRUISERS, NIBLICK HENBANE, DROPKICK MURPHYS, DUCKY BOYS feel to it. Not too fast, not too slow, just perfect for bobbing your head and sipping a beer. Complete with a song about remembering just those times, this is a solid single by a band I look forward to hearing more from in the future... (EM)
(Headache, PO Box 204 Midland Park, NJ 07432)

THE CUTS - LP

Wherein said group shows evidence of "maturing" since their debut EP, but (remarkably as well as thankfully) not in the pejorative (when applied to rock) sense of the term. Therein lies the pickle for yours truly as a reviewer, because most of the reference points I think applicable to this disc are likely to be misconstrued as euphemisms for a loss of "viability," which is not the case here. In brief (as these reviews are SUPPOSED to be), the CUTS have developed away from quasi-garage sensibilities and guitar crunch, assimilating some vaguely psych, folk-rock, and other influences into their own thang without losing sense of style and taste: a grower, not a shower {that's show-er, not shower}. Don't be scared off by the LP's cover, even though it might be appropriate in its way. (DD)
(Rocknroll Blitzkrieg, Box 11906, Berkeley, CA 94712, lipstickkillers.com/rnrblitz)

CZOLGOSZ - "Liberation" CD

Mid-tempo OPERATION IVY (sans overt ska parts) mixed with early SEVEN SECONDS style punk . Pretty good anarcho-punk lyrics from these Bostonians that probably has freak hater number one Jack Kelly (aka CHOKE aka MR. SLAPSHOT/STARTS AND STRIPES) spinning in his barber chair. Yep, total late '80s East Bay feel that has me bopping my head along. (MT)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

DMZ - "Live at the Rat" LP

Few records would meet with my approval on a night like this (uncomfortably warm with a record-topping smog count, Tomahawk missles flying to and fro in the Middle East, $1.75 in my bank account and very little hope of a better tomorrow). Good guess: this is one of the few that would, and it's just what the doctor ordered along with the Wellbutrin prescription and six-pack of cough syrup. The DMZ were, among other things, one of about three punk bands ever to emerge from the backwater known as Boston, Massachusetts during the halcyon days of 1976-1978...and they were only marginally punk rock in the classical sense of the term, sharing much more in common with rowdy '60s garage bands who they worshipped and emulated. *Live at the Rat* capures Jeff "Mono Man" Connoly and Co. in fine form in 1976 at Boston's premiere new wave venue, charging headlong through classics like "Lift Up Your Hood", "Ball Me Out", "Boy From Nowhere" and others that suggest these guys were really the shining lights of their hometown scene (as opposed to the REAL KIDS—apologioes). Of course, it's on Bomp, the label that brought it to you the first time around . (JH)
(Bomp, PO Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510, bomp.com)

DAMAGE I.D./ELLISON - split EP

I played the ELLISON side of this split first and was very impressed. Straight-ahead, incredibly heavy, passionate hardcore. The guitar work is slightly melodic, yet metallic, while the vocals have a sort of a PG 99 thing going. The second song is a cover of the BORN AGAINST/SCREECHING WEASEL-inspired "Janelle", which I thought was pretty cool. I brought out the BORN AGAINST version to compare and found the ELLISON version very pleasing—cranking up the intensity both in the music and in the vocals. Hell yes! I was a little disappointed with DAMAGE ID's relatively average mid-tempo chugga-chugga hardcore. It just ain't my thing. It's obvious to me that these bands must be close friends or something, because I can't really grasp the logic behind such a pairing. But ELLISON...Man, you gotta check this out! (SP)
(Fat For Life, Vjekoslav Kolenda, Gen.-Guisan-str.29, CH-6300 Zug, GERMANY, franky@thomann.de)

DARKBUSTER/TOMMY & THE TERRORS - split CD

DARKBUSTER play hard-yet-catchy fast punk with lots of breaks, harmonies, and hooks. Any band that has a song called "Danny Boy" has me immediately reaching for the cheese button, but I love this... because some bands can pull this stuff off and some can't. Best thing I've heard from Massachusetts since the VIGILANTES. Think a poppier beer-soaked DROPKICK MURPHYS. TOMMY & THE TERRORS on the other hand are more what I would expect from Rodent Popsicle, snotty and pissed. If DARKBUSTER are Guinness, then TOMMY & THE TERRORS are malt liquor. Fast spikey punk, good, but DARKBUSTER win it. As I far as I know this label hasn't put a foot wrong yet. (AD)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

THE DEDICATION - "Youth Murder Anthems" CDEP

Emo by the numbers, folks. I don't mean to sound cynical, but I have heard too many bands that sound almost identical to these folks. There's the ghost of STILL LIFE tugging at the MOSS ICON patch on their sleeve, and a dark cloud of Gravity hovers menacingly above their dyed black heads. Not to imply they are insincere, just that they are about as original as SLIPKNOT. (BG)
(Deathwish Inc, 432 Morris Ave, Providence, RI 02906)

DEFNICS - "Look at Me Mom I'm Not Dead/51 Percent"

A band reformed after 20 years. No wonder they look old...even to me! A sweet tale, something about how they were on a *Killed By Death* Comp and became inspired to play again. Sounding pretty good too, though achieving nowhere near the greatness of the original "51%" 7". Hailing from Cleveland this record at least is fun mid-tempo American pub rock type stuff. (RY)
(Smog Veil, 774 Mys #10-454, Incline Village, NV 89451)

DEL-GATORS - "Mudpit/Louisiana Hannah"

Some authentic-sounding noise from what could pass as a period '50s r&b outfit, but who most certainly aren't (given a line-up that includes an Oily Chi, Doriton Dan, and Cocobutter Khan). "Mudpit" lives up to the promise of its title and works as a treacherous romp through the cesspool. "Louisiana Hannah" is the upbeat raver that suffers from a too-distant recording and a general case of low-fi ineptitude. The singer reminds me of the PRETTY THINGS' Phil May, so I'm willing to turn a blind eye to any faults. Like. (JH)
(Sympathy for the Record Industry)

THE DIALTONES - "Playing the Beat on the Radio" EP

Right on! The DIALTONES have another fine high energy rock 'n' roll EP. Hard, fast and short says it all. (HM)
(Dead Beat, PO Box 283, LA, CA 90078)

DICTATORS – "D.F.F.D." CD

Wow, what a surprise! I ran out and saw these guys when they played a couple of years ago and thought they were great live, especially as far as reunions go. The next time round they were good but nothing special. I was worried that the novelty had worn off. Now they have a great new full length. More of their great "straight outta New York" pop metal punk. If you liked the strong *Who Will Save Rock and Roll?* 45 (which is included here), this will proof that that was no fluke. Tongue-in-cheek lyrics, rock guitars, and good production make this another great DICTATORS LP! (RL)
(Dictators Inc. thru Norton, PO Box 220-330, Brooklyn, NY 11222, TheDictators.com)

DIRT BIKE ANNIE/KUNG FU MONKEYS - "The Wedding" EP

Allright, a novelty item from two very Mutant Pop bands. They're getting married, eh? I heard KUNG FU MONKEYS are cheating on DIRT BIKE ANNIE with KUNG FU RICK. DIRT BIKE ANNIE does the cute girl/boy pop thing, along a with a song that sounds a whole lot like ATOM & HIS PACKAGE. KUNG FU MONKEYS are just playing straight up pop, and it rings the BEACH BOYS. This is pop from kids who made it through high school with their imaginations unharmed. (WR)
(Whoa-Oh, 52 McLoughlin St, Glen Cove, NY 11542)

THE DIRTY 30s - "This is Sick!" EP

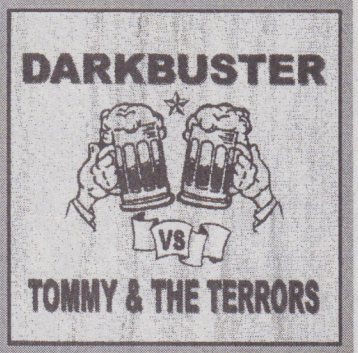
Fast crusty tunes in a kind of DISRUPT way minus the real deep vocals. The same old typical topics like police brutality, religion, animal rights, except for the anti-cigarette lyrics. Not bad. (SR)
(Social Napalm, PO Box 4073, S. Chelmsford, MA 01824-0773, geocities.com/who_cares_zine/SNhome.html)

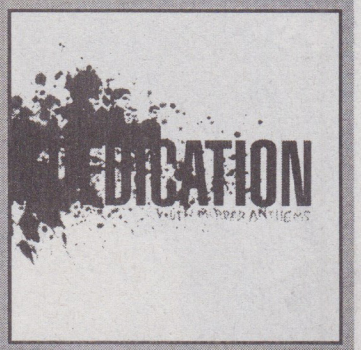
DISASTER STRIKES - CD

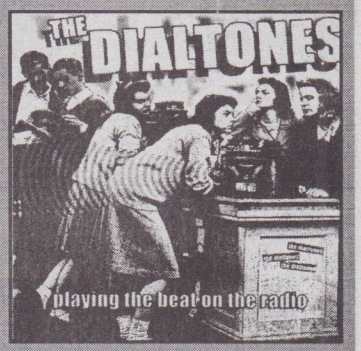
More Boston punx representing–this time with a more CHRIST ON PARADE feel. Lotsa creepy-eepy riff mixed in with fast rager parts. I can just see the blad clad legions of mayhem going nuts for these folx. Thumbs up! (MT) (Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

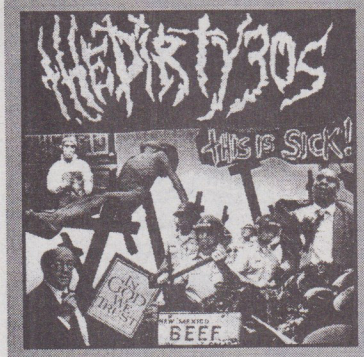
DISCARDED - "I Won't Live a Lie" CD

Lordy, lordy, lordy. I wish someone else had gotten this; someone who hasn't realized the futility of criticizing boneheaded, simplistic religious doctrine. Perusing the packaging, I came to the conclusion that they would sound like the UNSEEN, or the CASUALTIES. I never, ever expected plodding, hokey "street punk" extolling the virtues of Christ's blood and how it frees you. Now, don't get me wrong. I am much more tolerant of religion in punk et. al. than your average rocker, and *Something for Nothing* is one of the best 'zines I'll probably ever read. But their image, their music, their *lyrics* are some of the most ludicrous and cartoonish shit I've ever encountered. I mean, 9 of the 10 songs on this CD include the words "God" or "Christ." And they don't serve as thought-provoking subjects, as they well could be; no, "Ratty," "Zipper" and "Monkey" present faith as an item they're trying to sell punks on. I don't believe this. (RD)
(Legion, 11023 NE Glisan St., Portland, OR 97220)









THE DONTCARES/EXXON VALDEZ - split EP

Both these European bands rock the hell out. The DONTCARES from Sweden do it garage meets rowdy rock god style. EXXON VALDEZ tends to fly off the handle a bit more, showing a fondness for all things fast and screechy. Goddamn smashing punk rock. (RY)
(Lollipop, 7 Impasse Marsegur 13016 Marseille, FRANCE)

DOWNLOW NYHC - "Slipping from Reality" EP

I was expecting the worst, and at times I got it...but it's not as bad as I was dreading. Back Ta Basics style print-job for some NYHC style hardcore that has some melodies and raw punk-ness (is that a word?) that keeps it from slipping to just straight-up mediocrity. (MW)
(Free Spirit, PO Box 1252, Madison Sq Sta., New York, NY 10159-1252)

DRAIN BRAMAGED - "Seven Course Meal" CD

Oh, don't even get me started on the SoCal big shorts backwards cap soul patch Budweiser worship. Let's just talk about the music. Along with one sad song about the apparent suicide of a friend, there're songs about the greatness of Jerry Springer, defending cussing, just giving the homeless hot dogs and beer, and fucking your mother. Need I spell it out that this sucks? (DP)
(Know, PO Box 90579, Long Beach, CA 90809, knowrecords.com)

THE DRIPPING LIPS - "Such a Lot of Stars" EP

This record is a bit hard to pin down. Two of the songs are slow country- influenced rock songs. Most of the country influence is in the twangy lead guitar, otherwise it's just a slow rock song. The two songs that probably got the review in this magazine are garage rock tunes, one being an instrumental. They are both pretty strait forward, fuzzy guitar rock 'n' roll. The problem being that they really aren't interesting and there is this horrible bass fuzz that is most likely due to a mastering problem. (PA)
(NDN, PO Box 131471, The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471, ndnrecords.com)

EASY ACTION - "Easy Action" LP

No-nonsense, MONOMEN-style heavy garage-ish rawk that gets the job done. The gruff vocals sometimes get a quarterway to death metal-style vocals ("Cookie Monster vocals," as aficionados of the style are wont to call them), but they manage to work here (especially on the moody "All of the Time"), as does their cover of ROXY MUSIC's "If There Is Something" (not the sort of song I'd expect as the sole cover of this band's LP, but a welcome change from the umpteenth heavy cover of the SONICS). (DD)
(Reptilian, 403 S. Broadway, Baltimore, MD 21231, reptilianrecords.com)

E.T.A. - "No Faith" 12"

Hell yes! Umeå, Sweden's E.T.A. have a brilliant LP out on Deranged Records from Toronto, Ontario, Canada. This hardcore skate-fest has the fucking in-your-face shouted vocals and great guitars you might associate with some early eighties hardcore punk from DC or Southern California. The title cut, "No Faith," slows the hectic pace down a notch and might remind some punks of the MINOR THREAT song "Out of Step." The seven songs on side "B" are from various compilations, including "Sin and Satan," "Ripped to Pieces," and a CIRCLE JERKS cover, "Beverly Hills" all of which appeared on the Thrashing Records comp. This record is great! Go get it! (BR)
(Deranged, PO Box 543, Stn. P., Toronto, Ontario, M55-2T1, CANADA)

THE EXCESSORIES - "Pure Pop for Punk People" LP

The name of the album is only a partial misrepresentation. The EXCESSORIES do play pure pop—power pop. Although the powerchord progressions and fast tempos keep your toes tapping, the over-slick production makes everything sound too perfect and almost saccharine at times (read: acceptable for college radio airplay). Mentions of RICHARD HELL and the Whisky didn't convince me, though the surfish "The Earthquake Song" is the album's one sterling example of perfect pop. Something tells me this band would be a whole lot more fun live. (SS)
(Screaming Apple, Dustemichstrasse 14, 50939 Köln, GERMANY)

EXPLODERS - "New Variations" CD

Pervo punk, if you will, of the type once purveyed by Tim Yohannon's South Bay faves the DIESEL QUEENS. They EXPLODERS look all the world like TURBONEGRO's big-boned cousins, what with their form-fitting vinyl get-ups and heavy-handed approach to punk rock 'n' roll...tunes like "Put on Your Wig" and "Fifteen Dollars" deliver the noise even when they fall short of lofty artistic aspirations. Odd that a Canadian label releasing records by Canadian bands would call itself "Teenage USA", but it seems like anything's fair game these days. (JH)
(Teenage USA, PO Box 91, 689 Queen St. W, Toronto, ON M6J 1E6, teenageusarecordings.com)

FACADE BURNED BLACK/65 FILMSHOW - "10-31-00" split EP

This is a waste of vinyl. I find it difficult to believe that someone actually spent money to put this self-indulgent crap out. Both sides contain the same two tracks—a version of the MISFITS' "Halloween" by each band. FACADE BURNED BLACK turn in a pretty straightforward version while 65 FILMSHOW slow it down and churn it out. Both versions are completely disposable. Save your money and listen to the original. (AM)
(Amendment, 580 Nansemond Cres, Portsmouth, VA 23707; amendment@eudoramail.com)

FADED GREY - "Army of Kids" EP

FADED GREY plays really melodic punk rock kind of stuff. There is definitely some GORILLA BISCUITS and Youth Crew influence, but this is most of the time overshadowed by the really...err...emo-ness of it all. The vocals are moaning and there is little variation in the drumming. On a scale of 1 to 10, I'll give this a "maybe they're nice guys." I expect this kind of shit from Connecticut, but, Nevada? Who would have thought? (WR)
(Element, 23144 Cleveland, Dearborn, MI 48124)

FAST CARS - "Coming....Ready or Not!" LP

.....holy fucking shit!!!!!!.....let's fuck baby!!!!! RIGHT NOW!!!!...this record has got me CUMMING....READY OR NOT!!!!!!!!!!!!....remember that fantastic old song "The Kids Just Wanna Dance"???....well these are the motherfuckers that did it!!!!!!...yessiree, an entire LP's worth of unreleased music....a real nut-buster for sure....late '70s Manchester power-pop sons-uv-bitches....they only did one 45 back in '79.....some people have sucked their own dad's cock to obtain a rare copy.....I got mine by sucking my mother's cock....this record is 16 songs in all along with lotsa fotos and liner notes....I mean I like the BOYS, but this record is better than the BOYS....this record gets ten dicks up, for sure....(SW)
(Detour, PO Box 18, Midhurst, West Sussex, GU29 9YU; http://detour-records.co.uk)

FAT ASS - "Another Great Day In Shithole" EP

.....gee....after hearing that great FAST CARS record it's hard to take crap like this seriously.....everything I hate about a band rolled into one big glob of poopy.....Marshall Stax???...turn off.....I wouldn't suck these guys dicks 'fer all the money in the world, sister!!!!!...loud big guy bar rock....and as boring as the DWARVES too.....(SW)
(Diaphragm, PO Box 10388, Columbus, OH 43201; cringe.com/diaphram)

FINE BEFORE YOU CAME – "Cultivation of Ease" CD

You'd never know this band is from Italy, considering they sing in English and sound a hell of a lot like the GET UP KIDS. Some of this is really good and some of it is just average for the genre. I do like this for its good parts. (RL)
(Green, Via S. Francesco 60, 35100 Padova, ITALY, greenrecords.net)

FINKERS - "Fresh Set-O-Prints/Double Back & Go" 2xLP

The FINKERS are an Australian band made up of former members of PYRAMIDIACS and CRUSADERS. This is power pop, with a little too much pop and not enough power. It is radio-friendly and, frankly, it makes my teeth hurt. This music will not strike fear in your parents and, hey if it doesn't do that, it's just not worth listening to. (DP)
(Safety Pin, PO Box 51241, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, arrakis.es)

FLESHIES/VICTIMS FAMILY - split EP

Sound like the FLESHIES have been listening close to their TURBONEGRO albums. "Gonna Have to Pass" would sit pretty well with the hard rock sound of *Ass Cobra*-era TURBO, and that's a pretty swell thing in my rock 'n' roll bible. There's even a melodic guitar solo for Euroboy fans to enjoy. On the other hand, VICTIMS FAMILY's prog-metal sound has always reminded me of RUSH, but at least on this one the band's harking back to "By-Tor and the Snow Dog" and not that damn song about the maples and the oaks. (JG)
(Alternative Tentacles, P.O. Box 419092, S.F., CA 94141-9021)

FORCA MACABRE / ULSTER - split CD

Since this is only 9 songs, I don't know why this couldn't have been on vinyl. FORCE MACABRE from Finland take their cue from Brazilian thrash-metal (ala a band they did a split LP with, ARMEGGEDOM), which rules in my book. ULSTER from Brazil is legendary, and I guess are now back(?). Their tracks are fast, sloppy Brazilian raw punk in the style the old Brazil bands are known for...although a little cleaned up and polished. Not as good as their old demos but cool (especially the DISCLOSE cover). (MW)
(Rasura, CP 155, CEP 09901-970, SP BRASIL)

GAMITS – "A Small Price to Pay" CD

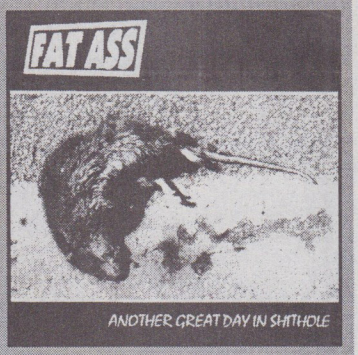
I've liked everything by this band and this seven-song release keeps that going. Pop punk that actually has a little GREEN DAY feel musically these days. Maybe it's the trio thing. If you dig the Lookout thing, check out this band for basic catchy pop punk. (RL)
(Suburban Home, PO Box 40757, Denver, CO 80204, gamits.com)

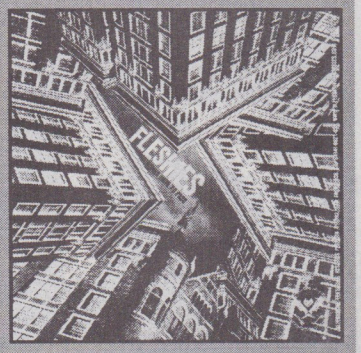
GLOOM - "Noise Attack Devastating Tokyo City" LP

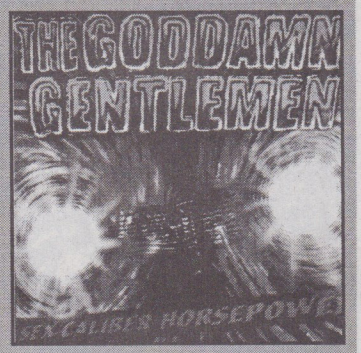
Fuck me! A live GLOOM record?! A total noisey mess of pure raw d-beat attack! All hail Gloomy Destruction Punx! For those unfamilar with GLOOM- they are the bastard children of such råpunk masters as ANTI-CIMEX and while this probably isn't the best record for a first introduction–it is pretty killer for those of you are already down for the blown out destructo Dis-core attack. Gatefold and a picture disk for those keeping score! (MT)
(MCR Company, 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913, JAPAN, dance.ne.jp/~mer)

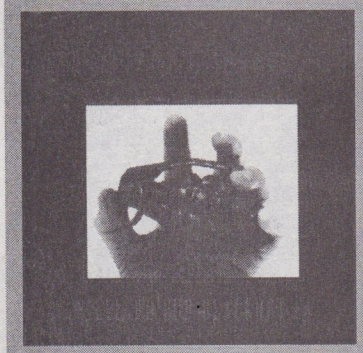
THE GODDAMN GENTLEMEN - "Sex-Caliber Horsepower" CD

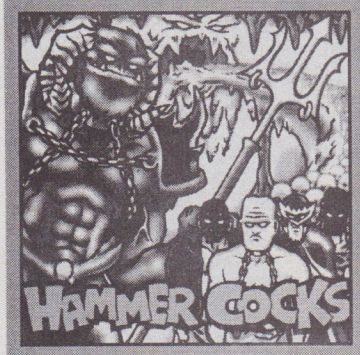
These are some sassy Portland rockers. Sometimes they get a smidge too hip for their corduroy











trousers. Could be they just need to write more songs in bars and less in coffee shops. Mostly though, I can totally get with the fast garage rock 'n' roll thing they do—it has a bit of a MULLENS feel to it. Cool songs that sound like big fun to play, and some fancy Farfisa action that honestly never once gets annoying. (RY)
(Upper Cut, 4470 Sunset Blvd #195 Los Angeles, CA 90027)

GRAFTON - CD

An ominous package contains an equally ominous CD—rough and tumble, powerful, vivid. No images of the band are included, but I picture them as four or five heavy-set bruisers with beer guts and cigarette & coffee breath. It's that type of gig, all sweat and shouting and pummelling guitars. Dusty, roadhouse fare that, to its credit, never takes a left turn off the road into dreaded Power Ballad Territory. (JH)
(Deraileur, PO Box 10275, Columbus, OH 43201, cringe.com/deraileur)

THE GRENADES - "Billiard Cue Blackout" EP

"The GRENADES are four friends with the singular goal of "playing hardcore, punk rock 'n' roll" begins the couplets that make up their mission statement enclosed with the EP's lyrics. Note that they state "hardcore, punk rock 'n' roll," not "hardcore." And how well do they perform their stated goal (which should really be "single," not "singular," from the standpoint of scansion as well as definition)? Quite well, so why not lend an ear? How many other bands have the taste to write epics about pool hustling (a better bid for being singular), after all? (DD)
($4 ppd: Back Bay Annex, PO Box 597, Boston, MA 02117-0597)

HALF EMPTIES - "Full Bore" CD

The tattoo flash art on the cover had me a little worried, but for no reason. These Sonoma boys make short work of recreating the classic '80s OC punk sound without simply being derivative. I'm talking 'bout that no-frills three-chord rock of early SOCIAL DISTORTION and AGENT ORANGE. The HALF EMPTIES burn through twelve short, fast and catchy tunes that sound like they'd be even better in a tiny dive after knocking back a few. And they throw in a sharp cover of the GEARS' "Darlin' Baby" just to show that they've done their homework.... (JG)
(Out of Step, PO Box 509, Vineburg, CA 95487, oosrecords.com)

HAMMER COCKS - CD

Here it is, this month's scum-fuck-beer-punk review. Not an issue goes by with out good ol' RY having to come up with a few new ways to describe some Confederate flag wavin', Budweiser pukin', Daisy Duke chasin' bunch of fuckos. It's one thing to be given credit by Bruce R. for being a longtime fan of LIMECELL, ANTiSEEN, and MUD CITY MANGLERS, but I tire of being the MRR spokeswoman for the whole grubby bonehead scene. That said, this band is from Texas and is better than STOOL SAMPLE but not as good as HELLSTOMPER or SPEEDEALER. (RY)
(Wolverine, Kaiserswerther Str 166, 40474 Dusseldorf, GERMANY)

HAMMERLOCK WITH THEE WHISKEY REBEL/THE DEAD KINGS split 10"

HAMMERLOCK with their guest vocalist score two direct hits with their side of countr-rock cover tunes. Great mid tempo biker bar songs...you can see the haze of smoke, and you can smell the stale Pabst. Their foray into country, MERLE HAGGARD'S classic "I Think I'll Just Stay Here and Drink," however, is a disaster. THEE WHISKEY REBEL is a great rowdy rocker, but MERLE he ain't...the vocals are weak, and they fade out half way through the two minutes of solos that make the original so great. North Carolina's DEAD KINGS play three tracks in the same vein, reminding me as much of ELVIS HITLER (but way slower) as of classic southern rock. Fans will get this anyway, but I would recommend other HAMMERLOCK releases first (WN).
(Proud To Be Idiots, 1866 McAllister, San Francisco, CA 94115)

HARUM SCARUM - "Suppose We Try" 12"

I'm more into this band in theory than practice. An all girl hardcore group that mixes CRASS style punk with early American HC and sing about important issues intelligently. This is really the kind of band that the scene could use right now. Unfortunately, the singing just doesn't hook me. Then again, I'm notoriously hard to please. They are worth checking out for their aggression and vision alone, though. (BG)
(Hex, PO Box 14284, Portland, OR 97293)

HARUM SCARUM - "Suppose We Try" 12"

While I can see where the CRASS reference comes in terms of the lyrical content, I think a musical comparison that would be more appropriate would perhaps be the WIPERS melded with something like the BRAT or the AVENGERS. Toss in the rage and angst from bands like ZOUNDS or CONFLICT and you got this record. The best thing they've done yet and I was pretty nervous considering the recent departure of their singer, Erin. (MT)
(Hex, PO Box 14284, Portland, OR 97293)

HERO DISHONEST - "Pleasure/Disgust" LP

Killer blazing hardcore from this Finnish five piece. 27 pissed tracks...imagine if KRIGSHOT got jumped by a posi band, and then they made up and decided to join forces. There is nothing here you've never heard before, it's just a solid dynamic hardcore record. Great lyrics in both Finnish and English addressing everything from socioeconomic backgrounds to objectification of women (interestingly presented in the first person). It's not all lightning fast, there aren't 5 guitar tracks, it doesn't

sound like thunder, but fuck is it good. (WN)
(Kauppakartanonkuja, 3 F 70, 00930 Helsinki, FINLAND)

HOPE/CUNT 'N' BANANAAZ - split EP

Sheer chaotic Japanese brutality on both sides. Strangely enough, the bizarrely named CUNT 'N' BANANAAZ are the most straightforward sounding, with deep, sludgy, ultra fast hardcore. HOPE are still hardcore, but with a warped twist of MELT BANANA, BOREDOMS damage. (AM)
(Nuclear BBQ Party, c/o George Lopez, 3816 E. Dozier St, Los Angeles, CA 90063, nuclearbbq@hotmail.com)

IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS/ MATCHING NUMBERS - split EP

I figure the reason I really like the IMMORTAL LEE COUNTY KILLERS is because they sound just like CHEATER SLICKS. Well almost, they are missing the great CHEATER SLICKS guitar sound, but the singer sounds very similar and the music is trashed out and very rhythmic is a cool, monotonous way. MATCHING NUMBERS go for a more southern rock type garage sound, although they are from Sweden. Driving rock with lethargic vocals, that's pretty catchy. (CK)
(Chicken Ranch, PO Box 340262, Austin, TX 78734, howdy@chickenranchrecords.com)

IN CONTROL - "Another Year" LP

I really liked their first EP because it was raw...I had hope that they would keep it raw and energetic...but this LP is way too watered down for me. It starts with a bad metal riff, and proceeds to play modern day hardcore ala BRIDGE 9. Some good lyrics here and there, the best being an anti-tough dancing song entitled "Wake Up." From what I know, they are nice guys who are sincere, but this LP is just too much of the same. I really wanted to like it too.(MW)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

INTELLIGENCE - "Girlfriends and Boyfriends" EP

Wacked damage from the label that brought you the amazing A-FRAMES debut. Five songs of aggro shit-rock with their brains around their ankles. Title track and "I Fall to Pisces" are pure energy and tension-release that thrills to the bone. Well, if atonal garbage is yer bag, that is. Ten years from now everyone will be paying huge sums for TEAR IT UP and Lengua Armada stuff just like they do for NEGATIVE APPROACH records today. Well, people pay huge sums for the art-punk of the early '80s too and this record is the new century's *Our Solar System* so far. (RW)
(Dragnet, no address)

IRRELEVANT - "Reflecting and Refracting" CD

The wagon is in town and everyone better jump on now before the kids decide that their tired of it. Yes it's the hardcore/emo with melody (note the sarcasm in my voice). I even feel bad explaining it in this way because it completely misrepresents hardcore and emo. At times the vocalist tries to sing but it is mostly a mix of screaming and yelling (ya there's a difference) with melodic backing vocals. The music is usually fast, often in a Fat Wreck, melodic sort of way, with some chunky breakdowns and some more emotional breakdowns. The recording and production is good there just isn't anything about the music that would enable you to tell them apart from the many other bands that are doing this sort of thing now. (PA)
(Resist, PO Box 372, Newton, NSW 2042, AUSTRALIA, irrelevant@start.com.au)

JACK PALANCE BAND - "Get This Shit Under Way" CD

Cool melodic 'core stuff outta Florida, earnest and driving with a real knack for a hook. These guys thread on familiar territory yet still sound pretty convincing and forceful. Imagine an even more gruff JAWBREAKER with more classic pop-anthemic sensibilities and the combination could be pretty cool as demonstrated here. All the tunes are a joyous blast from beginning to end. A band bristling with the good stuff. (JY)
(ADD, PO Box 8240, Tampa, FL 33674)

J CHURCH - "Leni Riefenstahl's Tinder Box" EP

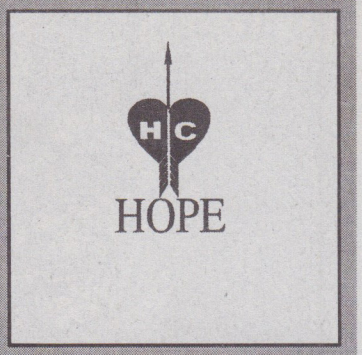
A three song EP with one track from their last LP, one track in the early J CHURCH vein, and an acoustic NEIL YOUNG cover. As far as EP's from the J mob go, this is just okay and probably only for J CHURCH completists. (RL)
(Love Boat c/o Andrea Pomini, Casella Postale 215, 10064 Pinerolo, Torino, ITALY)

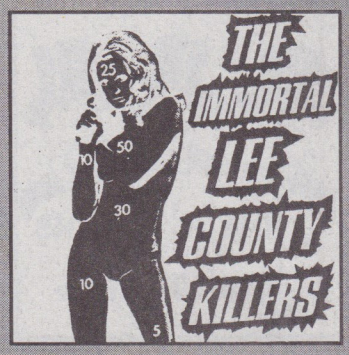
JERKY TURKEY/THE STEVE MCQUEENS - split EP

As part of our ongoing efforts to bring superior punk rock to the entire world, we at *MRR* sent an operative (let's call him "Jon Von") over to France a year or so ago to see if he could infiltrate their scene and somehow teach the French how to make good punk rock. Well, if JERKY TURKEY is any indication, "Jon Von" is doing a fine job. Catchy French punk rock that is not only seriously catchy, but seriously good. While France has been a bit of a problem over the years, Germany has not. The STEVE MCQUEENS deliver two solid punk 'n' roll cuts, as you'd expect from these cats. An excellent split EP that will force me to make a trip to Amoeba this afternoon. (KK)
(Lollipop, 7 Impasse Morségur, 13016 Marseille, FRANCE)

JERRY SPIDER GANG - "Dope Takin' Kamikazes" LP

These Frenchies are going to remind you why you dug the HELLACOPTERS and all those other Scandinavian bands in the first place. It was because they took the raw fuzz and crunch of the





James Williamson STOOGES, combined it with the hard riff-rock smarts of early KISS and MOTORHEAD, added the retarded wah-wah guitar solos of Ron Asheton, and filtered it all through a pre-hardcore American punk rock sensibility. So yeah, it's old, it's tired, it's been done before... but it still sounds fuckin' great with a six-pack or three, esp. if "high-energy rock 'n'roll" means more to you than just rock-crit shorthand. And this album is one of the better ones I've heard in a while. The covers of the RAMRODS' "I'm a Ramrod" and TURBONEGRO's "Toodlepip Fuck!" are just icing on the cake. (JG)
(Safety Pin, PO Box 51241, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, arrakis.es/~safetypin)

JOHN BROWN'S ARMY/REAGAN SS - split EP

This is JBA's second thing since the split EP with CURTAINRAIL last year. The art is care of Matt Average, and hence it's an attractive piece of action, and the production is up to par. Nate Wilson's hollow vocals dominate the sound, belting the sparse fragments of words. It's good shit. REAGAN SS? Of course you love the name, and believe me, you'll love the jacket. This is really good and raucous shit, with that bordering-on-losing-control energy, like a dash of CRUCIFUCKS. The lyrics are generally good, but I gotta say, the naive condemnation of addicts in "Taste the Rich Flavor" is a typical disappointment. I'm not saying you gotta be emo, but the superiority complex here brings me down. (AC)
(Gloom, PO Box 14253, Albany, NY 12212)

JUMPIN' BEANS & THE MOUSTACHES/ SOMEBODY AND THE SOMETHINGS - split 45

I liked this one the minute I picked it up. The cover has three cartoon men wearing top hats and monocles. I take out the record to find that the cover is just two pieces of paper cut to approximately 7" size. The other piece has a drawing of two boys watching an abstract looking dancing girl. It looks like a picture you draw during class when you have too much time and add too many details so it looks cluttered. The record label is written in ball point pen. "Long Haired Genius" by SOMEBODY & THE SOMETHINGS is a trashy old style punk rock tune about being the son of a ROLLING STONE. It's very catchy. JUMPIN' BEANS & THE MOUSTACHES do "Outta Peanut Butter", an incredible song. Loud, trashy '60s style with the feedback on full throttle. This is one fantastic record. (CK)
(10 Autherland Ct, 203 Albion Rd, Stoke Newington, London N16 9JT, UK)

LIFE SET STRUGGLE - "We're Fucked" EP

Fast skatepunk with anti-society, angst-fueled lyrics. The general sentiment of the whole package is something I can definitely relate to. I didn't even mind the skating-related songs. Ripping thrash, as the kids used to never say. Great stuff. (AM)
(Element, 23144 Cleveland, Dearborn, MI 48124, lifesetsk8core@yahoo.com)

KAAOS - "Ismit" 10"

Several of the Finnish bands that stuck around or got back together aren't doing us very many favors with their present output. KAAOS meets the test of longevity. If I were told this was a new band's first release, I would be stuffing bills into an envelope immediately for my own copy. Doomsday production that has the vocals the slightest bit removed while the guitars wail and pull leads through a nuclear winter. Thick hardcore punk that sounds even thicker and angrier with the terse tone of the Finnish language. There are even a few slowdowns to please the druid/pagan punks listening to AMEBIX and ANTISECT down on Zendik Farm. (TH)
(Fight, Hikivuorenkatu 17 D 36, 33710 Tampere, FINLAND)

KOBAYASHI - "Polizei" EP

God, it always amazes me how nice the packaging and print quality of European records are. The music on this German release doesn't fail either— melodic, political hardcore (handy bilingual German/English lyric sheet) with a very DIY feel to it. Stick ICONOCLAST, VERBAL ASSAULT, and 7 SECONDS (*The Crew* era) in a blender, and you'd end up with something sounding pretty damn similar to this. (AS)
(Skuld, Malmsheimerstr. 14, 71272 Renningen, GERMANY)

KOHU-63 - "Nelälla Vousikymmenellä, Kahdella Vousituhannella" CD

Well here's an old Finnish band that I'm quite embarrassed to say I don't know much about, so it's off to the record library for me. Seems they've put out a slew of EPs, two LPs and several comp appearances. Totally kick ass street punk that makes my straight edge ass wanna buy a round for the boys down at the pub. Sorta reminds me of LAMA or SLIME (though that probably doesn't help a lot of you–just think über catchy, fast yet melodic punk). Hell after blasting through a pile of their oldies, I'd almost reckon to say that they've improved with age and could hold their own in a street fight with any of the Finnish young pups like WASTED. Start writing now kids! (MT)
(Stay Free, c/o Eric Pechanda, Insinoorinkatu 84 C44, 33720 Tampere, FINLAND)

KOHU 63 - "Merry Christmas, Vladimir" CD

Here are the singles from 1989-1991 from our old Finnish punk friends. Sixteen fast songs with lots of guitar and lyrics you can't understand for you to sing a long with! Comes with a patch. Nice. (SR)
(Stay Free, c/o Eric Pechanda, Insinoorinkatu 84 C44 ,33720 Tampere, FINLAND)

LAST CHANCE / FALLAS DEL SISTEMA - split EP

LAST CHANCE from Ft. Smith flat out rule...mix some LIFE'S BLOOD with some COP OUT....ripping. Plus they have toured more places and taken more risks than your band with 10 LPs out ever has. 5 songs...all ripping. FALLAS DEL SISTEMA from Mexico offer up two songs of dual vocal anarcho-raw punk that is awesome. Their song "Mercenaries of Death" is fucking about as punk as you can get in 2001. Cool silk screened cover and tons of inserts as well.(MW)
($3ppd: Jason Garvey, 13506 Heritage Pl, Ft. Smith, AR 72916)

DAN MELCHOIR'S BROKE REVUE - "Heavy Dirt" LP

Two limeys from the island of bad teeth paired up with two mustached rednecks from the alligator-infested swamp lands of Florida turn out some bluesy lo-fi tunes, some complete with slide guitar and harmonica. I can dig this, it's got a raw sound that kinda reminds me of the PRETTY THINGS, STANDELLS, or early KINKS. Honestly, I've yet to hear a record that Dan Melchior plays on that I don't like, this is no exception. Good shitz. (AS)
(In The Red, 118 W. Magnolia Blvd, PO Box 208, Burbank, CA 91506, intheredrecords.com)

MICKY & THE SALTY SEA DOGS - "Fresh Fish" EP

Taking some time of from his milk delivery route, Mickey Hampshire (late of the MILKSHAKES) again graces the world with his golden vocalizations over some brilliant (if slightly muffled sounding) beat-style rock and roll. Although it seems an odd choice to put the slow song as the lead off track, what do I know? Only that many try, but few deliver like this. (DD)
($4.50 ppd; SmartGuy, 3288 21st St. #32, San Francisco, CA 94110, smartguyrecords.com)

THE MILES APART - "Between You and the Driving Rain" CD

Very European sounding, produced pop-punk. Almost slick in a MEGA CITY FOUR type of way. Very high, yearning-sounding vocals combined with a pretty tight punk-rock backing. Appeals to the pop purist in me but does sound off "wimp" alarms as well. What's a pop-based record reviewer to do? Nothing that original and only three songs here but they do have their pop moments, if that's important to you. (JY)
(Green, Riviera Mugnia 32, 35100 Padova, greenrecords.net)

MINOR DISTURBANCE - "Don't Tell Me What Is Right" CD

This is a pretty classic example of punk rock coming from males in their mid thirties who forgot why punk rock was so exciting in the first place, and forgot what they liked about it. A lot of them ended up getting jaded, got married and moved to Foster City. The rest of them had already drank too much beer, and continued playing MISFITS covers and creating really embarrassing CDs with pixilated full color inserts and lyrics about getting drunk. I'm sorry it had to come to this. (WR)
(Run and Hide, PO Box 35094, Philadelphia, PA 19128)

THE MISTREATERS - "Personal Space Invader" EP

The MISTREATERS play dirty, garage punk rock with MC5 and STOOGES influences. They're doing it competently enough I suppose, but I guess in these dismal times I personally need a lot more to get me going. (NF)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125 Bellingham, WA 98227)

MORNINGSIDE - "...From Two Graves Back" CD

Rapped vocals, psuedo MISFITS style lyrics (and "whoas!"), with weak ass wannabe SHEER TERROR parts. Ugghh! Why me? Sorta of like a horrific DEAD MILKMEN, had they come of age in the '90s. Another argument against CDs–you just don't see stuff like this on vinyl. (MT)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

MUNICIPAL WASTE - "Ammunition" EP

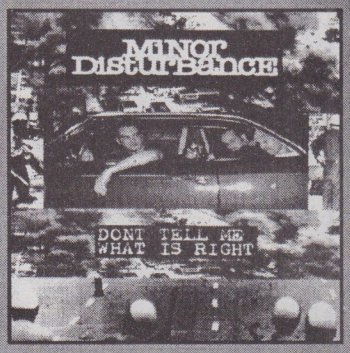
Rough, raw hardcore from Virginia that has the great combination of being quick, yet staying intelligible enough you can follow along. Great breaks, shouted choruses, and a affinity for thrashing. Sounds older than it is, which is often a good thing. Nice dripping letters! That's a style I miss! (Just kidding.) (TM)
(Amendment, 580 Nansemond Crescent, Portsmouth, VA 23707)

MUTINY - "Lucifer's Mob" EP

I do believe this is a Euro-press of the MUTINY EP I reviewed last month...but damned if I can find it among the zillions of new EPs that came in during the last few months. Fast, energetic youth crew from Denver...with enough hooks to keep it posi, but enough rawness to keep it punk. You should check it out if you are tired of the same-old over-produced '88 stuff that is huge these days. (MW)
(Not Just Words c/o Jan Evenhuisstraat 16-1, 8923 EG Leeuwarden, NETHERLANDS)

MURDERED MINORITY - "Calls of Reason" 10"

MM's packaging and feel reminds me of a lot of recent European peace punk (one German band in particular, but I can't place the name). Their ingredients are contrived rhymes, deadpan, CONFLICT-inspired anarcho-animal lib politics, and the liberal use of churchy instruments like bells. Musically, I like this a lot—it begins haunting and moody, and picks up to a serious pace. The drumming is especially impressive. With only four songs and filler, this probably would better as a 7", but I'd pick it up, black and white politics and all, for "Shaking the Chains" on side A. (AC)
(Murdered Minority, PO Box 158185, Nashville, TN 37215)



NAKED 'N' HAPPY - "...and Friends Live at I'X" CD

Of course this is a semi confusing setup all written in French, so I'll give it an olde college try. NAKED 'N' HAPPY sing in English, but write in French or sent us the French version of this CD. They either play versions of four other bands' songs or they collaborate with those bands on eight of the twenty tunes on this CD. These folks got the live arena ska/punk sound down. I guess it's because it is live. I hear AAA, CITIZEN FISH, THE VOODOO GLOW SKULLS and they do a decent version of an OPERATION IVY tune. (HM)
(Dare To Care, daretocarerecords@hotmail.com)

NAHENDE VERNICHTUNG - "Vertigo" EP

You want to hear a punk fucking rock record? Look no further; this is European hardcore at it finest. Straight forward, no breakdowns to speak of, great political lyrics, awesome stuff. Reminds me a bit of REACT (I know, they aren't from Europe) or maybe UNHINGED. The guitar solo on "Rules" is fucking fantastic. It's thick and burly, this shit will grow studs on yer back...get this. (WN)
(St-Andreaslaan 63, 8730 Beernem BELGIUM, nahendevernichtung2@pi.be)

NECROS - "Bootleg" LP

I hate bootlegs...they suck. I'm sorry. This contains the *Conquest* LP, their 3 good EPs and comp tracks. Of course this is good. But if the people really wanted to release something good, they could have actually found the members and asked them if they could have done it. No insert, no info whatsoever, and this kid is running all the way to the bank (European bank that is). (MW)
(no address)

THE NERVES - "25th Anniversary" 10"

This is a re-release of some songs by this band from LA from the "1977 rock invasion." They sound like British rock from the '60s like the BEATLES. Minimal guitar and drums, simple and catchy. (JT)
(Penniman, PO Box 32142, 08080 Barcelona, SPAIN, pennimanrecords.com)

NICE AND EASY - "Sold Out" CD

All hail the return of the legend, the man, Daryl Smith. From COCKSPARRER to ARGY BARGY and more... Smith just won't give up. Thank god. This record comes out of years of practice and perseverance in bringing punk rock high quality criticisms of power, giving the kids motivation to keep the movement strong; creating an empowered future by living for today. The lyrics are extremely well written, and the music is excellent as well. It's no *Shock Troops* or *Runnin' Riot '84*... but realistically, is anything? If you are a fan COCKSPARRER, STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, the ADICTS, or basically just UK punk in general, do yourself a favor and buy this! (EM)
(DSS, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA, dss.at)

THE NIPS - "Only the End of the Beginning" LP

A live bootleg of Shane MacGowan's late '70s band. No information given as to when it was recorded. They manage to do most of the songs from their singles so I guess it must have been recorded in 1980. There are three non-single songs included which sound so bad with a lot of popping and cutting out; "Love to Make You Cry" is a "Summertime Blues" ripoff, "Hit Parade" dedicated to the CLASH and SEX PISTOLS and "Can't Say No", introduced as a progressive, psychedelic type rocker. These tracks may please the completist, but there is no way I'd want to listen to these again. (CK)
(Soho)

OUTRAGE - "To Terrorize Ear and Mind" EP

OUTRAGE make it real clear that they are all about DIY and their recording more than enough proof. I found the tracks here to be really lo-fi and somewhat difficult to listen to with such massive amounts of treble. The music shifts from long sludged-out mosh-metal breakdowns, to quiet "introspective" parts, and even to the occasional fast part. This reminds me a little of DRIFT or maybe even a faster, more raw version of URANUS. All in all this is a good release but it definitely needs a few things to put it over the top. (SP)
(Day One, Kapelstraat 56, 2275 Lille, BELGIUM)

OVER MY DEAD BODY - "Rusty Medals and Broken Badges" LP

OVER MY DEAD BODY, who seem to have captured the Bay Area right now with their sweatshirts that have pictures of little sXe goblin guys, play some version of hardcore. It is too melodic to be angry, too lame to be urgent, and too slow to be good. No, all irrational comments aside, I just don't like it. It's just sluggish and the vocals are almost never screamed with the intensity that I'm craving, and the drums sound like they were tuned for a MEATLOAF record. (WR)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

PAGENINETYNINE - "Document #8" 10"

A few years back, I saw PG 99 at Mission records and was completely floored. I became an instant convert and even went all the way to San Jose to see them again the next night. When one analyzes their "documents" you can see that they just keep getting better and better. I thought "Document #7" was awesome...but fuck, this is even better. This band just keeps impressing and progressing, bringing new elements and new hooks into their songs, without being like o-so-many other bands who seem to travel too far down the road of experimentation. PG 99 knows what the kids want to hear. They have their discordant moments, but just when you are about stop staring at the record going round and

round, they come at you full-throttle with the unexpected. One thing I love most about PG 99 is that they don't confine themselves to the whole elitist scream aesthetic that most bands with this sound exclusively subscribe to; they play with NOOTHGRUSH and ENEMY SOIL for gods sake! In closing I would just like to mention that, once again, we find me, the lowly reviewer, without a review copy of the best record of the month. Dammit! (SP)
(The Electric Human Project, 500 S. Union St., Wilmington, DE 19805, go.to/theehp)

PAIN - "Jabberjaw" CDEP

The name says it all. I am in pain here. Kill me. Kill me please. This bull shit ska with annoying... *everything*. I really don't know whom I've been pissing off lately but I'm sorry. I won't do it again. Just make the bad CD's stop. No wonder, this is on Springman. I really hate this label. Who ever runs it is easily impressed. If anyone wants this copy it's in the trash underneath the desk... in pieces. (BM)
(Springman, PO Box 2043, Cupertino, CA 95015-2043, spingmanrecords.com)

PAINTBOX - "Cry of the Sheeps" CD

Fucking weird. The last PAINTBOX CD was so metal it was very difficult for me to listen to it. Now, on this three song CD, they open up with an extremely BILLY JOEL or FLEETWOOD MAC influence. Something about the vocal delivery and hooks really remind of the theme song to *Bosom Buddies* or several songs on *Rumours*. I prefer those influences to SLAYER any day, so I recommend trading in the last CD and getting this one. Overall, still amped up and fully produced Japanese fury, but tempered with the pop of Gainesville, Florida. (TH)
(HG Fact, Nakano Shinbashi-M 105, Yayoi-cho 2-7-15, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013, JAPAN)

PAUSE - "Prozak Nation" CD

Finnish hardcore from a band who never seem to hit their stride. It's aggressive, noisy and loud in all the right places, but doesn't seem to leave me with any great impression. The short lyrics make me think they'd work the repetition (a la DISCHARGE or the like), but the songs instead meander without ever really arriving. Oh well. (TM)
(Stay Free Underground, c/o Jore, Insinoorinkatu 58 A2, 33720 Tampere, FINLAND)

THE PATTERN - "Immediately" 12"

Six cuts by the band that is constantly being billed as all-star veteran East Bay punk rockers. While this billing seems a little unwarranted, and probably annoys more than just a handful of people, I really do find myself liking their music. It's catchy punk rock with pop tendencies and whiny vocals (in a good way). It's well put together. It's good. It looks to me like three of the six cuts have previously appeared on 7" records. This shit's from Oakland, baby, not Berkeley. (KK)
(Wichita, PO Box 277544, London E5 OFP, UK)

PIEDMONT CHARISMA - "Red, Black, Kakhi" EP

Neat, tidy synth-punk that could've made the cut on the old Subterranean label circa 1981. The guitars keep busy, the singer is bored and hyper at the same time and the synth washes over like liquid sandpaper and makes it all better. (RW)
(19 Osborne Rd, Asheville, NC 28801, bitguit@aol.com)

PIRANHAS - "Isolation" EP

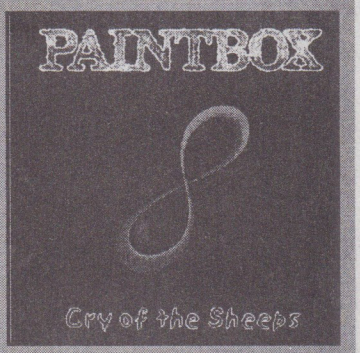
It's all a haze. I seem to remember this band from the bright, joyful days of 1998 or '99, when every trip to the liquor store was an adventure and exciting sounds still presented themselves to willing ears. *Ah,* memories, bruises, permanent scars. So very much has changed since then...the PIRANHAS, however, still thrill and turn out prime noise that grabs me by the collar and shakes. Unlike their excellent debut 7" and follow-up12", I sense an influence of James Chance/The CONTORTIONS at their No Wave best here: sounds are more jagged and fragmented, less certain. Kicks and punches alternate with building tension. Guitars squeal, voices break. They're following a twisted road musically, but I'm following closely, as always. Another fine release from a discriminating label. (JH)
(Rock 'n' Roll Blitzkrieg, PO Box 11906, Berkeley, CA 94712)

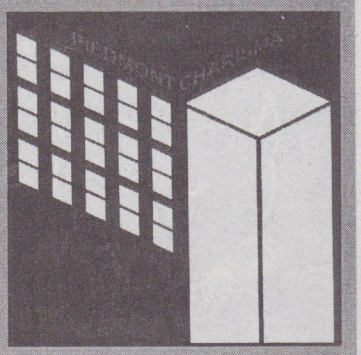
PIREXIA/XIOLA BLUE - split EP

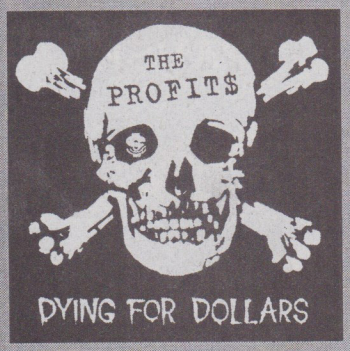
PIREXIA from Uruguay are great! Two rockin' more mellow punk tunes with an '80s feel that make you want to dance. You can definitely hear a ZOUNDS influence on the second song. The other side is XIOLA BLUE from Argentina with three well played dancing ska tunes. Not my favorite, but played well. All songs are in Spanish. (SR)
(Darbouka, 17 Rue De La Foret, 67340 Menchhoffen, FRANCE)

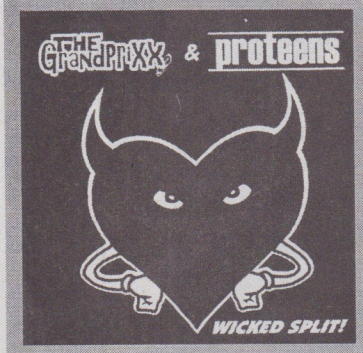
PUBLIC TOYS - "Rock 'n' Roll Parasites" 10"

This is the best Punk release to have come out of Germany since OXYMORON's "Fuck the 90's!" Marble Purple Vinyl and twenty inches of amazing and unique punk rock 'n' roll. I am under the impression that they are no longer... but shit, I'd give my both my little toes to see these guys live! The CD version has a few bonus tracks that, in my opinion, make it worth buying both, but regardless, this album is a must for anyone who has ever owned a street punk album. And what a way to kick it off: "I believe in Adolf Hitler, I believe in Jesus Christ... I believe all the propaganda, I believe all the lies!" (EM)
(I Used to Fuck People Like You in Prison, Bruckstr, 42-44, 44135 Dortmund, GERMANY, info@peoplelikeyou.de)









THE PROFIT$- "Dying for Dollars" EP

Right fucking on! Kick ass hardcore/street punk from Boston about topics more poignant today as ever before. This album provides a wonderful soundtrack to the obnoxious sight of 95% of the USA flipping through the bullshit media hype about why we should all just sit idly by flying our flags while Bu$h fucks the Islamic world in the ass with his SuperCapitalist hot poker. In the veign of CRASS and other left wielding voices of truth, The PROFIT$ see through the lies and try and help you do the same. So, if you think this *is* a "War on Terrorism," wake the fuck up and buy this record. (EM)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143 Boston, MA 02134)

PROTEENS/GRANDPRIXX - "Wicked Split!" split EP

Maybe I'm getting old but this really doesn't move me like it did a while ago. F-n *MRR* has made me a jaded old man. I supposed this isn't that hard to listen to, it's not like I'm cringing out of pain, but I'm not exactly shiting my pants either. The PROTEENS do sweet guy pop punk about girls. The GRANDPRIXX do songs about girls and complaining. I dunno. I'm thinking this whole pop punk thing needs to stop. Not forever, but maybe just for a little while so when it starts up again it will be a breath of fresh air. It's so simple to blame SCREECHING WEASEL and the QUEERS for spawning all of these mediocre bands, but I'm going to blame Floyd (Mike said if there is a problem this month just blame Floyd). Seriously, my official stance on this just because you like a band a whole lot doesn't mean you should start a band in hopes of sounding like them. This is not a knock on either band here, it's just an observation on the entire genre. (BM)
(Whoa Oh, 52 McLoughlin St., Glen Cove, NY 11542, hoaohrecords@aol.com)

PSYCHOTIC REACTION - "Last Train to Nowhere" CD

PSYCHOTIC REACTION are a spikes, safety-pin-and-plaid-wearing oi band. They have a few songs about police oppression and war, but for the most part the theme here is TV causes violence, girls lie and cheat, and getting drunk and fighting is good. The music has a generic street punk sound that doesn't distinguish it from all that other crap out there. (DP)
(PsychoBubbleGum, Box 321, West Haven CT 06516, psychoticreaction.com)

PUT-DOWNS - "Dead to the World" LP

This isn't as bad as I thought it was going to be, sorta reminds me of the CHINESE MILLIONAIRES but a bit less frantic. Ex-members of the MOTARDS, red vinyl and handscreened covers, limited to 450. I think this just may be for the trash rock collector in you. Perfect for freebasing Pixie Sticks and Ajax to. (BM)
($9 ppd: Proud To Be An Idiot, 2952 Folsom St #1, San Francisco, CA 94110; anus_x666x@yahoo.com, ptbi.8m.com)

THE PUT-ONS - "A Different Kind of Single" EP

.....oh my god, the cover design on this is fucking terrible...the BUZZCOCKS and SIDNEY VISH????? ....what's up with that????....a Huntington Beach band.....cool....despite the gawd-awful cover, this stuff does have potential.....four power-pop like tunes....catchy, but still not as good as FAST CARS.....but tons better than FAT ASS.....a little wimpy at times, but then it's saved again by that classic So-Cal sound.....I'll give this puppy a C+...but no cock for baby tonight....(SW)
(USR, PO Box 1235 Huntington Beach, CA 92647, unitysquadrecords.com)

THE QUEERS - "Live in West Hollywood" CD

Most people would agree, it hasn't been fun to review the QUEERS in a long, long time. Thank God this is a live record and not a new release. Don't know how you could hear "Monster Zero," "You're Tripping," or "Fuck the World," and not enjoy what this band once cranked out. Kicky as ever, guaranteed to bring back memories. Just *do not* read Joe Queer's liner note speech ranting "fuck the punk rock corporate suck ups." I've never seen anyone try to sell out as hard as that guy did, but I guess he didn't think anyone noticed. At least he's started using cuss words again! (RY)
(Hopeless, PO Box 7495 Van Nuys, CA 91409-7495)

RADIO BIRDMAN - "Radio Activity" LP

Here is a comp of this classic Aussie band's EPs. If you know them, you know what you're in for. If not, this is early Detroit-influenced rocking punk, with plenty of snotty attitude and weird surf breaks. Not to mention the cool use of organ. The sound quality is generally good, but the guitar can be thin (especially in the early tracks). This covers roughly '74 to '81. Recommended, but maybe not as an introduction to the band. (BG)
(no address)

THE RASCALS - "Wir Bleiben Wie Wir Sind" CD

Other than not being able to understand German, which means all but 2 lines of these guys' lyrics, this is a solid street punk album. Complete with catchy sing-a-long choruses, this is very reminiscent of early DROPKICK MURPHYS and in some places a bit like BAD RELIGION (not lyrically of course). Even though they've got the three chords and some nifty guitar solos down, without knowing what is being sung about, and having little that stands out musically, I find it hard to get into and a bit repetitive. That is... except for the fucking brilliant broken German/English cover of COCKSPARRER's "Because You're Young." (EM)
(Scumfuck Postfach 100709, 46527 Dinslaken, GERMANY)

RATOS DE PORAO - "Guerra Civil Canibal" CD

Haven't listened to them in some time, and I was a bit concerned. I'm usually pretty cautious about bands who reform some years on, and it seems like (generally speaking) the caution is well placed. These guys are still doing the same stuff, and while the AT affiliation and such dates it somewhat, it's certainly not vapid or wimpy. Eight songs, Sixteen minutes, mid-paced hardcore. Nothing that will peel the paint off your walls or explore the fringes of the status quo, but not a bad listen either. (TM)
(Alternate Tentacles, PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141-9092)

REACT/SPAZM 151 - split LP

REACT's lyric sheet is provocative, but the thoughts seem more like chapters out of a larger body of work, somehow incomplete. Though none of the songs stand out strongly by themselves, the REACT sound is powerful as a whole record's side, with a male and a female vocalist, and fast, fuzzy, and ubiquitous guitar. SPAZM 151, from Texas, rocks the fuck out like you'd expect them to by now, with their super high-energy, thrashy hardcore. Though the songs are a little on the long side, I appreciate the meandering guitar, which gives the whole sound a jagged edge that's echoed in the lyrics as well. I even forgive all the metal stylings. One listen is evidence enough of an explosive live show, so check it out if they come through. (AC)
(13th Floor, PO Box 1502, New Haven, CT 06506, fernando@mail1.nai.net)

RESERVE 34 - "Rain City Games" CD

Wow, this really surprises me how much I like this. RESERVE 34 definitely have a variety of influences being brought into the mix. At times I'm thinking of HOT WATER MUSIC (especially with some of the guitar work) and at times I'm thinking of what a Fat-Wreck band like STRUNG OUT would sound like if they were good. But these bands don't really do justice to what RESERVE 34 are attempting (and surely accomplishing). RESERVE 34 combine the melodic song structure described above with a tempo that is on-par with all the new-school thrash stuff around now, with the vocals being similarly urgent and just plain great. Most bands of this genre I find relatively boring and redundant, but jeez, *this is good*. (SP)
(em, PO Box 14728, Portland, OR97293-07281, em-zine.com)

RIFF RANDELLS - "How 'Bout Romance" EP

This super great all-girl trio from Vancouver plays fast 'n' punky power pop just like NIKKI & THE CORVETTES and Riff's own heroes, the RAMONES. "M.O." is a bouncy ode to stayin' home and makin' out, and it pop-rocks like the best stuff by HOLLY & THE ITALIANS. The title song could even be an outtake from "Rocket to Russia." And a crunchy cover of NIKKI's "Girls Like Me" rounds out the single, which it should be noted has much cooler fuzzy production than their earlier rekkids. Looks like I've got three new crushes... (JG)
(Lipstick, 1154 Powell St, Oakland, CA 94608, geocities.com/riffrandells)

RINGWORM / COLD AS LIFE - split EP

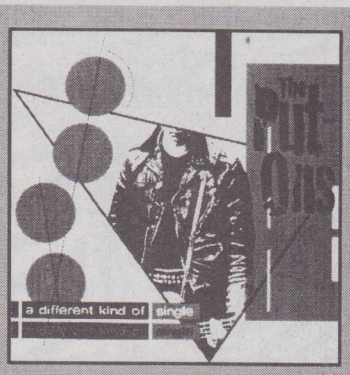
Ohio's RINGWORM have a fairly crisp metallic hardcore sound but do things a bit faster than most, making them a bit easier to swallow. The songs here are well produced and definitely harken back to various Dark Empire bands. I was a little turned off by the song "Dollar Whore", wondering what exactly the basis for the song was (in my opinion, repetition of phrases like "bitch", "whore" and "cleanse your soul" should warrant an explanation). COLD AS LIFE have a slow and heavy sound that is, like RINGWORM, well produced and sounds fairly solid. This kind of had me thinking of a more basic COALESCE with more of a NYHC feel to the vocals. (SP)
(Stillborn, PO Box 3019, New Haven, CT 06515, stillbornrecords.com)

RUINATION - "Dead Horse" EP

The pedigree for this band is completely unnecessary, as their in-your-face thrashy hardcore gets better with every release. Their "discography" CD is highly recommended if you want to catch yourself up...but in the meantime, do not miss this bright green slab of wax, as it most certainly shreds. The lyrics will slap you in the face just as quickly as the music will bowl you over like a fucking semi. This rules. (WN)
(No Idea, PO Box 14636, Gainesville, FL 32604)

RUNNIN' RIOT - "Monk's Not Dead" CD

You've all heard these American street-punk bands with an Irish twist— DROPKICK MURPHYS, SWINGIN' UTTERS, BELTONES, HUDSON FALCONS, THE GC5, etc. Well here's a bona fide Irish street punk band. All the way from my hometown of Belfast, these guys have been around a few years now, hooked up with the DROPKICK MURPHYS' Flat, and even toured the U.S. two years ago. The front cover is a take on the Buckfast wine label—chosen drink of mad bastards in Northern Ireland and Scotland. This is good booze fueled Oi!, songs about being unemployed, soccer (sorry, "football"), police brutality, a lost friend, and ...well, drinking. There's also four covers from a variety of sources—GG ALLIN, TWISTED SISTER (best song on the disc, this is going on every compilation tape I do for years to come), COCK SPARRER, and the RUTS all sang in a lovely broad Belfast brogue. This is really good, I have to say I was expecting something awful but was pleasantly surprised. Great crack! (...up the Glens.) (AD)
(Rejected, PO Box 6591, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, IRELAND, mero32@eircom.net)



RUST - "Outside View" EP

Minimalist is really understating it. This sounds much like their first EP except that the guitar has just a little more distortion. Basic mid tempo drumming, straight forward bass lines and three guitar chords. With the monotone vocals this would easily fit into the early LA punk scene except for the fact that it is now twenty years too late. (PA)
(Real Deal)

THE SAINTE CATHERINES - "Those Stars Are for You" CD

These cats do some hard, heavy, politically charged emo stuff. It's pretty well done with endearing mush-mouth vocals. Then they slip in a few acoustic tunes that get all arty and moody that are just plain terrible. Look out for an acoustic comp these folks are threatening to put out. (HM)
(Empty Pool, 1614 St. Christophe, Montreal, Quebec, H2l 3W2 CANADA, emptypoolrcds@hotmail.com

SATELLITERS - "Sexplosive!" LP

There's very little I'd find "sexplosive" about the SATELLITERS, but at least they've got a positive self-image. Seems like only yesterday when these yokels wore matching black cat-burgular get-ups (complete with kid gloves, scarves and form-fitting masks), a habit that's been adopted by countless other geerage bands in the PRE (Post-RIP OFFS Era). In keeping with current trends they've ditched the Greg Lowery Halloween duds (too '94, after all) and donned wide-lapelled shirts and cigarette pants for a fanicer, runway-friendly look. Okay, enough about the band's fashion and attention turned toward the plastic: they're a fun enough take on the neo-'60s beat band/R&B schtick that I've always enjoyed and supported, but also seen as something of a stylistic cop-out. Hell, it sounds all right. To their credit they jump and shout with believable passion, but are still only a passable imitation of the LYRES or DMZ…or PRETTY THINGS. (JH)
(Dionysys, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507, thesatelliters.de)

SATURDAY SUPERCADE – "Everyone Is A Target" CD

A great pop punk release with emo overtones here. A standout amongst the masses of this genre. Sure, this has a BLINK 182/NEW FOUND GLORY feel, or maybe even the ATARIS, but it's good to hear a solid full length with catchy hooks and riffs a plenty. A great release from an up-and-comer. (RL)
(Liberation, PO Box 17746, Anaheim, CA 92817, thecade.com)

SCHIZO DUDES - "Gimmie Your Love" 10"

At first I really liked this, the title track blew me away, but the other four tunes left me bored. Kinda STONESish but somewhat annoyingly drawn out like the PEECHEES. I think I've had enough. This really didn't rock me like I hoped. It's way too groovy for me. Maybe if I had sideburns and hung out on North Beach more often... (BM)
(Safety Pin, PO Box 51241, 280880 Madrid, SPAIN, safteypin@arrakis.es, arrakis.es/~safteypin)

SEEIN' RED/VUUR - split EP

What more can be said about SEEIN' RED? Always inspiring and blazingly fast hardcore–what else would you expect from folx who basically created modern hardcore? They've been playing together in one form or another (LÄRM, MANLIFTING BANNER etc.) for around 20 years and they're still just as pissed now, as day on one. Flip it over and we have VUUR who deliver up some crushing, RORSCHACH styled gargling-with-glass-vox'd, heavy ass hardcore. Totally inspires me to wanna smash shit. Reminds me of the likes of UNION OF URANUS or DRIFT without the sweeping guitars. Guaranteed to melt your face off. (MT)
(Day One c/o Nico Peeters, Olenseweg 151 #2260 (Vooetkapel), Westerlo, BELGIUM, dayone@village.uunet.be)

THE SELL OUTS -"Songs for a Knife Fight" 10"

Some fucked-up, high-energy primo-tive shit from a Sao Paulo, Brasil (home of Coffin Xe) two piece (although band roster states that "Xandao plays bass and shares alcohol at live gigs." Reminiscent of the early OBLIVIANS, and that's a (very) good thing. (DD)
(Ken Rock, Fabriksgatan 39B, 412 51 Gothenburg, SWEDEN, Kensplastic@hotmail.com)

LES SEXAREENOS - "14 Frenzied Shakers" LP

Another fine SEXAREENOS record. The title says it all. This is 14 frenzied, high energy garagey/R'n'B/rock and roll tunes. I can't recommend this highly enough. Excellent. (HM)
(Sympathy)

LE SHOK - "LA to NY" 6"

LE SHOK is back and they say damn your automatic turntable tone arm drops and damn your pathetic record collector filing systems! Here the Long Beach art-punk superstars offer a faithful, inspired cover of the SCREAMERS' amazing "122 Hours of Fear." The flip side features the group's early smashes "Give Me Something Help Me Please" and "Do the Dramatic." All three tunes were recorded live-in-the-studio and are actually slightly higher "fi" than some of their previous records. Highly recommended for fans of the FALL's great late-'70s singles. NB: there is an edition of this record encased in blue kryptonite, limited to something like 100 copies, which could never be found in stores but will soon be available on eBay for collectors with sufficient home equity. (JG)
(Kapow, PO Box 1287, Lake Forest, CA 92609, leshok.com)

SHUT UP DONNY/BURNSIDE - split EP

SHUT UP DONNY sound exactly like a combination of THE MR. T EXPERIENCE, GREEN DAY, and BLINK 182. BURNSIDE sounds the same, maybe a little more VANDALS. They sound kind of like an unimpressive LIMP. Both bands need to realize that punk rock is not supposed to be agreeable. It is supposed to be fast, furious, offensive, funny, vulgar, filled with mucus, bloody, decapitated, or anything but this. Look for both bands on the Warped Tour 2002 and Slim Jim's "Rebelliache" tour. (WR)
(Let's Go, PO Box 156, Campbell, CA 95009-0156)

THE SLOWMOTIONS - "EP 1" EP

Two songs of pop punk with a garage influence. The drumming is a strait up, mid tempo, 4/4 timing. The catchy bass lines are what really give it the pop influence. The guitar fuzz, the wanky rock solo, the rough vocal and the minimal production give it the garage sound. Sorta goofy but fun at the same time. (PA)
(H.G.fact, 105 Nakano-Shinbashi-M, 2-7-15 Yayoi-Cho, Nakano, Tokyo, 164-0013, JAPAN, interg.or.jp/hgfact)

SMOGTOWN - "Domesticviolenceland" LP

Okay, so it's pretty much obvious to anyone but a monkey with his ears cut off, that SMOGTOWN is *the* band from Southern California. The torch is officially passed and *Domesticviolenceland* is more proof. I felt that their first LP was a gem, but this effort just tops it. They seem to be hitting a harder edge of the beach- punk sound here, where their first LP leaned towards the poppier side. The heavier production here is far superior as well. I've noticed that each of their releases have varied from one another a bit, but they all manage to rip. I suppose that has something to do with Guitardo's guitar work, Ray's powerhouse vocals and the sheer quality and catchiness found in the song writing. (NF)
(Disaster, PO Box 7112 Burbank, CA 91510)

SNIPERS - "From the Tombs" EP

SNIPERS from Copenhagen, Denmark, have another excellent EP for the punks!!!! These bad human beings manage to meld the horror business of the MISFITS with the melodic punk of the RAMONES, while adding a touch of the BOLLOCKS hardcore punk. You get lots of right-on-the-money dramatic singing, superbly crafted guitar parts, and bombardments of bass and drum bottom end. This SNIPERS EP follows last year's triumphant "Blood Sucking Freaks" with a bleak and forceful swan song—alas—SNIPERS have disbanded! You must check out the heavy punk/gothic/wolfsblood shit SNIPERS lay down on this record. The band blasts through "Bobby was a Corpsegrinder," "Nuclear Warzone," "Psycho Death," "I Wanna Kill You," and "Dr. Death and Wolfboy!" Great! (BR)
(Kick N' Punch, PO. Box 578, 2200 Copenhagen N., DENMARK, kicknpunch@wildmail.com)

THE SOUND OF RAILS/PUTRESCINE - Split EP

Two math rockers from Omaha. I waited through both songs of SOR for something to happen. Nothing did. It's intricate and twitchy music, but it's too static. They're one of those bands that play nothing but intros for a whole set. PUTRESCINE, on the other hand, know the importance of keeping the "rock" in the math rock equation. Of finding a heavy groove amidst all the fractions and integers their songs require. I hear a definite Albini influence in their sound. I'd suggest looking for future PURESCINE releases, but skip this, unless it sounds up your ally. (BG)
(3 Bay Hopper, PO Box 241709, Omaha, NE 68124)

SONS OF CYRUS - "The Warriors" EP

First release by this by this band from the fertile delta of European garage punk that is Stockholm, Sweden. Four songs, no bullshit, just good defiant rock 'n' roll in the vain of RADIO BIRDMAN or the STOOGES. I want more. (AS)
(Sons Of Cyrus c/o Ohman, Erstagatan 21, S-116 36 Stockholm, SWEDEN)

SPAZM 151 - "Sworn to fun, Loyal to None" EP

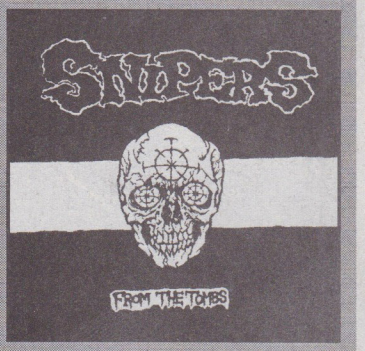
My favorite song on this was "Fuck Your Progress", which was an instrumental. I vote they do an instrumental record! It's awesome! Back in the day (ha!), bands weren't afraid of branching out a bit—I think we need more of that attitude now! I'd buy an instrumental hardcore record—it's my favorite music, but sometimes, y'know... the lyrics, well—they're distracting. I just wanna play air drums without singing! The rest of the record rocks as well, but with vocals. Straight-forward hardcore, light on the frivolities, but heavy on choruses, breaks and toe tapping. Great stuff! (TM)
(Uncontrolled, PO Box 15020, Dallas, TX 75315)

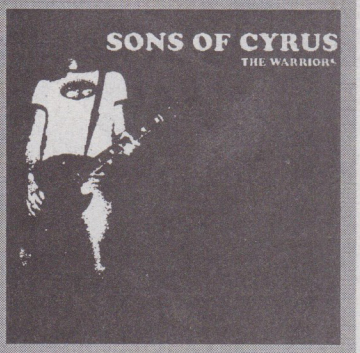
SPEEDWAY 69 - "Back from El Ray" 10"

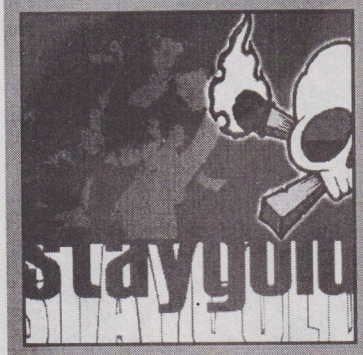
SPEEDWAY 69!! This thing is all covered in checkered flags and flames, pressed on fantastic purple marbled vinyl...so imagine my surprise when I heard the first tune "Mushrooms 'n' Spacedrops," sounds like a psychedelic ode to PEARL JAM. It didn't get much better, the overall sound is just as confused as the artwork. Asinine lyrics, and the band look like club kids from Munich. (RY)
(Speedway69, Nervierstr 9 44263 Dortmund, GERMANY)

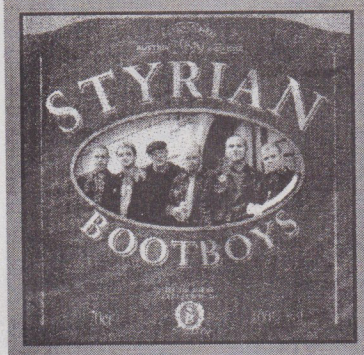
SPITS - CD

I've heard the praises of the SPITS sung in both likely and unlikely places (the hallowed halls









of *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll,* as well as the cubicle next to mine at my 9-to-5 job). The band don't disappoint, though culturally impaired indie rock types would consider them primitive, childish, willfully retarded and lacking in technical proficiency. Fuck 'em, I sez. The SPITS are right up there will the lowest-brow of *Killed by Death* acts, never regarded as a bunch of even-tempered geniuses from the outset. All two-note groove and junior-high humor, sort of like the non-band I formed with my lunch buddies at Roosevelt Jr. High (home of the Roosevelt Rough Riders). Dig the keyboard, admire the ridiculous get-ups (jock-hawks and moustaches), thrill to the subtle poetry of "Die Die Die", "Black Kar" and "Dropout". Turn your head and spit. (JH)
(Nickel & Dime, PO Box 12171, Seattle, WA 98122, nickelanddimerecords.com)

THE STARVATIONS - "Church of the Double Cross" EP

Looks like all the glam of Hollywood is starting to dish up some worthy releases again. The A-side on this absolutely smokes in doleful ALLEY CATS style, with the perfect pairing of twang and fuzz. Both B-sides (one of which is a fitting CHRIS ISAAK cover) wail for your attention. Whatever they did on the production for this one is just supreme; it sounds like vintage Dangerhouse. (RD)
(Revenge, 5835 Harold Wy. #203, Hollywood, CA 90046)

STAY GOLD - "Caught Up in the Moment" CD

This has a definite post sXe sound to it. Thankfully not in the quasi metal mush way, more in the feel and energy. There are even some DAG NASTY elements here. The vocals are a little low in the mix, but otherwise it's a strong sounding release. Creative and in your face. Worth a listen. (BG)
(Indecision, PO BOX 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 82615)

STAY GOLD - "Quiet Please" EP

So this can be best explained as a band trying to combine poppy hardcore such as GORILLA BISCUITS with that HOT WATER MUSIC style phony emo while trying to get a Fat Wreck Chords contract. The mixing of styles makes it so hard to figure out who to blame for this. The songs are generally fast and "melodic" mixed with some chuga parts and group chanting backup vocals. Every once in a while they throw in one of those break downs that the kids are calling emo these days (those are pretty easy to blame directly on HOT WATER MUSIC though). Deep, yelling vocals that really portray the emotion that the band must be feeling. (PA)
(Indecision, P.O.Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615, xstaygoldx.com)

STORMSHADOW - "Set on Destroy" CD

This freshly disbanded group has some melodic, dynamic epic tunes. Their songs meander through a myriad of melodies and parts. These parts range from sounding like NO MEANS NO to BLACK SABBATH to the GITS and on and on. STORMSHADOW is not your run-of-the-mill punk band. Heck, the16th and final tune is a musical backdrop to a Dylan Thomas poem. This is a pretty innovative project for these musical wizards. (HM)
($3 ppd: Matthew Crawford, 414 North Oaks Blvd, North Brunswick, NJ 08902, stormshadowpublicradio.com)

THE STRANGER STEALS - "The Goals of Misbehavior" CD

Really jumpy and poppy guitar-driven punk rock band. Lyrics with dreamy metaphors and social politics. (JT)
(Harlan, 7205 Geronimo, N. Little Rock, AZ 72116)

STYRIAN BOOTBOYS - "The Pride" CD

Here's what the Austrian streetpunkers are up too. I can't stop giggling. Some songs have dual vocals: The dominant one is extremely gruff and strong while the other is really silly, higher pitched, and bizarre at times. I guess it does lighten it up a bit between the more serious stuff. Lyrics in both English and German about being strong, drinking, and having pride. This is a little divergent from your traditional Oi! but it sounds like these guys are having an excellent time.(SR)
(DSS, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA, dss@telecom.at)

SUBCUT/CRUEL FACE - split 10" LP

Raw political crust grindcore from Brazil...CRUEL FACE bust it out in the vein of DISRUPT...fast, but discernible riffs and lyrics. Good song writing. Lyrics that are anti-racist, anti-god, etc. SUBCUT are very fast and raw grindcore...not for everyone, but if you are a grindcore fan, you'll dig it. Lyrics on the same topics. (MW)
(Anonymous c/o PO Box 3590, Uddingston, G71 6YG, SCOTLAND)

SUBSIDE - "One Day Habit" CD

Say what? A San Jose band with one number away from my zip code that made it under the Raph-dar? This is very pleasant, dime-a-dozen but a bit more memorable than most. Think SQUIRTGUN fronted by Jim Atkins from JIMMY EAT WORLD. Very solid. (RD)
(Super Speedway, 10 Almaden Blvd. Ste. 1460, San Jose, CA 95113)

SUPRCHINCHILLARESCUEMISSION - CDEP

Bands like this interest me. Bands who take a familiar formula or genre, and bend it to their wills 'til it comes out something entirely unique. These guys take the hyper fast pop punk thing and disfigure it beautifully. First, they either scrap the melody, or bury it under a HÜSKER DÜ-like web of noise. Then they mutilate the common saccharine-sweet vocal line, until it comes out a gargled,

screeched and howled exposed wire that gets right at the heart of the song. The lyrics are a couple cuts above the usual nonsense, as well. And the whole thing is over before you know it, just the way punk is supposed to be. Very cool. (BG)
(ADD, PO Box 8240, Tampa, FL 33674)

SWITCH TROUT - "Sonic Masters/Machismo" 45

Lo-fi fuzzy Japanese surf rock—a nice balance between the two genres, neither one smothers the other one. Imagine if you played the *Batman* theme song with a bunch of dust on your turntable's needle. Thumbs up. (AS)
(Estrus, PO Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227, estrus.com)

TEARJERKERS - "Bad Mood Rising" LP

Real decent ROLLING STONES-ish punk from Memphis. Could do well in a beer soaked dank late night bar scene. Danceable and bluesy. Fine white soul. (RY)
(Sympathy)

THE TEFLON DONS - "Low Times" CD

Alright, so we (my girlfriend and I) were reading the little booklet insert thingy and on the thank you list they thank "BLINK 182 (our true inspiration and the only *real* punk band left)"... I have been putting off reviewing this all day because of that. I still don't know if that was a joke or not. It's pop punk (but hey at least its not emo right?). Kinda QUEERSy but not too far from BLINK with talk of poop and what not. This is a high school band totally, everything from production to song writing. I'm sure they are hot shit at Bumfuck High, but I'm going to be honest, this is why I wasn't in a band in high school. Good effort kids but not enough to rock me tonight. (BM)
($6 ppd: 111 North 9th St, Mascoutah, IL 62258, theteflondons@yahoo.com)

TINA & THE TOTAL BABES - "She's So Tuff" LP

This is part bubblegum girly pop and part tough chick rock 'n' roll. I'm not sure how they pulled this off, but it's pretty amazing. TINA (from TRASHWOMEN and BOBBYTEENS) has the perfect voice, sweet and brassy at the same time, and the sound has just enough fuzz to keep the sugar away, what with all the hand clapping and ooh ahh background vocals. There's even a my boyfriend's gone song with a "Leader of the Pack"-style intro. What a great fucking record! (DP)
(Sympathy, tippyteen@yahoo.com)

TOXIC NARCOTIC/A GLOBAL THREAT - split EP

A GLOBAL THREAT is a pissed and edgy, with a sneer you can taste. They have some of VOID's unforgiving vocals and ability to write tunes with great hooks under a mire of fast, high end guitar. Fuck, you can dance to it. I wasn't crazy about the TOXIC NARCOTIC side of this split, which struck me as too sing-songy, though of course it's screamed, not sung—and heavy, and fast. Also, the "fuck everybody" attitude can have its limits, you know? (AC)
(Rodent Popsicle, PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134)

TRABIREITER - "Wir Sind die Kings" CD

Trabireiter are four German guys in doofy costumes who are doing the NOFX melodic, chunka-chunka anthem thing in German. The difference is that NOFX were once good, and TRABIREITER are not. (DP)
(Psycho, Postfach 600138, 99049 Erfurt, GERMANY, trabireiter@gmx.de)

TV KILLERS - "Slosh You Up" EP

For those of you who think the French are a buncha beret-wearin' snail eaters, think again. The TV KILLERS are bare-bones garage rock 'n' roll that will have you par les voux-ing your ass all over the place. (DP)
(Dead Beat, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078)

ULSTER - "Aperteo Gatilho" CD

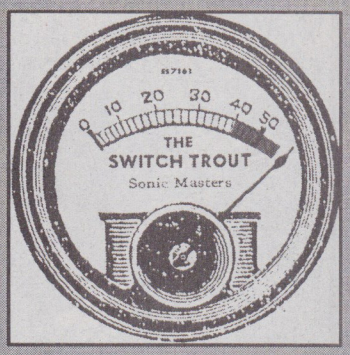
Whoa! Have some pity on a old guy! That red typeface on the lyric sheet was killin' me! Yikes. Twenty songs of raw Brazilian hardcore with some great covers (RAW POWER [!!], OHLO SECO etc.) thrown in. Pace is quick without being speedcore, and it's energetic throughout. A band who've been at it forever now, and it shows. Good stuff. (TM)
(Rasura, CP 155, CEP 09901 970, SB Campo, SP BRASIL)

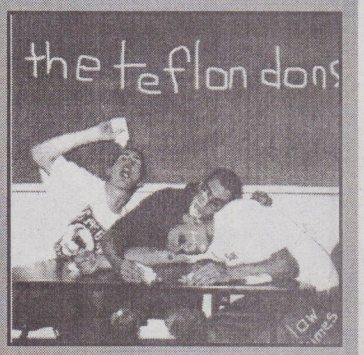
UNHOLY GRAVE - "The Unreleased" EP

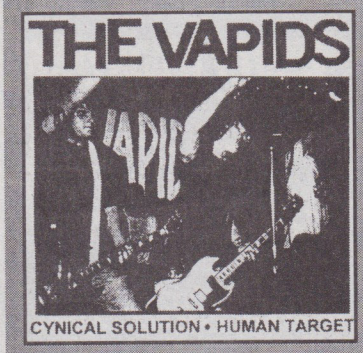
I'm always impressed with how many people are willing to put out UNHOLY GRAVE releases—I didn't ever think they were extraordinary, but damn... stuff just keeps coming! This is a 1994 demo, remastered and pressed. It's consistent with their volumes of previous output—Japanese grindcore with a ferocious growl and a layer of distorted fuzz. Nothing that's not been done a thousand times before, but it's certainly raw, aggressive and fast. (TM)
(Living Dead, 444 S. Clarence St. #73, Los Angeles, CA 90033)

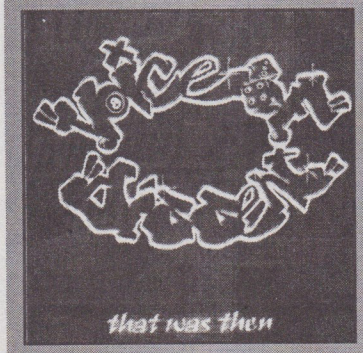
VANILLA MUFFINS - "Hail! Hail! Sugar Oi!" 2xCD

So I reviewed these Swiss misters' overproduced *Sugar Oi!* "Come On" single a few issues ago and now I'm rewarded with a 43-song double CD celebration of everything Sugar Oi!... and I still don't get the joke, but at least it's starting to sound a little better. This double album is a mixture of









old, new, and live songs recorded between 1993 and 2000. Some of the older tunes, like "We're Disturbing You" and "Capucine," approach the heights of early GENERATION X or the BUZZCOCKS, but a lot of this is merely inoffensive Brit-styled pop punk. It's plenty catchy but ultimately generic. After listening to a bunch of love songs to football clubs, it's great to hear a version of the W.A.S.P. classic "I Wanna Be Somebody," but the MUFFINS can't touch the original. And I can't forgive them for recording two of the limpest STONES covers I've ever heard.... (JG)
(DSS, PO Box 739, 4021 Linz, AUSTRIA, dss.at)

THE VAPIDS/THE STRIKEOUTS - split EP

Yep, that's what I'd expect the VAPIDS to sound like, like the QUEERS with Ben Weasel-like lyrics. Yeah, that kind of stuff. The STRIKEOUTS are pretty similar except they're more like SCREECHING WEASEL with Joe King-like lyrics. Maybe it's vise versa. (HM)
($3 ppd: Drunk, 325 Mollie Dr, Harrisburg, PA 17112, thevapids@hotmail.com, thestrikeouts.50g.com)

VERY APE - "Back in the EEC" 10"

Tom Hopkins assigns me all the Swedish bands, Hej shyss mit arsle fin fan, I say. I think that means some really offensive shit in Swedish. Anyway, this is Scandaniavian so odds are it's gonna be pretty good, right? I hate to stereotype but come on, those nordic folks have a pretty good musical track record. Unfortunately, this EP doesn't seem to pack the punch some of the other bands from their region harness. It's not bad, but it's by no means phenomenal either. VERY APE play thick rock 'n' roll with a dash of metal that reminds me of a watered down GLUCIFER or TURBONEGRO. Eh? (AS)
(Safety Pin, PO Box 51241, 28080 Madrid, SPAIN, arrakis.es)

VIVISICK - "Punks Were Made Before Sounds" EP

I was hoping they'd explain that title, as I couldn't figure it! Nothing on that. Furious Japanese hardcore, as you might know/expect. It's got all the right components—quick, noisy, aggressive, short songs etc. Lyrics are great (translated into Japanese and English)—especially ironic to see the anti-critc song, as I read the lyrics to write a review! Ha. Some of the lyrics read kinda strange (like "Sham!"), but I think understand. Solid stuff, if you're a fan of Sound Pollution, as I am, you know to trust Ken's taste. (TM)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington, KY 41017)

VOICE OF DISSENT - "That Was Then" CD

Australia's VOICE OF DISSENT play some SICK OF IT ALL style hardcore with a guitar tone like anything Ken Olden has played on. I'm not too into the style, but its not that bad....it's by the book, over-produced, and taken its influence from a style that has been done to death, but there is enough melody and catchiness for it to survive past track four. (MW)
(Resist, PO Box 372, Newton, NSW 2042, AUSTRALIA)

WACK CAT - "That's What My Girlfriend Says" LP

This sounds like BRATMOBILE + THE ISLER SET + spazzy scarce drumming dancey in some parts, poppy guitar lines, sort of emo/pop. Teenage British girl vox. (JT)
(Paroxysm, PO Box 58133, Washington, DC, 20037-810)

WAIFLE/PG. 99 - "Do You Need a Place to Stay?" split LP

This release is intended to document a tour the two bands did together, and was recorded live on a radio show in Louisiana. The WAIFLE side is pretty straight-ahead shouty punk rock, and I think the recording probably doesn't do them justice—the sound lacks power and I'm giving them the benefit of the doubt. On the other side, it's a different story, and the live-to-radio setting appears to have been the ideal way to reign in the chaos of PG. 99. Apart from the dead air between songs, it's a hell-ride of immense proportions. (AM)
(Magic Bullet, PO Box 6337, Woodbridge, VA 22195; magicbullet45@hotmail.com)

WELCOME TO YOUR LIFE - "Let It Wash Away" EP

The simple fact of this record being on Indecision records should give you the basic idea behind this band. Typical metallic new school straight edge-sounding stuff. Though there is a bit more energy here, and a bit more rawness than a lot of similar stuff coming through these days, bands like this just don't do anything for me. Old wine, new bottles. (SP)
(Indecision, PO Box 5781, Huntington Beach, CA 92615; IndecisionRecords.com)

WITHIN REACH - "Complaints Ignored" CD

God dammit! I really think all there is a new (or perhaps I've been living in a cave for the past few years) collective sound coming from Sweden these days, giving the what Tom Hopkins calls the "classic Canadian sound" (you know, URANUS, ONE EYED GOD PROPHECY, DRIFT) a run for its money. Despite the obvious similarity in location, this reminds me a bunch of ECLIPSE in terms of overall sound and production. Yet WITHIN REACH do set themselves apart bringing in a bit more melody in the guitars and a few more straight ahead, faster beats than their Swedish counterparts. I only wish this was on vinyl! (SP)
(Bad Taste, Box 1243, S-221 05 Lund, SWEDEN, badtasterecords.se)

YOUTH DEFENSE LEAGUE - "American Pride" 12"

I personally enjoy YDL for the comedy value. I mean the combination of unbelievably moronic lyrics, and incredibly shitty music kinda tickles my funny bone. Many people feel that YOUTH DEFENSE LEAGUE's bonehead views and ear-wrenching drivel has no place in music, and that is certainly a valid point. Anyhow, what we have here (if you can believe it), are 3 songs on a 12" slab of white vinyl (kinda makes you wonder, eh?). All three songs have the stupid lyrics, and the pathetic song-writing that we expect from YDL. (NF)
(Vulture Reich, PO Box 1796, Stanwood, WA 98292)

V/A - "920 Blues—Wisconsin Rock 'n' Roll" LP

When I first saw this, I thought it was a single band named "920 Blues" and that that was a really stupid name. Is it still an LP if it plays at 45rpm? Ten bands, with one cut each. Most lean towards the punk 'n' roll style and seem to do it pretty well. Wow, the kids in Wisconsin are kicking some ass. Shit, it looks like I'm on the late train—most these cats have released other records. And I thought they just sat around all day eating cheese and fucking sheep. Standouts include cuts by TEENAGE REJECTS, LEGHOUNDS, DERKS, and MISTREATERS. (KK)
(Trick Knee, PO Box 12714, Green Bay, WI 54307-2714)

V/A - "Friday at The Hideout: Boss Detroit Garage 1964-'67" CD

I know there's a lot of talk about Detroit bands these days, but do you really need someone to point out what an important music town Detroit has always been? You know you can always depend on the folks at Norton to remind you of the some great music from the past. This is a collection of bands that recorded for the label Hideout which was preceded by the Friday night showcases of the same name. You get UNDERDOGS, DOUG BROWN & THE OMENS, FOUR OF US, PLEASURE SEEKERS, T.R. & THE YARDSMEN, HENCHMEN, TORQUAYS, MUSHROOMS and FUGITIVES. As always, Norton includes the complete story in the booklet. I found it interesting that BOB SEGER and GLENN FREY got their start at the Hideout, though I'm kind of glad they aren't included on this compilation. (CK)
(Norton, Box 646 Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276)

V/A - "Killed by Hardcore Vol. 2" LP

Can't have too many of these comps, even though it's burdensome to sort through them all to discover the gems. This is a solid platter—modeled loosely after the *KBD* series (including joke obnoxious liner notes! How original! Ha). Felt sorta old seeing records I remember coming out showing up on these, but that's my deal. There's great stuff here, from all over the globe. Abbreviated list would include: HEADCLEANERS, E-13, YDI, MECHT MENSCH, SUBURBAN MUTILATION, KURO, DISARM, ABUSED, CANI, AGENT ORANGE (Dutch one) and more. Excellent material, and there's a liner sheet which has info on the bands, releases etc. This is the style of bootleg I'm always grateful for—it'd be a shame for this stuff to get forgotten. (TM)
(no address)

V/A - "Lippajärvi Kokoelma" EP

Fuck, this is so fucking amazing...totally solid four-song comp EP with some of my current faves from Finland. All hail the mighty WASTED! Their rocking anthemic punk combined with PAX AMERICANA's sax fueled LAMA-esque tuneage, makes their side the winner. Of course this is not to take away from the driving d-beat of AGENDA or the very MANKIND?-meets-FILTH ripper that DIASPORA puts forth. Why aren't more comps like this? Amazing. (MT)
(Witchhunt, PO Box 301, 00151 Helsinki, FINLAND)

V/A - "Massila's Burning!!" EP

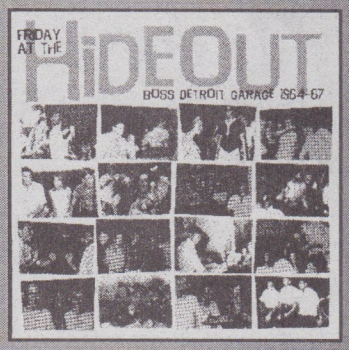
One of the bad things and goods things about promo sheets is once you read one your review is pretty much set. Staring six French bands including the FUGAZI-ish BLUNT, the RANCID-ish SWEET CHILDREN, and the power pop DOLLYBIRD. I hate to cheat but the promo sheet is pretty accurate. Being burned out on comps, this is ok but I'd rather hear each of these bands' own releases. (RL)
(Lollipop, 7 Impasse Monsegur, 13016 Marseille, FRANCE, lollipop.records@wanadoo.fr)

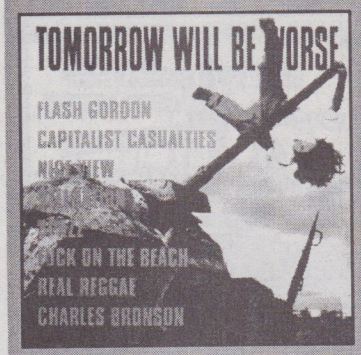
V/A - "A Monumental Destruicao Vida..." CD

This is a collection of some of the last 3 EPs Fight Records from Finland has put out...but on a Brazilian label. First up is a very metal RIISTETYT, still good though. Next up is Brazil's SICK TERROR who rip through 8 songs of very fast crossover/thrash. This is followed by the reincarnation of Finland's KAAOS who offer the best tracks of this EP collection...tracks from their split with... SVART AGGRESSION who play some raw Swedish crust with super-thick guitars and dual male/female vocals. If you missed the EPs, get this collection. (MW)
(Usinade Sanque, A/C Fabio do Valle, Caixa Postal 155, CEP 09910-970, Diadema, SP, BRAZIL)

V/A - "No One Left to Blame" LP

Everyone who collects the old stuff from '77-'83 knows how played out the whole *Killed By Death* comp concept has become. The last few issues outta Finland that were just tinny Z-grade vinyl with a Xerox foldover and zero band info were total exploitation and should've been trashed on sight. No fooling, *you were better off with a tape.* Then there's this baby, a total return to form full of great obscure stuff that totally justifies being put on vinyl instead of CDR. CRITICAL MASS, JACKIE SHARK, FEMS, SINATRAS, ART OBJECT, and the amazing ANTLER JOE & THE ACCIDENTS;





20 tracks, all great stuff just like the early volumes, say 8-12 (minus 11). This is money well spent...for a change. (RW)
(no address)

V/A - "Perkeleen Punkit Fin Hits, Vol. 1" CD

Boy, I'll bet there are thousands of pissed kids out there right now who would give their eye-teeth to hear some genuinely angry, raw as fuck music, and not have to pay through the nose for a lot of it. All I can say is... HEY! If you're leafing through this at Borders, get the fucking CD! It'll facilitate your flipping out in your bedroom whilst starting a one-man circle pit. With the exception of KAAOS, I'm unacquainted with these 21 bands (who contribute a whopping 38 tracks). However, my hands-down favorite would have to be BULLDOZER's cover of "Expose Yourself to Kids." It's got a great AVENGERS meets the SEX OFFENDERS toughness, and it's a brief respite from the rest of the hardcore brutality this compilation offers. (RD)
(Stay Free Underground, no address, sfur@sfu-records.com)

V/A - "Powerpoppers, Vol. 1" LP

A wimpy but great powerpop and mod collection of 1978-1980 songs. A lot of this has been on the various *This Is Mod* comps, but this is still top notch. I guess if "Best of" punk comps can still be coming out, what's the harm of a few of these. Featuring the likes of TEENAGE FILMSTARS, the DONKEYS, LES CALAMITES, the VIPs, the QUESTIONS, and so on. Only one track by each so this is pretty much a great teaser. (RL)
(On The Run , 13 Black Bomber St., Drinamil, WALES, UK)

V/A - "The Roxy London WC2" LP

Fucking excellent! This LP is a reissue of the classic live recordings from the Roxy, January through April 1977. Includes SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS, THE UNWANTED, WIRE, ADVERTS, JOHNNY MOPED, EATER, X-RAY SPEX, and BUZZCOCKS. (SR)
(no address)

V/A - "Shadows of a Decaying Future" EP

They fit four bands on this tiny record. INVAZIA gives us hardcore with lots of bad guitar spasms. FALLOUT has three grind tunes with dual vocals. The labeling isn't too good so I can't tell the difference between IRRITATE and NIHILIST. Songs from both are fast thrash, one way more bizarre than the other one. This is just so-so and not really exciting. (SR)
(Dry Retch, c/o Daniel,GPO Box 1200, Hobart, TAS 7001, AUSTRALIA)

V/A - "Subterranean Suburbia" CD

Looks like Subcultured Records has pooled together a bunch of suburban New York and Long Island punk and hardcore bands for their debut release. Featured are: 5c DEPOSIT, SUBTERFUGE, SCARY GERMAN GUY, DDF and QUARTER LIFE CRISIS. Yeah, I've never heard of those bands either. Actually my favorite tunes are from WHOOPIE CUSHION, the BACKUP PLAN, JIMMY HIGGINS, NEWGROUND, ROB SATIC & INTENSE. Now's your big opportunity to check out this distinguished scene. (HM)
(Subcultured, PO Box 282, Malverne, NY 11565-0282, subculturedrecords.com)

V/A - "Tomorrow Will Be Worse" CD

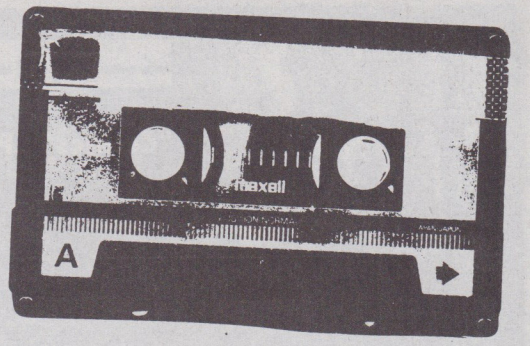
Whoa. Sorta forgot what a powerhouse this comp was. Originally released by Ken Pollution as a 7" box set some years ago, it's returned in the digital format. Great news for me, as I don't have any vinyl any more, and obviously, my loss! Powerhouse tracks from the heavy hitters of the day, who've lost no impact over the years. You get 44 songs total, four to seven tracks each from CHARLES BRONSON, SPAZZ, REAL REGGAE, FUCK ON THE BEACH, HELLNATION, NICE VIEW, CAPITALIST CASUALTIES, and FLASH GORDON. Awesome stuff—especially love the live CB crowd banter! (TM)
(Sound Pollution, PO Box 17742, Covington KY, 41017)

V/A - "Viva La Vinyl, Vol. 4" LP

The cover proudly proclaims "Not available on CD ever!" This is the latest installment in the *Dead Beat Records* compilation series of all things snotty, loud, and obnoxious. The music ranges from the tough street-punk of BONECRUSHER to the fast trashy punk of VALENTINE KILLERS, HELLRIDE and the very MOTÖRHEAD sounding PUFFBALL, with a lot of '77-style punk from the likes of SNAKE CHARMERS, TV KILLERS, COCK SPANIELS, the almost pub-rock FLASH EXPRESS, the great GEE STRINGS, and NIKKI SUDDEN. It gets a little more garagey with the GERIATRIX, the DIALTONES, and the HELLBENDERS but all-in-all it's basically a big collection of "Fuck You" bands on one slab of vinyl. Stand out tracks—BONECRUSHER, GEE STRINGS and VALENTINE KILLERS. (AD)
(Dead Beat, PO Box 283, Los Angeles, CA 90078)

DEMOS

please send all demo's to:
Erin Yanke PO Box 1113
Portland, OR 97207



THE ALBATROSS begs the question: if there aren't any instruments, is it really a band? You'll debate this with your pals while various screams and moans punctuated occasionally with samples. ($3. 21 song cassette, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 31, Belle Mead, NJ 08502.)

THE AWAKENING had elements of the thrash attack hardcore - shouting vocals and of course the pace, and some of the more metal influences as well - especially in the guitar work. AGOROPHOBIC NOSEBLEED but heavier. (6 song cassette. lyric sheet. 84 McMillen Ave. Columbus, OH 43201,)

BLOWN TO BITS play pretty speedy hardcore with the throaty yelling guy and group backup vocals, but they also have the ability to slow it down metal style. Crusty, sure, but for more than just those kids. (4 song cassette, no lyric sheet. 574 Rosal Ave., Oakland, CA 94610)

B-67 The live portions of the tape sounds like LOS CRUDOS sounded live, and the studio bits sound like their earlier stuff, but more raw, and full of passion. (This tape is for give out purposes only. Send Postage, though. 6 song cassette, lyric sheet and explanations! P.O. Box 64. Io9I47, Moscow, Russia.)

CONSTRUCTORES DEL ODIO hair pulling teeth gnashing thrash fury. Lots of pick slides, some mosh parts. Jacqueline said that if I hadn't told her they were from Mexico she would have thought they were from Japan, and Doug says KRIGSHOT.(17 song cassette, no lyric sheet. cecilia No. 178, Col. Benito Juarez, Cd. Neza CP 57000, Edo. de Mexico.)

THE LAB RATS are a bit hard to describe because the snotty vocals are so up front. Anyway, it's bouncy paced thrash, and the mosh parts are really danceable. The guitar is like ICONS OF FILTH, when you can hear it. (4 song cassette, no lyric sheet. 3649 Clement St., San Francisco, CA 94121.)

MOHAWK BARBIE play melodically infused thrash with some breakdown parts that are totally rhythm based. You know, drum centric. They have a variation of vocal styles, sometimes singing like the New Wind era Kevin Seconds, and sometimes straightforward shouting. ($3. 5 song cassette, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 31, Belle Mead, NJ 08502.)

MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD are mostly mid tempo and poppy in a traditional Riot Grrl way (they do a HUGGY BEAR cover), although at their best they hit a sort of Rockaroll meets hardcore groove, like AREA-51 used to. ($3. 6 song cassette, lyric sheet. 31 E. 31st St. #7B, New York, NY 10016.)

MUSH MUSH play what sounds like a good soundtrack to the impending doom of killing all the "evil-doers" in the world, but is it one song? No vocals, some guitar, tinny room sound or effects on the drums, and lots of feedback and other noise, all layered up. (It must be more than one song, but I don't really know, cassette, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 31, Belle Mead, NJ 08502.)

PROJECT GRIZZLY mix up their d-beat parts with regular ol fast parts, and their super gruff grizzly style with hyper high-pitched vocals, say like the victim of the grizzly bear. Solid. (9 song cassette, lyric sheet. P. O. Box 143, Buffalo, NY 14215.)

PUNCH IN THE FACE are pretty unique, in that the vocals are total hardcore spitting venom, but instead of being backed with straight up hardcore, there's a blend of that and some basic rockaroll, making it much more catchy and less heavy than your typical hardcore. Reminds me of stuff that would have been called hardcore back in the '80s. Really good. They do an ARTICLES OF FAITH and a LIFE SENTENCE cover. (8 song cassette, no lyric sheet. P.O. Box 220352, Chicago, IL 60622.)

RAMBO first would like to remind you that Jesus' middle name is not hardcore. The music is driving and heavy, like SPAZM 151, vocals are sort of out of breath style chanting. Really Good. Then something weird happens and for the last song they change to a creepy -modern rock- trying to sign -style mess. I hope it's a joke. (10 song cassette, no lyric sheet. 5023 Cedar Street, Philadelphia, PA 19143.)

SLIGHT SHIVERS is like the catchy stuff in the 0+2=1 era NOMEANSNO, but real lo-fi and with more singing. This guy sounds like their first guitar player, though, when he would sing. Good stuff. and hey, this was all the one guy, but he says he's looking to form a band around it. (5 song cassette, no lyric sheet. 1151 Portland Ave. Atlanta, GA 30316.)

TRAUMA are mostly a melodic, steady (at a slightly fast tempo) guitar band, with the singing really up front. They depart from that a little in song intros, but also with a groove song, that's really short and you can't help but move, even sitting here writing this review I was dancing in my seat! ($5 ppd. 12 song cassette, no lyric sheet, but each song has an explanatory sentence. Apartados Postal 1879, 64000, Monterrey, Mexico.)

VILENTLY ILL I'm sure is making a repeat appearance here in the demo section, but this shit is good. More lo-fi and way less technical than POISON IDEA, no guitar mastery here, but the fast songs bring them to mind, and the slower songs still have the Jerry A vocals. The slower one's have more of a rock and roll beat, easier to dance to. Great song about christian hardcore "...the rise of christian hardcore...conservative white boys/it's old school alright/not even my parents/are that uptight."($3 ppd. 16 song cassette, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 501, South Haven, MI 49090-0501.)

OLSEN TERROR have some catchy dance parts in the middle of their fastish thrash style. They have the combination raw and singsongy vocals. And with the final touch of clean production the KID DYNAMITE comparison is solidified.(5 song tiny little CD, lyric sheet. P.O. Box 85, Lawrence, KS 66044)

PELVIS WESLEY just might be geniuses in the same undeniable way THE DEAD MILKMEN were, hilarious and sloppy, full of bravado. A couple of chords,catchy rhythm section, and a whole lot of jokes. "Why don't you get out of here before I punch you in the neck, shitneck?!" Shit neck might be my new favorite word. And let's quiet down back there about Portland nepotism, cause I've never heard this band before. (12 song CD, lyric sheet. 20 NW 16th Ave. #306, Portland, OR 97209.)

PENITRAITORS are a melodic band, mostly mid tempo, with vocals that are sung/spoken. The faster songs have vocals that are more of the spoken/shouted variety, but even the fast songs are still melodic rock and rollers. The break it down part on this one song, though, sounded like little exerpts from a musical. (7 song CD, no lyric sheet. their email address is : penitraitors@hotmail.com. I put this because I can't find the envelope with their address, although I know they sent it to me. My fault. I apologize for those who don't have computers.)

Also, by the time this comes out I should be in Spain with Kim Fern, and who knows where we will be...although we're doing time in Madrid and Barcelona for sure, probably moving around the whole north of the country. My apologies ahead of time, though, because I am another asshole American coming to your country who speaks only enough Spanish that you learn growing up in California, but hell, we both are fluent in Punk Rock, and maybe you have time to jot a quick note to the P. O. Box, or kim_fey@hotmail.com, or maybe you'll just keep an eye out on the streets for us...first three weeks of November.

lo-lite

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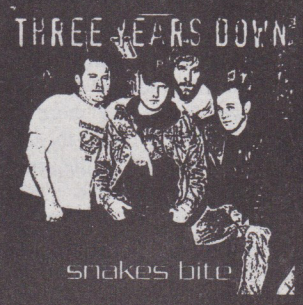

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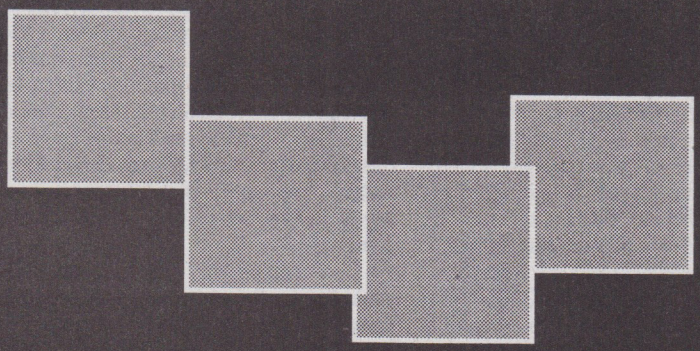
laymen terms an introduction



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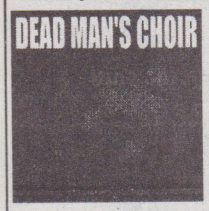

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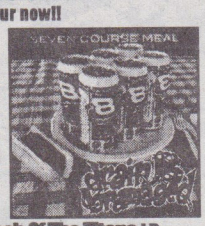

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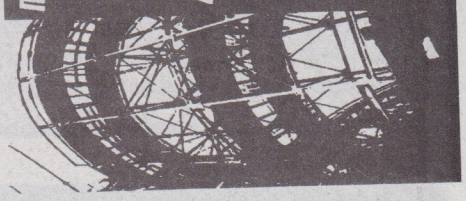

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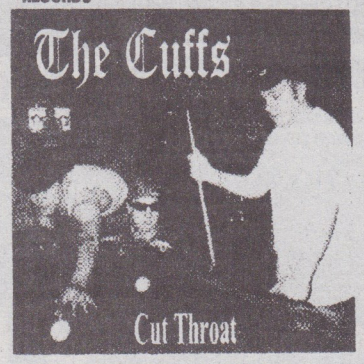

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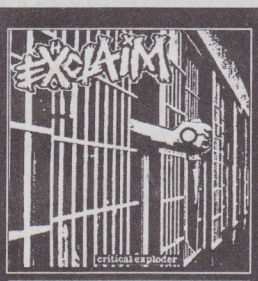

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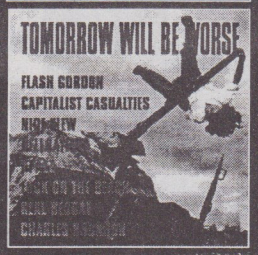

V/A TOMORROW WILL BE WORSE

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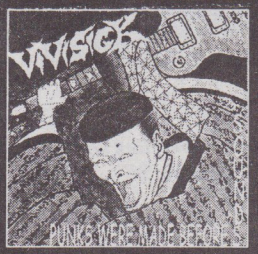

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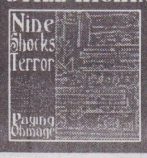

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ZINES

Reviews by: (AC) Arwen Curry, (AR) Aragorn, (KC) Karoline Collins, (MD) Mikel Delgado, (RD) Raphael DiDonato, (GF) Gardner Fusuhara, (HH) Harald Hartmann, (JM) Jeff Mason, (JL) Jennifer L. Mushnick, (NN) Nellie Nelson, (MN) Mimi Nguyen, (CR) Casey Ress, (DS) Denise Scilingo, (MT) Mike Thorn, (AW) Amy Watson, (GZ) Gordon Zola.
Please send your zine in for review. Write down any information you want included in the review; method of printing, number of pages, issue number and post paid price. If you want us to include a foreign post paid price, tell us. If you accept trades, tell us. The only information we will include is what you provide us.

AD HOMINIM #10 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 72 pgs
This zine contains interviews over mail, politics right off of Nader's platform, punk rock kitsch, and comic reprints. The interviews are mediocre (what else would you expect) with only Ian shining. The politics are slow moving and easy targets. The comic reprints are very good though, with a few that I haven't seen before. (AR)
1401 Portland Ave S #C303 / Minneapolis, MN 55404

BENZINA / $1?
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 50 pgs
This is a fiction story about some kids in the scene who hang out, feel frustrated and make connections. The people in the story could easily be people you know or even yourself. There is only one female in the story and she kinda comes off as a stereotypical wild punk girl with problems. The story might of worked better if there were other females so this girl wouldn't have to be all things in the story. Otherwise enjoyable. (DS)
93 Booth Hill Rd / Trumbull, CT 06611

BLACK CLAD MESSENGER #19 / $2
8 1/2 x 12 - copied - 28 pgs
"FOR GREEN ANARCHIST REVOLUTION," the subhead proclaims. You'll find lots of newsbriefs of interest to black clad revolutionaries and a few think pieces ("Leaving the Comfort Zone," "Depressed, Insane, and Emotionally Fucked Up") reprinted from other sources. Most of the newsbriefs are reminiscent of reading those one paragraph reviews of baseball games in places like *USA Today*: you kinda get the gist, but it feels like a lot of details are left out. An example? The article about Lorenzo Komboa Ervin's fight against disorderly conduct charges describes it as a fight against a "racist" law but never explains why the law is racist. I mean, I've got my guesses, but help me out a little. Lots of articles about ELF actions, Genoa G8 protests, eco-sabotage, militant building takeovers, and much much more. This is the next-to-last issue, so if you want it, get it while you can. (GZ)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

BUBBLY JOCK #1 / $1.50 / 1£ (UK)
8 1/2 x 7 - copied - 28 pgs
Reviewing first issues is always a little hard, because zines often get a lot better after an issue or two. This includes an interview with the bands Dataclast, Frenzal Rhomb, and Shank, a reprint of a friend's college essay about punk (c'mon, AK Press already printed Craig O'hara's college essay!) and a sloppyish layout that I always find somewhat endearing. Of course, I got this to review because this issue also includes an interview with a cheese-monger. All I can say is that a cheese-monger who can't come up with any interesting cheese-related stories is either phoning it in or plain lying. The author/interviewer should have asked him about rats in the walk in, stuff found in cheese or, my personal favorite, maggots. Anyways, a good debut showing promise for future issues. (GZ)
1 Ingelby Place / Neilston / Glasgow / G78 3NQ / Scotland

CHAQUE JOUR #17 / $1
4 x 8 1/2 - copied - 28 pgs
This is mostly a long winded story about living in Spokane, trying to get the local punks organized to do stuff, that culminates in a show where everything goes wrong for the editor. There are also some rambling reviews where the editor talks more about himself than what he is reviewing. This has some genuine amusement value. (MD)
PO Box 1781 / Spokane, WA 99210

CHUMPIRE #143 / 1 stamp
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 2 pgs
While I appreciate the one-piece-of-paper zine format, it is limited in its ability to make any impression on me. A series of snippets just reminds me of our MTV-ADD: instant gratification-motivated lack of attention. Read, and then forgotten, this has "listings" of records, zines, and personal events in the editor's life. (MD)
PO Box 680 / Conneaut Lake, PA 16316 - 0680

DEPENDIENTES DE QUÉ?
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 30 pgs - Spanish
I first checked this Venezuelan anarcho-punk zine while we were putting together the Latin American issue of *MRR*, and was even more impressed with it this time around for its combination of support for human rights and expression and fearless criticisms of globalization and other nasty stuff. Lots of good commentary about poverty and wealth, and lots of DIY-as-fuck cut and paste copy graphics. Plus, interviews with Apatia No and Generacion Perdida. (AC)
jpnmar@cantv.net, djthpunk@hotmail.com

DISORDERLY CONDUCT #4 / $3
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 84 pgs
Coming from the camp of folks that need to watch their backs in the upcoming days, the "Bring on the Ruckus" society brings us a new and amazing issue. I've read the previous three and have watched it grow into one of the best politically oriented zines around. Described as an "insurrectionary green anarchist quarterly," this issue is packed with more then I can ever hope to capture in this review. The highlights are: male and female perspectives on feminism, arguments against bi-pedalism, responsibility amongst anarchists, updates on political prisoners, actions worldwide, Unabomber solidarity, Earth liberation updates, and tons more shit. Your life will be greatly enriched if you get this, but don't get caught reading it in an airport. (CR)
PO Box 11331 / Eugene, OR 97440

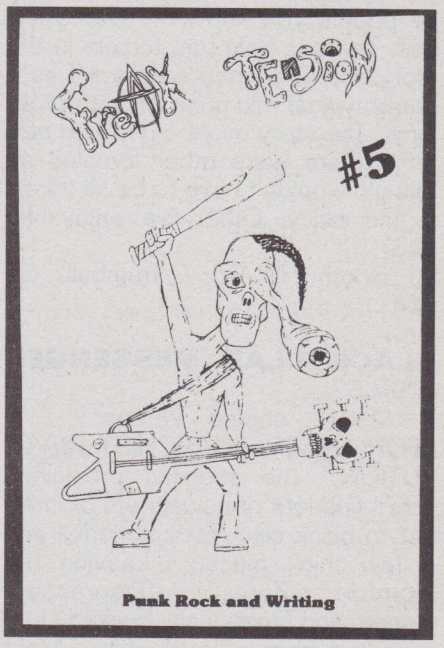
DUMPSTERED APPLES #4 / $2
At first, I though this was just a bad idea, this audio zine thing. Then, I entertained the possibility that it in fact could be a good idea, and the execution was just not so hot. I'm sticking with my second impression. This is a long, long tape, full of samples from '80s movies, bad TV, and snippets of read episodes from various zines and other sources. I mean, it's one thing when there is a theme, and a plan, governing an audio zine. It's quite another when the tape is a misch mash of decontextualized crap. Received in the mail from a friend, this would be a source of delight. From a stranger, it's a bewilderment. To be fair, this is not so different from the majority of personal zines out there—it just requires a different kind of focus that I can't seem to reconcile, but I'm the kind of person that hates to be read to. (AC)
3007 N Cramer St / Milwaukee, WI 53211 /

EXTRA #41 / free, dunno bout post...
7 1/4 x 10 - offset - 64 pgs - Japanese
Teen beat looking Japanese mag, like *Doll* on newsprint. Short Circuit, Gas Burner, Griffen, lot more. Interviews with funny posed pictures and lots and lots of ads. (GF)
2-3 Kanda Awjicho / Chiyoda-Ku / Tokyo 101-0063 / Japan
extra@diskunion.co.jp

f-ARTjoke #1 / $1.25
4 x 5 - copied - 24 pgs
So I had just reviewed *Unshaven Chi*, and felt that the author had won me over to his comics but then I read this. Just not my humor I guess. His goal is to "elevate flatulence humor above the usual low-brow stereotype, while at the same time knocking the cultured 'Establishment' down a few pegs." How this is achieved by turning Dilbert into a fart joke is beyond me. The cover, which is a take off on the Edward Hopper "Nighthawks" is remotely amusing though. (DS)
PO Box 7273 / York, PA 17404

FREAK TENSION #5 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Someone taught the author of this zine the power of brevity and conciseness. This is an ability that will almost always end in good reviews. We zine reviewers, who have had our attention spans destroyed by years of reading zines, always appreciate short articles. *Freak Tension* is full of short, humorous and interesting musings on punk, music, good times, and life. I excused myself from reading the short story, which might be second only to poetry in the list of ways to ruin a zine, but greatly enjoyed the rest of this. (CR)
PO Box 22163 / Green Bay, WI 54305

HEAD IN A MILK BOTTLE #1 / $3.50 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 40 pgs
More like "penis is a fruit juice bottle." Apparently, this is back from a 15 year hiatus? Jesus. They cover lots of rad rootsy rock'n'roll and '60s revival stuff, and rattle off some of the most revolting porno titles I've EVER heard. The interviews with the



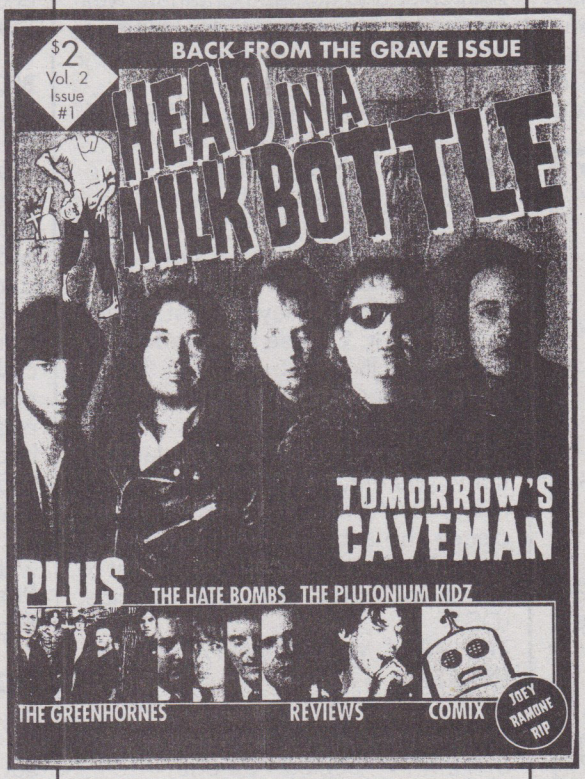
Hate Bombs and Greenhornes are a bit on the generic side, but it's nice to read something like that, that reads through like a conversation, for a

change. Check this out if you're even remotely interested in old raw rock-'n'roll. (RD)
PO Box 15125 / St. Louis, MO 63110
HIAMB@garagepunk.com

HELLPUNX #1 / postage
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 48 pgs
Here we have a rather good cut an paste little fanzine with well written and interesting tidbits like record and show reviews–not to mention a recipe for some firey and delicious salsa (tried it myself!). Also included are interviews with Rat Bastards, Despite, and Onward To Mayhem. More zines like this need to exist, though I could do without the anti-emo rant, c'mon people we've got bigger fish to fry than to worry about a bunch of college kid poseurs! (MT)
PO Box 463 / Chicago Heights, IL 60412

THE INNER SWINE Vol. 7, #3 / $2
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 64 pgs
OK, let's see...this looks great, really well laid out, nice graphics, lots of stuff to read and I although I liked it, some of it felt as though I had stumbled in on a lot of inside jokes. Perhaps this is just because I've never read this zine before and it's my fault for not discovering it sooner.Stories on why the editor hates travel, insane coworker observations, a day at jury duty, a book-reading at Barnes & Noble, fashion sense thru the ages (7th grade to present), exploring movie cliches, used book stores, some funeral fiction and an interesting (highly ego driven) letters section. Check it out: lots of bang for yer two measly bucks. (KC)
PO Box 3024 / Hoboken, NJ 07030

INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOY #2 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
The cover is pretty great, if it's real. However, the writing within is a bit of an enigma. It seems hellbent on proving that anarchists and leftists are morons, and that "alternative" political parties (like Natural Law, Reform, Green) will somehow have a great impact on our lives. Not that the left is beyond critique by any means, and I would wager that this editor considers himself in some way a part of the left, but putting out a statement like "the wealthiest 1% of Americans pay 70% of all taxes" to prove that our tax system is unfair to the rich ignores just how much more money than the rest of us working schmoes that 1% has to have to pay that much in taxes. Does the editor think that Steve Forbes is really suffering because of it? There are other concepts in here I didn't agree with, like: if you are a working parent, you don't value your child's welfare, or: if you don't vote, you are exempting yourself from getting help from the government. However, if you appreciate stretching your point of view and are looking for someone to debate various issues with, you may want to check this out. There is a small amount of personal writing in here too, mostly about raising dogs. (MD)
3596 Pine St / North Bend, OR 97459



IN TILL STUMPS #2 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 5 - offset - 28 pgs
The Aussies are all about the '80s hardcore circle pit revival. These guys have a rad layout and cover all the upcoming hardcore in their neck of the woods, and the scene appears to be thriving. Interviews with Brain Resin and To Sha Mun Da are strengthened by loads of rants, one of which is on sexism in emo, which I never would have guessed is a pressing issue in Australia. But then again, who cares about emo? (RD)
PO Box 668 / Booval DC QLD 4304 / Australia

JINX #3 / free, stamps or trade
4 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 20 pgs
Even if Casey weren't the zine boss, I would give his "emergency response" to the events of 911 and its probable aftermath a glowing review for its thoughtful personal and political record of his reactions. Casey addresses the politics of media manipulation and "hijacked emotions," in which it seems that no one is allowed to mourn before that individual grief is appropriated by the nation-state for a jingoistic war-cry. He discusses the pall of orthodoxy and the suppression of dissent, the mandating of patriotic gestures and the racism at the heart of the nationalist response. From here he tackles the *realpolitick* of terrorism, US foreign policy, the history of US support for radical Islamic groups in Afghanistan during the Cold War, and the infringement of civil liberties that has already come to pass. This is a wonderful analysis addressing the relevant issues in crucial and complex ways—Casey thinks and writes critically about the micro- and macro-politics of this historical moment, and about its effects on individual, national and even transnational levels. Get this. (MN)
440 South Van Ness / San Francisco, CA 94103
jinxed77@hotmail.com

JOUZAA #3 / $3
9 x 6 - offset - 32 pgs - Finnish
Lots of great new Finnish punk in this small zine. There are interviews with the bands Valse Triste, Eristetyt, Aivolavistys, and Taistelukala. There are a couple of ads and no record reviews. And lastly there is an article on the Brigade Rosse including a cover photograph. Don't get caught with this zine in your collection, or

John Ashcroft will be hunting you down. (HH)
PL 264 / 33101 Tampere / Finland
sfu-records.com

EL LIBERT@RIO #21 / Bs 250
11 x 17 - offset - 12 pgs - Spanish
I think the word "libertario" has a more anarchist connotation in Spanish than "libertarian" does in English. It certainly seems that way in this newsletter of the collective Commission of Anarchist Relations (CRA) of Caracas. Astute, subversive articles and editorials, some of which are: anarchosyndicalists against "Plan Colombia"; terrorism and the state (NOT written in the last couple months); and transgenic crops. Good quality of writing without being overwhelmingly heavy or academic. Highly recommended.

(See listings for more issues.) (NN)
Apdo Postal 6303 / Carmelitas
Caracas D.F. Venezuela
ellibertario@hotmail.com

MAGGOT-ZINE #1 / $2 ppd or trade
8 1/2 x 5 - copied -54 pgs
Despite having a high page count, there wasn't a whole lot to read here. Which isn't a bad thing, because what they did include is funny and entertaining. They cover a lot of the Fredericton punk/crust scene, without coming across as self-righteous crusties. In addition to scene reports and show reviews, the features that stood out were the responses they got when they mailed a ton of punks asking them what punk means to them, and the "history of ass." Truly revolting stuff. (RD)
23 Veteran's Drive / Fredericton, New Brunswick / E3A 4C4 / Canada

MISHAP #12 / $1 for post
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 64 pgs
Well thought out and written pieces about Eugene, sending zines to prisoners, cars, patriarchy, community, etc. All the usual themes are somehow covered in a fresh way with a lot of heart and understanding. Anarchist and anti-authoritarian, well-reasoned. The themes are depressing, but reading it made me happy. (GF)
PO Box 5841 / Eugene, OR 97405

MY NEW ASS & ABS #1 / $1?
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 24 pgs
This zine drove me nuts because I swear I have reviewed it before but when I looked at old *MRR*'s I couldn't find a review. Maybe I just dreamt I reviewed it. Course it is hard to forget a title like that. Anyway, this is the classics issue which salutes things from our past. It has a list of what the editors consider classics, some you may agree with, some you may not. Also had an article about places the author would never want to go. Pretty amusing zine, get just to see if you agree with their classics. (DS)
1631 SW Yamhill #211/ Portland, OR 97205

NEAT DAMNED NOISE #15 / $?
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 52 pgs
In case you haven't heard, this is the ultimate Damned fanzine. All the dirt on their latest reincarnation and tour and record and what they do when they aren't in the Damned and photos and flyers and a hefty dose of obsession. (GF)
PO Box 131471 / The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471
www.ndnrecords.com

THE NEW SCHEME #3 / postage
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
Interviews with Anasarca, Shai-Hulud, The Thumbs, and Adam Voith. Columns that slide right past your awareness. Better than average record and zine reviews. The question often arises when seeing (yet) another zine like this, why? Beyond production for its own sake, there is nothing to see here. (AR)
POB 19873 / Boulder CO 80308

THE NEW SCHEME #3 / $2 ppd
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 56 pgs
Pretty bombass shit, this is. While it could have done with less ads, the interviews with Anasarca, the Thumbs and Shai Hulud actually interested me, which is rare for interviews with bands I'm not huge fans of, which is either coincidence or a job well done on the interviewer's part. The rants, as always, were solid and amusing. (RD)
PO Box 19873 / Boulder, CO

NO KIND OF SUPERSTAR #2 / $1.50 or 6 IRCs
8 1/2 x 11 1/2 - offset - 44 pgs
Man, this is an impressive achievement. While I hardly think I'm qualified to review a zine based on psych and power pop, all I can tell you is that I dug this, and I'm almost 100% unfamiliar with all the music. Apart from the stunning layout and glossy cover, these Brits know how to cover music that hasn't been listened to in over 20 years. Which is a good thing, because they keep unearthing odd and interesting one-hit wonder bands that had good stuff to offer. Check it out if you want to get schooled in the wide world of pop. (RD)
PO Box 274 / Wakefield WF1 2UG / England

NOTHING IDEA #3 / 3 stamps
6 1/2 x 10 1/2 - offset - 32 pgs
So at first I thought this was a comic but then after an amusing story about Lab Rat Man, there was poetry. Really not a good match for this zine. The comics aren't very good and neither is the poetry. But the Adventures of Lab Rat Man would make a good mini comic. (DS)
204 E Watkins St / Troy, N.C. 27371

OX #44 / $5
11 x 8 - offset - 164 pgs - German
If there is anything new in punk it will be here in *Ox*. This is another bible sized issue that includes interviews with Scared Of Chaka, Rollins Band, Circle Jerks, Zen Guerrilla, Iggy Pop, Zeke and lots, lots more. There are also columns, movie and zine reviews and loads of cool record

reviews. Nothing left to say except if you read German, or are interested in the German scene this is a zine to get. (HH)
PO Box 10 22 25 / D42766 Haan / Germany
www.ox-fanzine.de

ROCK N ROLL PURGATORY #5 / $2
11 X 8 - offset - 52 pgs
This issue of this Midwest zine has a rockabilly, garage slant. There are interviews with The Templars, Big John Bates, Gein and the Graverobbers, Dragstrip Demons and the reformed Iron Cross. There are also articles on pit bull dogs, Violette Szabo, Ed Roth and Robert Johnson. Finally there lots of cool record and gig reviews. Definitely a fun informative read. (HH)
342 S Walnut St / Wooster, OH 44691
rocknrollpurgatory@yahoo.com

RAUMSCHIFF WUCHERPREIS #6 / $4
11 x 8 - offset - 64 pgs - German
This looks to me to be the reformatted Scumfuck zine, a more slick layout, but nevertheless still as punk as fuck. This issue has interviews with The Devotchkas and Soko Durst. There is also an article on Holiday In The Sun 2001. There are some other articles, columns, and lots of record reviews, plus a twenty page catalog from Scumfuck Records. (HH)
Otto-Lilienthal-Str.14G / D-45639 Dinslaken / Germany
wucher99@aol.com

RAZORCAKE #4 / $3
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 100 pgs
ReTodd is a great writer not because of his brilliant ideas (take no offense, please) but because his words read like interesting and genuine conversation among friends- confident but not cocky, amusing but not contrived. So I like it. He writes about joining Tiltwheel for a short 10 days of their tour, and while the events he describes don't sound overly exciting to me, I didn't regret the 5 minutes I spent reading about them. And speaking of brilliance, I'd almost go so far as to describe Maddy's essay explaining why Dee Dee is the best Ramone as such. Same goes for Sean Carswell's article about Ben Edward Akerly and his book, *The X-Rated Bible*, which highlights all the passages from the King James version of the Bible with involve sex and sexual debauchery.
I certainly recommend this zine, folks, especially if you like good interviews 'cause there's a lot of them here. For instance, Ian MacKaye, Radio Vago, Throw Rag, Friends Forever, Amy Fusselman (author of a new book, *The Pharmacist's Mate*), and T.S.O.L. (AW)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042
www.razorcake.com

RIDE ON #5 / $1 or trade
4 1/4 x 5 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Okay, I was just gonna list this and say it was emo, but then some of it actually got to me. Short life stories by a depressed person. I think it was the working with kids part that I liked. Not gonna cheer you up though... (GF)
1308 W Cary / Richmond, VA 23220-5463

RIPPED AND CLIPPED #3 / ?
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 44 pgs
This is kind of cool...reprinted rock interviews, ads, record reviews and letters from *Creem Magazine* and *Trouser Press* (circa 1979/80-ish). Cheap Trick is the focus, with a sprinkling of Jello Biafra, Rachel Sweet, Psychedelic Furs, Rick Springfield, Secret Affair, and Pere Ubu for good measure. I liked this but I'm totally annoyed by the fact that there is no intro by the person that puts this together...I want to know why they picked the bands that are in here! I want to hear about the obsession, or the crazy collection of old rock magazines that fill their entire house from floor to ceiling...why do they do this?! The articles are funny and all that, but I'd like to know a little bit about the brains behind this operation. No price listed and no other info (like an address, which would come in handy if anyone wanted to order this) came with the zine. (KC)
no address listed

SKANK AND DESTROY #12 / ?
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 64 pgs
Above average political ranting (drug war, judging, a plea, rollback, Bush vs. Gore, criminalizing bread, and the Olympics). Interviews with A Global Threat, Oxymoron, Malcom Tent, True north, and The Pac-Men. (AR)
907 Ridgefield Rd / Wilton CT 06897

SEVEN ELEVEN #7 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 40 pgs
Cut and paste personal journal action going on here. Some "found letters," Greyhound bus trips, scary late night bike rides, the Big Egg (that eggetti sounds frightening), smoking, short attention spans, worrying, a few comics, creamy peanut butter, and Meatloaf records. The writing is pretty good, but some of the stories are too short and unfocused. I'd like to see future issues—this has that great Midwest (even though Ohio isn't technically in the Midwest) hopeful yet hopeless feel to it. (KC)
PO Box 771402 / Lakewood, OH 44107

SOAP & SPIKES #8/?
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 72 pgs
Another addition of the only (self proclaimed) Canadian punk zine that matters kicks off with well done interviews with Johnny Rotten, Jimmy Zero (Dead Boys), Billyclub, Nardwar (you know from *Flipside/Razorcake*), Sick On The Bus and The English Dogs. Fleshed out with columns galore and tons of well done reviews. Send them some cash, ahora! (MT)
561 Brant St / PO Box 85021 / Burlington, Ont. L7R-4K3 / Canada

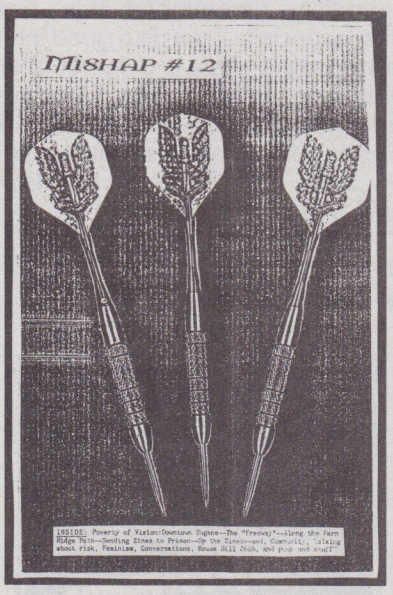
SUBSUELO INSURGENTE #6 / $1/ 1 peso
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 24 pgs - Spanish
Mostly rants, introspections, essays, and poems (I hasten to say, *good*

poems, since I hate most poetry), on subjects like pacifism and anti-militarism, musical retrospective, and youth movements. Sharp writing, vivid and appropriate graphics. A good read, but I recommend writing first to make sure this issue's available, since it came out quite a while ago. See listings for highlights of a more recent issue. (NN)
Apartado Postal 76759 / El Marqués, CP 1070 / Caracas, Venezuela
subsuelozine@hotmail.com

THROW THAT BOTTLE AND LET ME SHOOT IT #2 / $1/trade
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
This is a bunch of stories of the editor's experiences, and those of some friends. The writing is terribly boring and at times difficult to follow (in part due to atrocious spelling). I can't stand when every mundane detail has to be included, as though it were of grave importance. I suppose the only redeeming aspect is getting a small glimpse of what it's like to be a poor white guy in his late teens in the South, which I admit I know little about. (NN)
3465 Central Ave / Hokes Bluff, AL 35903
tierra_14@hotmail.com

UNSHAVEN CHI #4 / $2.50
5 1/2 x 8 - copied - 32 pgs
I have read another comic by this author and when I saw I had to review this I groaned. But this comic was actually pretty good. It contains stories from the author's childhood, which are amusing. Contains five stories and a Joey Ramone centerfold that is just ok. (DS)
PO Box 7273 / York, PA 17404

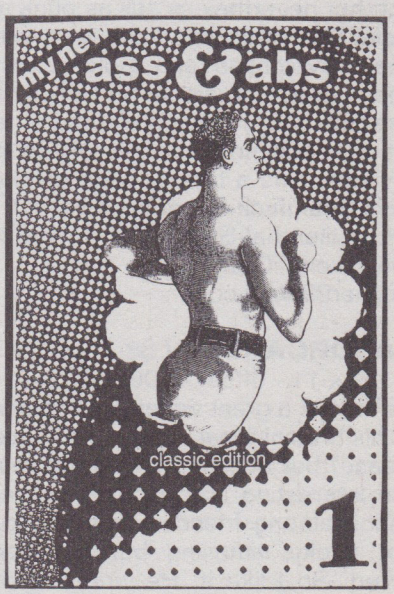
WONKAVISION #15 / $2
8 1/2 x 11 - offset - 78 pgs
What's that saying? Something like if you open your mind too much, all the shit falls in? There's a lot to be said for diversity, but with this zine it feels more like a lack of focus. Interviews make up the bulk of this, with Anti-Flag, SeanNaNa, Lot Six, the Faint, Wesley Willis, Angry Young & Poor, Strike Anywhere, Gameface, and Propagandhi. There's also lots of "commentary" and personal writing that ranges from juvenile to political to mildly offensive to bad poetry. The focus seems to be indie/emo punk rock, which is reinforced by the many ads and reviews within. (MD)
670 Inca Street Ste. B-1 / Denver, CO 80204
wonkavisiononline.com



THREE A.M./ BRAINSCAN / JOURNALSONG #7,#14, #4 / $2
5 1/2 x 4 1/4 - copied - 100 pgs
This one is three zines in one and they all mesh together very well in their themes and narrative style. Emo-ladden reflections on everyday life, love, longing, inner thoughts, relationships, all in a style that is sentimental but not too whiny or cliched. The stories capture minute details of past experiences in a way that I appreciated and could relate to. It reads like a journal but manages to be interesting enough for another person to want to read. Interesting graphics, layout, and writing make this zine a keeper. (JL)
PO Box 3444 / Portland, OR 97208

VILE DOMINION #1 / $1
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 24 pgs
Let the month of anarchy begin! Reading zines like this, *Disorderly Conduct*, and *Black Clad Messenger* make me wonder how strongly these folks will stick to their beliefs. In the face of a massive clampdown on voices of dissent, I can't help but wonder how many people will tone down their message of protest. I suppose that these days serve as a test to the integrity of their politics—politics that *Vile Dominion* represents, at least superficially. What the editor describes as "personal BS" fills most of this short zine. His thoughts on the recent riots in Cincinnati were interesting mostly for the defensive tone he takes in regards to the role he plays as a white punk in the systematic oppression of people of color. There are also musings on the weakness of punk as a vehicle for social change, an interview with Harum Scarum, and a short review section. (CR)
1970 Westwood Northern Blvd #5 / Cincinnati, OH 45225

VIOLENCE #2 / $?
8 1/2 x 11 - copied - 48 pgs
Hailing from Poland, the second issue of *Violence* is focused on U.S. American, Polish, and European hardcore, power violence, and punk music culture. Interviews, columns, and music reviews comprise this zine. If I was excited about the bands that were featured, I might have appreciated this zine more, but most of the interviews were dynamic, in-depth, and I imagine, informative, nonetheless. Some of the many bands featured are: Plutocracy, Shank, The Locust, Rupture, DS-13, Machetazo, Pignation, and more. The



columns were pretty annoying though, I have to say. Oh yeah, the price was not included in the zine, but it is from Poland so send enough for international postage and then some. (JL)
Selfemadegod Records / c/o Karol Pienko / PO Box 46 / 21500 Biala Podl. / Poland
karolsmg@go2.pl, .smgrecords.prv.pl

WEINER SOCIETY #2/$2 free to prisoners
5 1/2 x 8 1/2 - copied - 96 pgs
Wow, this is some good shit. Neil is a bisexual punker in prison, and this is his life. Well written and more than answering the query "why should I care about this chap?" Plenty of decent mail interviews with bands like Open Close My Eyes, Milemarker and a Skinhead history lesson. Personally I think Neil should just stick with writing about his own life, because he possesses that rare gift of actually being able to write about it in an interesting way. (MT)
c/o Hooligan House / PO Box 180983 / Utica, MI 48318-0983

WHIZZBANGER GUIDE TO ZINE DISTRIBUTORS #5 / $4
8 1/2 x 11 - copied -30 pgs
This is precisely what the title implies- a guide to zine distributors; 123 distributors from 26 countries! It is complete with thorough descriptions for each listing, written by the distributors themselves, and also covers zine libraries, zine stores, and other resources. This guide is continually updated, so if you order this two months from now, you are sure to get the most current info. even though new issues only come out every January. An excellent and valuable resource. (AW)
PO Box 5591 / Portland, OR 97228

THE WORLD IS BROKEN #6 / $1 or trade
8 1/2 x 5 1/2 - copied - 18 pgs
I don't think I can say enough about how much I hate the "Chinese restaurant menu" font, so I won't and I'll move on. This is a mediocre zine from an often drunken girl who is really into being punk and all that she thinks this entails. This reads like a diary as she recounts asses kicked, boys and girls kissed, and bottles licked. Unfortunately, there's a subtle but important distinction between a bad diary and a good personal zine. We could call it the "so what?" dilemma. All too often, imagined "truisms" or platitudes are attached to stories to make them *seem* relevant, like, "love sucks," or "you can't cheat karma" (as the stories in this zine are captioned). These are meaningless, throw-away sayings when merely slapped onto "this is what happened next" stories in an attempt to make them seem universal, like, dude, anyone can relate. A good personal zine takes a slightly different approach—a good personal zine answers the "so what?" question in

ways that make it all too clear that these moments, these stories, are what makes that writer *who they are*. It doesn't need to be universal, and I as a reader don't have to relate, or even imagine myself in his or her place. (It would be a false universal, in any case.) The "so what?" should be clear in the context of the writer's circumstances, whether these be personal, political, or both. Having said all that, this didn't do it for me. It's not bad, it's just not compelling. (MN)
85 Scituate Ave / Scituate, MA 02066
pukezine@hotmail.com

more listings

HOW MUCH ART CAN YOU TAKE? #1 & #2/postage
Here we go with some insanity–lotsa cut and paste artwork mixed in with funny little drawings, skateboarding obsession and reviews of friends, records and promise of cop reviews. And yes Randy, I do drool over your Judgement guitar pick.
4507 N Gantenbein / Portland, OR 97217

JELLYBRAIN #9 / ?
Dense with wit and good writing, this one's perfect for a road trip. Lots of sarcasm and nasty humor; this one's worth checking out.
39 Station Road / Thirsk, North Yorkshire / England Y07 1QH
Smallsailor@another.co.uk

PARADISE NOISE #8 / $2 or trade
This French staple keeps you updated on all the grindcore, crust, power violence, whatever you call it. Great interviews and scene reports.
David Cammal / Avenue Des Freres Roqueplan / 13370 Mallemont / France
ParadiseNoise@aol.com

SUBSUELO INSURGENTE #8 / 500 BS
More good writing, this time on globalization, anarcho-feminism, and a cute list of health benefits of sex. See reviews for more info.
Apartado Postal 69398 / Altamira 1062 / Caracas, Venezuela

EL LIBERT@RIO #22 / Bs 250
Theory without action is masturbation! The theme of this issue is that "your own life is the example." Articles on nationalist war, Monsanto, and globalization of poverty, to name a few.
Apdo. Postal 6303 / Carmelitas Caracas D.F. Venezuela

EL LIBERT@RIO #23 / Bs 300
They are sending these faster than I can review them. The theme for this one is accumulation of wealth—what's *not* for sale? See reviews also.
Apdo. Postal 6303 / Carmelitas Caracas D.F. Venezuela

UNITY SUCKS #9 / free
This issue of the Dutch pamphlet has an interview with Radio 69 and two pages of reviews.
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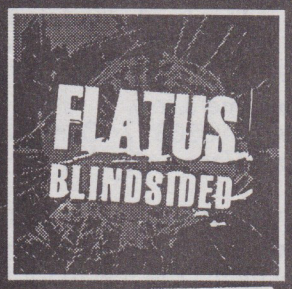

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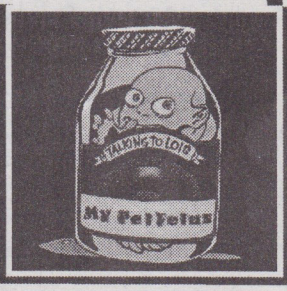

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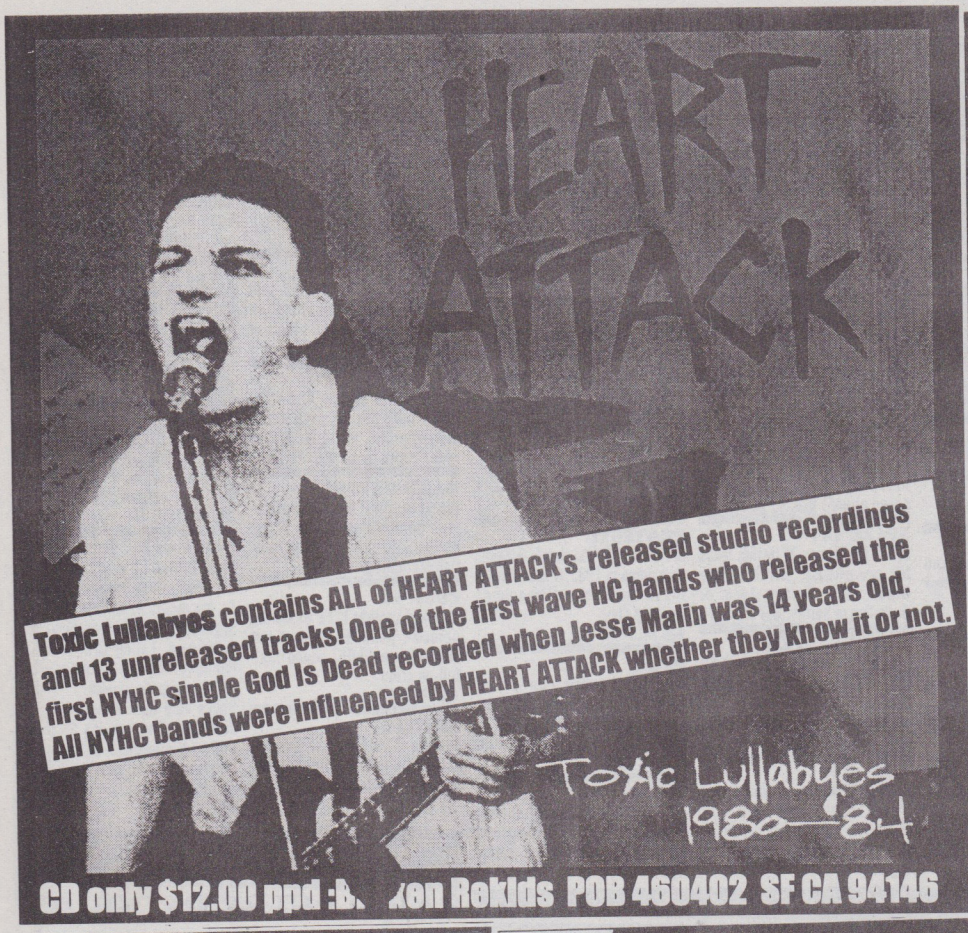

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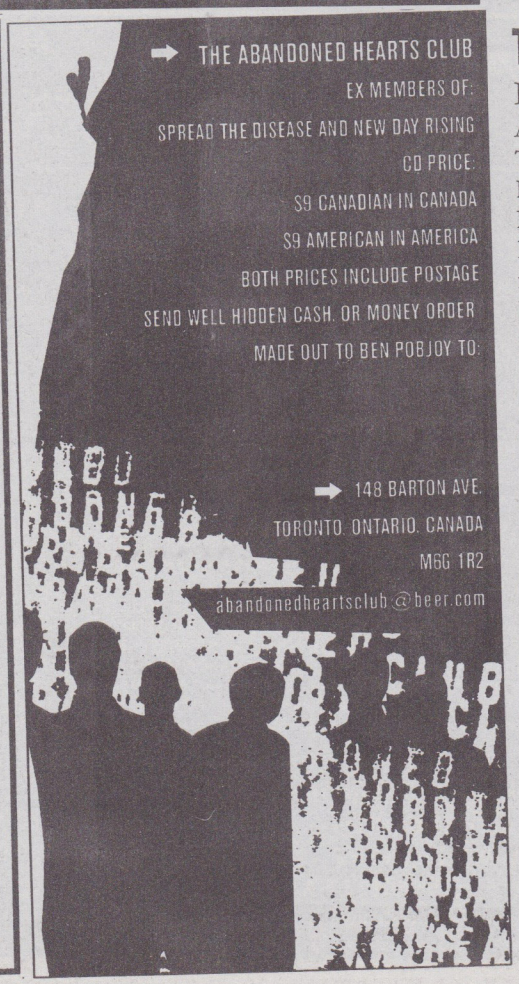

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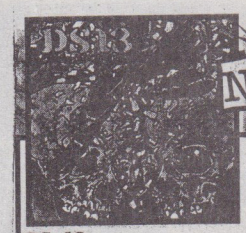

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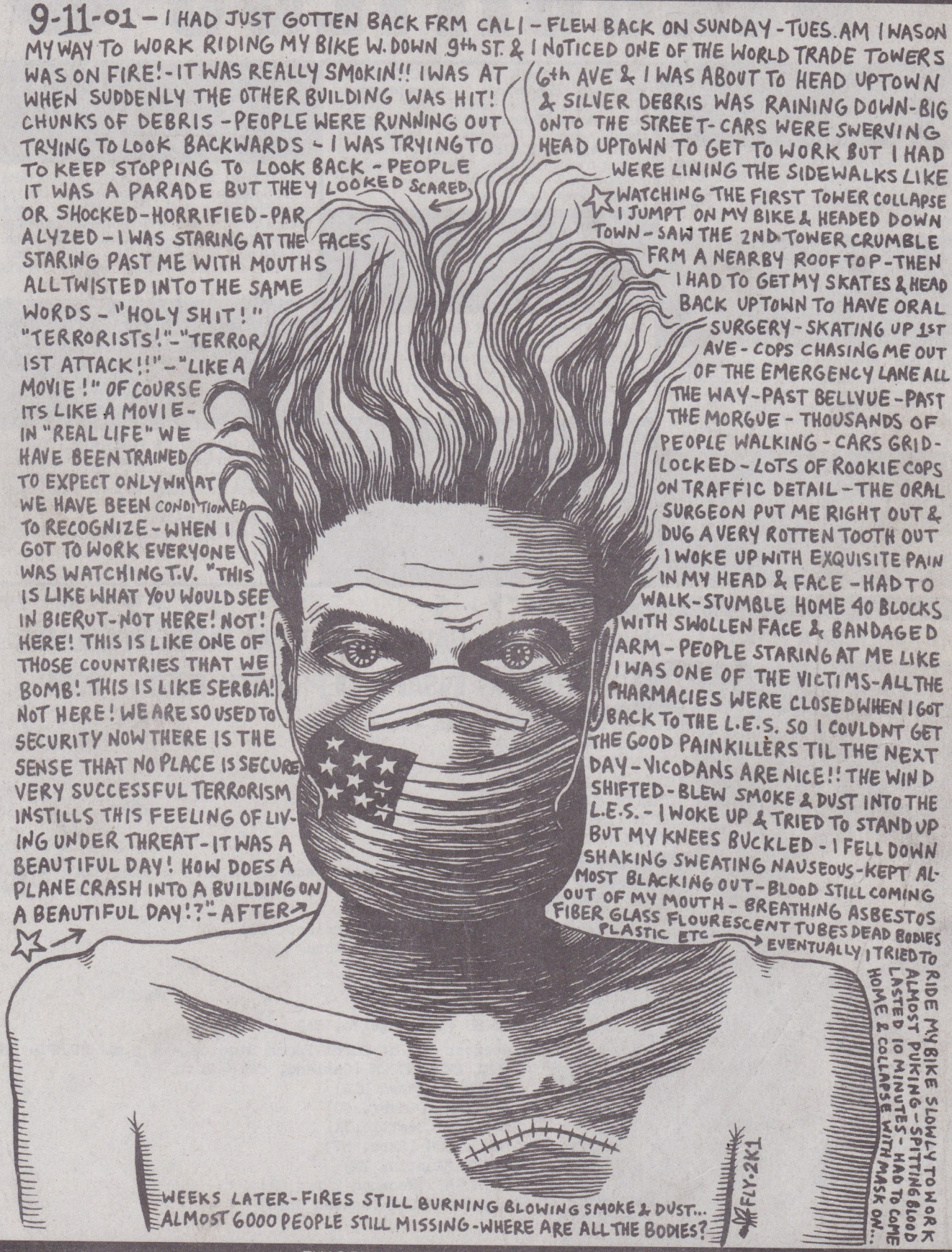

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